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THE

MOTHER'S MAGAZINE

AND

FAMILY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

MRS. ELIZABETH SEWELL AND MYRON FINCH.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Mother's magazine and family circle

"Mothers, above all other human agents, hold in their hands the momentous trust of moulding the intellect and the heart of all successive generations.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

If all women were the Christians they ought to be, how quickly would the world be filled with the knowledge of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ! The coming generation might live in a new earth and celebrate the final triumphs of the Cross."—*James G. Hamner, D.D., in the Mother's Magazine and Family Journal, vol. xviii. p.* 302.

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THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.

MANY and thrilling are the emotions which agitate the mind when we enter upon a new year. The recollections of the past, our present horizon, the hidden vista of the future, may either light up our path with the halo of hope, or throw around us the shadows of coming evil.

Time, rapid and unwearied in its course, urging us onward in the journey of life, warns us with increased earnestness of the necessity of present action, while the various changes, mercies, and judgments of heaven, during the past year, have been so many way-marks, in the language of God's providence, reminding us of the necessity of having our loins girded, that we may be prepared, when the cry shall be heard, "BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."

The commencement of a new year is a season of mutual greetings and kind salutations. Many a long absent one will again, for a time, be housed under the paternal roof; and the reunited family circle will overflow with fresh, rational, and holy emotions. May we not be unmindful of that kind Providence which has preserved us and ours; and while, like God's favored prophet, we erect another Ebenezer, and dedicate it with tears of gratitude, let us humbly enjoy the consolation our present highly favored circumstances warrant. Let us strengthen our confidence in the wisdom and goodness of Him who has conducted us thus far toward that house not made with hands.

If we have experienced the chastening of heaven, and during the past year have buried some of those we loved most tenderly; and if, instead of having had our hopes fulfilled, we have drank the cup of sorrow; and, while mourning our disappointments, have uttered the language of Jacob, "All these things are against me," now is the season for humble and filial submission under

God's chastisements. Now is the season for us to renew our vows of self-dedication and zeal in our Redeemer's cause.

The very appearance of nature seems to drive the mind back upon itself, to seek resources within for its own healthy existence. Vegetation appears to be at rest: but while in the natural world vegetable life appears to be almost extinct, the fact is not so. There are hidden agencies and elements at work beneath the soil which are now preparing in secret, and forwarding into a new existence all those floral charms which will adorn the summer, and supply the wants of all. And, in a moral view, this is a season when there are the greatest opportunities for the cultivation and improvement of the mind.

The representation of Time, by the ancients, with a bald scalp, except one single lock of hair in front, denoting that if we do not seize him by the forelock we must despair of retaining him, is a fit emblem and an admonition to us, that if the present time is not improved, lost opportunities can never be recalled.

> "We take no note of time
> But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
> Is wise in man."———
>
> "Where is to-morrow? In another world.
> For numbers this is certain. The reverse
> Is sure to none."

The heathen deity, with its two faces, looking two opposite ways, in the temple of Janus, at Rome, imaging the past and the future, thus directed its worshipers to reflect upon the wisdom or folly of their former lives, while it reminded them of their duty of preparing themselves for the changes into which the coming season might introduce them.

But the reflection of the past, or the hopes for the future, are but gloomy thoughts in the mind of a heathen. It was but a poor consolation to a great philosopher, when he had lost a beloved and an only daughter, that he intended to deify her. Having no source from which he could draw comfort, his imagination, based upon the idolatry of his times, vainly gave his child a place among heroes and divinities, the history of whose lives was often a scene of crimes and wickedness degrading to human nature.

In reviewing our labors for the past, we feel grateful and encouraged by the numerous acknowledgments we have received, of the utility and aid which many mothers have derived from the pages of our work; and we rejoice to know, that amid a host of other similar publications that have since entered upon the same field, ours still fully maintains the same high place in the estimation of the Christian community, and we pledge ourselves, during the coming year, to render it yet more useful, by enlisting others, whose names as writers for the family circle are widely known.

The too early desire to shake off the restraints of parental authority, the hasty accumulation of riches as the *summum bonum* of human felicity, and the great temptation to which our youth are exposed, by the issues of an unhallowed and corrupt press, are evils that call loudly that constant and strenuous efforts be made to instill into the minds of our children principles based upon God's truth, and, by an early training, thus to shield them against the siren strains of the deceiver, who, under the garb of friendship and false honor, is ever upon the alert to destroy the young and the inexperienced.

The longer we have been engaged in our efforts to aid the mother in the right discharge of her duties, the more have we been impressed with the sacredness and the responsibility of her high station and character, and of the essential need of her being able rightly to train her children. Neither the Church nor our country can be prosperous without such training, and no season is so well adapted as the present for the commencement of new and efficient plans, of improving what may have needed reform, and aiming at a new impulse, in the discharge of every duty connected with the maternal relation.

No subjects, perhaps, are of greater importance than to impress upon the minds of our children a love and veneration for the Divine oracles, the sacredness of parental authority, God's abhorrence of the violation of the Sabbath, and his hatred of all equivocal language. The truths enforced by the tender voice and the affectionate eye of the mother, find their way to the inward recesses of the heart, yet unsullied by outward acts of guilt, and

defend it from other destructive agencies that hereafter assail the frail children of men.

In furthering the means by which the usefulness of maternal influence might be extended, we would kindly and respectfully urge upon mothers the desirableness of forming maternal associations. Nothing is so effective as union—promoting a reciprocity of feeling, a social interchange of ideas, and resolutions, for the promotion of any object in which we are interested. Yea, the very meeting of hearts naturally warms, encourages, and stirs up to action; and if "union is strength," how important is the union of mothers, to give efficiency to their efforts and purposes!

Will not the mothers who read our pages act upon these hints? If there be an association where you reside, let your presence and example give life and spirit to its meetings. If there be none in your vicinity, will you not make an effort? Get the ear of your pastor; and if you should fail, let the words of the Saviour solace you—"She hath done what she could."

Original.

NON-INTERFERENCE.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

The teacher of the village school called on Mrs. Marsh, and informed her that her son Edgar was not as punctual in his attendance at school as was desirable. Mrs. Marsh thanked the teacher for the information, and promised that her efforts should not be wanting to correct the evil.

Mrs. M. had always taken great care to have her son ready for school at the appointed hour. She invariably caused him to leave home in time to be present at the opening of the school. It was plain, therefore, that he loitered on the way. Notwithstanding all her care, he had fallen into the sin of disobedience. She retired to her chamber and wept, and earnestly renewed her

prayers for grace and wisdom to guide her in the management of the young immortal entrusted to her care.

At sunset, Edgar came home from a visit to one of his companions. He found his mother in her chamber. He saw that she had been weeping. "Mother," said he, "what makes you look so unhappy?"

"I have heard something about my son which is not adapted to make me very happy."

"What is it?" said he, in a tone of unaffected surprise.

"Can you not tell?"

"No, mother."

"Think over your conduct."

After a moment's silence, Edgar remarked, "I know that I have not been as good a boy as I ought; but I cannot think of anything very wrong that I have done: what is it, mother? Please tell me."

"You have been disobedient—you have not gone directly to school, but have stopped and played by the way. Oftentimes you have not reached the school-house till long after the proper hour."

"Mother, I have not been disobedient; I never stop anywhere but at the store, and father lets me do that."

Mr. Marsh often interfered with his wife's directions to her son, not from a desire to embarrass her, but from carelessness. He was absorbed in the cares of an extensive business, and when his son presented a request, he usually gave such an answer as would most speedily relieve him from interruption. Mrs. Marsh did not feel at liberty to set up her authority in opposition to that of her husband.

She had no reason to question the statement of her son, and of course could not censure him for acting in accordance with the permission of his father. After reflecting for a moment on the course she should pursue, she asked, "Did your father, when he gave you leave to stay at the store, know that it was school-time?"

"Yes, ma'am; for he once asked me if the bell had not rung, and I told him it had, but he did not say anything, but let me stay as long as I had a mind to."

Mrs. Marsh now saw that the case was not as bad as she had supposed it to be. Mr. M. had not given his son express permission to absent himself from the school-room; but he had allowed him to remain at the store, without reproof, even after he had been told by him that the school-hour had arrived. It was not strange, therefore, that Edgar should assume the fact that he had permission, and that his conscience should not convict him of disobedience to his parents. His father's authority had frequently neutralized the previous command of his mother, and she had concealed from her son the pain thereby occasioned.

"I am quite sure," said she, "your father did not intend to give you permission to be late at school."

"Well, mother, I thought he did, otherwise I would not have staid."

Mrs. M. deemed it unwise to say anything further on the subject. She was fearful of saying something which would have the appearance of censuring the habits of her husband.

When she had a convenient opportunity, she asked her husband, "Is not Edgar in the habit of staying at the store when he ought to be at school?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Marsh, "he is there a good deal; I should think likely he is there in school-time."

"You do not wish to have it so?"

"No, he ought to be at school. You had better tell him not to stop at the store."

"I would prefer to have you do it, and to see that he does not waste his time there."

"I will try to think of it. Where is Edgar now?"

"He is gone to bed. Pray do not fail to think of it to-morrow. It is a matter of great consequence to the education of our child."

The next day brought its business cares, and Mr. M. never thought of speaking to his son in relation to the matter mentioned by his wife. If it had related to a note of hand, or to the sale of goods, it would not have been forgotten. After a few days, Mrs. M. said, "Have you thought to speak to Edgar about stopping at the store?"

"No, I rather think not: he has not been there much lately. You had better speak to him—you have the chief management of him—I never interfere with you." He did not observe the sigh which escaped from the bosom of his wife.

On Saturday afternoon, the boys were going to a distant hill, for blackberries. Edgar wished to go, but his mother refused her permission, for two reasons: first, on account of the character of some of the boys who were going; and secondly, because a stream was to be forded in going, and the late rain had rendered it dangerous.

Mrs. M. sent Edgar to the store for some article, and while he was there, the boys came in, on their way to the hill. "Are you going with them?" said Mr. M. to his son.

"I wish to go very much indeed."

"You must ask your mother; she has charge of you."

"I haven't time—they are going now."

"Well, take good care of yourself, if you go." Of course Edgar joined the company.

"Where is Edgar?" said Mrs. M., as her husband came home at evening; "I sent him to the store about one o'clock, and I have not seen him since."

"Oh, I gave him leave to go with the boys after blackberries. I referred him to you, but there was not time for him to come and ask you."

"He had asked me, and I had refused him permission."

"He did not say anything about that to me."

"Would it not be well, when he comes to you, to ask him if he had previously applied to me?"

"It would, if I could think of it; but I have so many things to think of."

"I am afraid he will be ruined."

"My dear, I give you full authority over him. I will second everything which you may do; but I am so overwhelmed with business that I cannot attend to him."

It was late in the evening before Edgar came home. Strange as it may seem, he met his mother without embarrassment. It was owing to the fact that she had never complained when he had acted under the authority of his father.

Years rolled on, and Edgar approached to manhood. "I do not see," said one, "that it makes much difference what kind of bringing up boys have. There is Edgar Marsh—his mother is one of the best women in the world, and took the greatest pains with him, and his father is a fine man, and yet he is one of the most unruly young men in the place."

Original.

A SUBJECT OF PRAYER FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY THE WIFE OF A HOME MISSIONARY.

SUBJECTS of Prayer! How vast the number! One who has power with God, whose soul oft rises to heaven, when he draws nigh to the mercy-seat, frequently meets with a difficulty from this very source. Many of those for whom it is his duty to pray, rush before the mind; each, as it were, claiming his first petition. The sick, the distressed, the bereaved, the sufferers in mind and body, the lone widow and the weeping orphan, the oppressed of every land, the exile, the wanderer and hardened, the rich and the poor, the hungry and naked, the tempest-tossed mariner and the lone prisoner, the stranger in a strange land—all demand a place.

Is there not a large class who have failed to be remembered in the prayers of God's people, as their position at present demands? Undoubtedly the *Emigrants to California* have been borne on the heart, in the closet, and occasionally mentioned in the sanctuary, but a movement so vast, and involving such momentous results, calls for special, and, if we may be allowed the expression, *organized* prayer.

It seems peculiarly appropriate that they should be made the subjects of most fervent supplications in the maternal meetings. They are *sons*. Some of us are the mothers of those wanderers from home. Many of them have mothers who never pray, whose hearts have never gone up to the hearer of prayer for themselves

or their children. Some perchance are lone orphans, whose praying mothers have long since gone to their reward. Then shall they not be borne to the throne of grace? New England mothers have their sons there. How many in the great valley of the West, but a few short months since, dropped the gushing tear upon the faces of their sons in the flush of manhood, who left their own valley for that of the Sacramento! They have gone from under the sweet influences of home. They are no longer under the restraints of a mother's piety, or a sister's kindness. Then should not mothers pray that they may be kept from the contaminations of vice; pray that their graces may abound, even as they journey with gay, thoughtless, prayerless gold-seekers?

Alas! how many never reach the long-anticipated spot! How many are called to give up their spirits without hearing one Christian word, or one feeble petition in their behalf! How lonely and desolate must be their resting-places, scattered here and there at long distances on the road-side! Their traveling companions deposit their bodies in silence, cover them with the green turf, and pass on. They have no palaces for their dead; no mourners are seen moving up and down the cemeteries, or weeping beneath the marble obelisk. Ah! no—their graves are lonely and isolated, upon the highway, on the boundless prairie; no cypress or willow lends its shade as a seeming relief. Sad though this may be, peradventure it is well for them thus to lie down and die alone, before their unsophisticated hearts become adulterated by too close intimacy with the golden mammon.

What dangers and temptations await those who escape death by the way! When they reach the end of their journey, gold! gold! is their cry; gold they are determined to have; every nerve is strained; the moments of the day fly too fast; the hours of the night are passed in projecting schemes, and laying plans, to possess that perishable substance, the love of which is the root of all evil. Then is it not fit to meet in concert and pray for their deliverance from multiplied temptations, snares, and dangers; pray that gold may not be their all-absorbing thought; but that they may be led to lay up durable riches, "where neither

moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal?"

Mothers who have sons in those regions, have the privilege of drawing nigh in secret to the Disposer of all events; but if they could speak out the deep feelings of their souls, would they not entreat their sisters in Christ, unitedly, to raise their hearts in behalf of those who are exposed to unusual trials and temptations, and whom the great adversary of souls is marking for his victims? Should we not listen to this appeal, and present their case pointedly and directly in our meetings, at stated times, say at least once in three months? There is a concert of prayer for the heathen, concerts for the seamen, the Sabbath school, for colleges; and may we not, as mothers, in an unobtrusive manner, agree to spend at least a third of our meetings, or such other portion as would be deemed advisable by different maternal societies, in behalf of those thousands* who have wandered far, far away, to the land "where there is gold?"

Morris, Illinois, November, 1849.

Original.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

[THE following Questions are selected from a manuscript prepared by THOMAS HASTINGS, Esq., designed to accompany a new edition of the Mother's Hymn Book. The entire series numbers 153 questions, on the physical, mental, moral, and religious training of children. We select *three* from under each of the above heads. They will furnish profitable topics of discussion for maternal meetings.]

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Can the unrestrained indulgence of appetite, in children, fail to lay the foundation of future disease?

In what respect may the garments of children be supposed to affect their health, or improve or impair their physical constitution?

What are some of the best methods of exercise for children of either sex, in infancy and juvenile years?

* About one thousand adventurers land at the port of San Francisco every week.—*Home Missionary.*

MENTAL TRAINING.

How can a child be trained to independence of thought, without lessening his docility?

How far can a teacher be aided by parental co-operation?

Where a love of study does not exist, how can it be easily superinduced?

MORAL TRAINING.

Is self-discipline necessary to those who would govern well?

On what occasions, for what purposes, and in what spirit, should we speak of the faults of others in the presence of our children?

How far, and in what way, should we apprise our children of the fascinations of vice?

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

How shall children be made to feel the difference between real worship and the mere recital of psalms and hymns?

What methods are best adapted to lead a child to view itself as a lost sinner?

How should the conviction or knowledge of our entire dependence on God affect us in our labors for the conversion of our children?

WHICH IS BEST?

WHICH is best?—To build a light-house that shall save many vessels from being wrecked, or a life-boat that shall rescue a few wretches from the wrecks that occur for want of a light-house?

Which is best?—To pay for the policeman or the schoolmaster?—for the prison or the school?

Which is best?—To prevent crime, or to punish it?

Which is best?—To train up the boy in the fear of God, or punish the man for breaking human laws?

Which is best?—To feed, educate, and save a heedless, neglected, hungry child, or to feed, educate, and harden the same child when he becomes an old rogue?

These questions are settled, little by little, every day, in every community in the United States.

Original.

THE ADVENT OF THE PURITANS.

(See the Engraving)

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

THAT was a great event in the world's history, though at the time it seemed unimportant enough, when a clumsy-looking vessel, called the Mayflower, found its way into the harbor of Plymouth, on the eastern shore of Massachusetts, and when a company of devout men and women landed from that vessel and offered up their first prayer in this new world. It was the first scene of a great drama, or better, perhaps, the prologue of a grand epic poem. Two hundred and thirty years ago, amid the frosts and snows of a New England winter, those pilgrims began their career on this side of the Atlantic. Why came they here? Adventurers to foreign climes are usually stimulated by hopes of pecuniary gain. The multitudes who, from our Eastern States, are now pushing forward toward the West; who, not content with the territory legitimately within the boundaries of our Union, are, by different routes, long and dangerous, wending their way to California, are in pursuit of gold, or its equivalent. Was it for this that those stern-hearted Puritans hazarded so much? Was it for this that they contributed so much, though, at the time, so unconsciously, to the formation of a new and mighty empire? Nothing of the kind. Whatever else we may affirm or deny concerning them, we are forced to admit that they came here for no other reason than to find an asylum where they might worship God as they chose—where no one would come between them and their Creator, and dictate to them the particular mode to be observed in their devotions. Such a privilege they had not in the fatherland. They were there hunted down, by the most tyrannical and unjust persecution.

Are the outlines of the previous history of the Puritans familiar to you, reader? It is a history worth studying. To the philosopher, no less than to the devout Christian, it is interesting and

instructive. "I will make these men conform," said the weak, false, bigoted, narrow-minded, arrogant James, in the celebrated conference at Hampton Court, "I will make them conform, or I will *hurry* them out of the land, or else worse." He was as good as his word, as Daniel Neale somewhat humorously said of him. As for making them conform, the orthodox king found it hard work—too hard, indeed, for even the sagacity of his majesty. They preferred to be hurried out of the land. And so they fled, some of them, to Holland, and formed churches there. There was a little flock enjoying the ministrations of one John Robinson, and dwelling in that part of England where Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire border on each other. This Robinson was a man of large-hearted benevolence and uncommon purity of life, and he imparted, it would seem, a good share of this spirit to the people for whom he labored. He could not endure the intolerance of James's reign. His companions could not endure it. Many of them, with Mr. Robinson himself, and others accustomed to ministerial labor, were among the number of those who emigrated to Holland. Some idea of the excellent spirit of these men may be gathered from the language uttered by Mr. Robinson, and in the sentiment of which, we may rationally conclude, the emigrants generally coincided. "Our faith is not negative," he says, "nor consists in the condemning of others, and wiping their names out of the head-roll of churches; but in the edifying of ourselves. Neither require we of any of ours, in the confession of their faith, that they either renounce or in word contest with the Church of England." The aim of these men, and of the Puritan emigrants generally, was the "edifying of themselves" in the faith of Christ. They were adventurers, but neither money nor sordid, selfish policy had anything to do with attracting them away from old England.

Eight years rolled away, and various circumstances contributed to excite in the minds of these exiles an inquiry for another home; one where they could more perfectly than in Holland accomplish the end they had in view when they left their native country. They thought of America, and the more they thought of it, the more they were inclined to visit it. "It was a great thought,"

says one—this of planting a colony on these transatlantic shores—"the seed of a great empire, which was thrown out by the man, whoever he was, that first suggested to his companions the daring enterprise. I should like to know the spot on which it was expressed, and to have a picture of the rest of the exiles at the moment of hearing it." They were well aware of the sufferings and perils to which they would be exposed in the new world. "We shall be liable to famine," they said—poor men! What a commentary is here on their persecutions in England and the strength of their religious principle! "We shall be liable to famine, and nakedness, and want; and those who escape these evils, will be in danger of the savages, who are cruel and barbarous, not being content to kill, but delighting to torment in the most bloody manner; flaying men alive with the shells of fishes; cutting off the joints by piecemeal, broiling them on coals, and eating collops of their flesh in their very sight."

This was an appalling picture, indeed. Yet these good men determined, after much deliberation and prayer, that America was the place to which the finger of God pointed them. A part of the company in Holland determined upon the voyage. The farewell address of their pastor, Mr. Robinson, was touching in the extreme. It was decided that he should remain behind for a time, and that Mr. Brewster should accompany the emigrants, as their spiritual teacher. How much of the spirit of Paul is exhibited in these words from the parting address of Robinson: "Brethren, we are now to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether ever I shall live to see your faces again. But whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, to follow me no farther than I have followed Christ. If God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am very confident the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy word." The godly man accompanied the adventurers to the shore, at Delft Haven, where they were to embark for a wilderness across the Atlantic. Then he kneeled down and prayed with them all. They separated—the pastor to resume his hum-

ble labors in Leyden—the rest to commence their perilous voyage toward the new world. Robinson's heart was with these pilgrims. Though circumstances seemed then to prevent his going with them, he intended soon to follow them. His Master, however, had another mission for him to perform. He never left Holland, till angels came and convoyed him to heaven.

Many were the hardships and trials of this company of pilgrims, while on their way to this continent. They landed on the twenty-second day of December, 1620. How admirably does that inimitable lay of Mrs. Hemans portray the advent of that little band of truth-lovers, and how just, and noble, and generous is her estimate of the motives which brought them hither.

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd.
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet, that sings of fame;
Not as the flying—come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!"

It is true, every word of it, and from my inmost soul I thank the bard for those utterances. It is true, and so are the closing lines of this beautiful ballad:

"They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

The institutions they erected and handed down to us have excited the wonder, and, to some extent, the admiration of mankind, ever since. They had their faults, doubtless—they were not perfect men—but there were among them some of the noblest spirits the world ever knew. There is no need of this eulogy, however. Their good sense, their powers of discrimination, their integrity, the inflexibleness of their moral principle, their kind and fraternal spirit, and most of all, their deep, active, whole-hearted piety, are mirrored in the legacy they left us—the institutions which have made our land the freest and happiest of all lands.

Original.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

"TIMES change, and *we* change with them." Nothing is truer, though, peradventure, nothing is staler. Ours is a different age from the past. The same agencies, political, social, moral, that were most effective twenty years ago, cease to be thus effective now. He who expects to accomplish the same results now, by the same or similar agencies, reckons without his host. He is doomed to disappointment. He will find, anon, that the world has run away from him. The genius of this age, so marked everywhere with the lines of free and bold thinking; so controlled by the impulse of the press; so pervaded by the activity of steam and electricity, demands that different intellectual and moral machinery be set in motion, and kept in motion, in the social sphere, from that which worked well, and was perhaps the best accessible, a score of years ago. The same lever that then overturned error and confusion, and set up truth and order in the family constitution, is or may be almost powerless now. Nor is this at all strange or wonderful. It is impossible that society should stand still. It has no *atiant* state. Its wheels are continually turning round. They turn, too, as really, as constantly, as swiftly, whether we perceive their motion or not. Nothing, then, is more natural, than that, in this march of society, be it forward or back-

ward, in right lines or curved lines, up hill or down, toward light or toward darkness, through the plains of truth or through the sloughs of error, in an old-fashioned stage-coach or on the wires of the electric telegraph, the agents that operate on society must be especially adapted to each of its individual phases.

Precisely the same newspapers and magazines that a quarter of a century since guided, counseled, and instructed, pleased, profited and blessed, in their visitations from house to house, would, we are quite confident, be generally deemed, among intelligent, thinking men and women, here at the centre of the nineteenth century, rather stale and inefficient.

There is a drift to these remarks, reader; abstract and pointless as they may seem, and the "improvement," as the old divines would say, to which they lead us, and to which, by your leave, we will lead you, is, that we mean to make our monthly a periodical for the times—fresh, lively, *readable*. We intend to infuse into it so much of the genius of this stirring age, that no one who reads its pages will ever surmise that he must be poring over some old periodical, which, by some mistake, is post dated. In other words, we are determined to throw into our pages such an amount of interest for the general reader, and especially for the maternal reader, as will render us always and everywhere welcome visitors. That our periodical has heretofore been dull and prosy, no one who has been acquainted with its character will affirm. But it will be our aim, during the year now commencing, to make it still more acceptable and useful.

THE LONDON RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY was formed in 1799, through the influence of the Rev. George Burder, who was the parent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. At the late jubilee meeting it was stated that it had issued five hundred millions of publications in one hundred and ten languages. The Rev. A. Wells said there were probably those present who would live to celebrate its centenary, as they had now witnessed its jubilee; and he hoped they would then be told by the committee that they had circulated five hundred thousand millions, and that China had been pervaded by its works.

Original.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY THE LATE J. EDWARD BARTLETT

My Mother! on thy fading brow is many a mark of care;
The Tale of Life's eventful scenes is deeply written there;
And day by day a voice there comes—to whisper unto me,
That Time hath for my manhood claimed, but years I've won from thee.

And now in my maturer days the scenes of youth I trace,
And mark the sweet but saddened smile that stole across thy face,
The memory of my wayward ways is darkly round me thrown,
To whisper, that by acts of mine that smile had sadder grown.

O! cold indeed would be my heart did it refuse to thrill,
When I recall thy love for me which lives unchanging still,
That o'er my spirit ever threw, when I would seek its power,
A spell as sweet as thought of Heaven, in melancholy hour.

Yes! oft when others faithless proved, and I've gone forth to feel,
Amid the world's discordant throng a loneness o'er me steal,
Hath sweet remembrance given me for those false friends of mine,
The thought that as their love grew faint, it only strengthened thine!

In all the bliss that I have felt, in all the woe and care,
Thy heart, responsive to my own, would joy and sorrow share;
And when my love to others turned, and cold to thee had grown,
My wanderings only served to make thee live for me alone.

Then, Mother! be it mine to give a purer love to thee,
A love as holy and as strong as thine hath been for me;
To strive to deepen all thy bliss, and every pang assuage,
And solace, with my better years, the loneness of thy age.

Politeness at Home.—Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. I.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

As the family of the Howards were seated around the glowing fire, on the last evening of the year, and Sarah, the eldest daughter, had laid down the volume, from which she had been reading an extract of "Cowper's Winter's Walk at Noon," they listened to the raging of the snow-storm without, and felt how deeply they were indebted to the Author of all good, that they were so highly favored with the blessings of this life, above what millions of their fellow-creatures enjoyed. The remaining hours of the evening were occupied with the following conversation, in which the two other children, Ellen and John, took an equal and pleasing part.

Papa. I wish you, my dear children, ever to cherish the most lively feelings of gratitude to that kind Providence who has caused you to be placed in a condition so advantageous, both to your temporal and spiritual interests. There are three especial causes which demand your gratitude. 1. That you are born of Christian parents. 2. That you live in a free country; and 3. That you live in an age when there are such facilities for obtaining knowledge and improvement.

John. I think I have read that Alexander the Great often said that he blessed the gods for three things, viz.: 1. That he was born at Macedon. 2. That he was the son of a king. 3. That he had Aristotle for his preceptor.

Papa. These certainly were desirable blessings to a heathen, but fall far below the value of the privileges the Christian enjoys; yet, I think Alexander's causes of thankfulness rank higher than what the follower of Mahomet often expresses in his sentiments of thanksgiving, viz., that he is neither a Jew, a Christian, nor a woman.

Mamma. I think, as we shall very shortly commence another year of our life, a review of the events of the past one will make a theme for our conversation both interesting and profitable.

Papa. Very true; and as we notice the troubles and misery occasioned by war in the Old World, our hearts will rejoice the more, for the great blessing of peace which at present prevails in the midst of us, and for the continuance of which every true lover of his country will never cease to pray. Our country has not been without its changes, also, during the year now nearly closed. Among them we may notice, a new President; emigration to California; awful visitation of the cholera, and the visit of Father Mathew.

John. I think I should very much like to see President Taylor, as I have not yet seen any one of those honored personages who hold the chief magistracy of our widely-extended republic. Have you, pa, seen any of our presidents when in office?

Papa. I saw Mr. Van Buren on the car, when he was going through our town. Many of our citizens went to pay their respects to him. We, in this country, do not pay such reverence to our rulers as is the custom in Europe. Here, they are the men of our choice, the servants of the community. There, they often inherit office by birth, or some casual circumstance, and are too apt to consider the people as beings of an inferior order, over whom they are destined to rule, and not unfrequently oppress.

Mamma. The discovery of the gold regions of California seems to me a very wonderful event; not so much for the sake of the metal deposited there, as its being the great cause of peopling the shores of the Pacific Ocean with an enlightened and a free people, whose principles and energy will lay the foundation of a moral and religious community, by whom the Gospel will be sent to the teeming myriads of Asia, while the mother-country is doing the same on the opposite side of the globe. While we view the subject in this light, Providence seems to have thus given to these two Christian nations the means of fulfilling what I have often thought to be their high commission, viz., that of evangelizing the world.

Ellen. I have heard it remarked, that California might perhaps be the ancient Ophir, from whence Solomon obtained such an abundance of gold.

Papa. I can see no good reason for such an idea. The power

of the load-stone being not then known, the imperfect knowledge of navigation, and the method of building vessels, as well as the distance of these regions from Palestine, appear to render it altogether but a visionary conjecture.

John. Will you be kind enough, papa, to tell us the meaning of the word Ophir?

Papa. The literal meaning of the word Ophir is *dust*, of which we hear a great deal has been collected in California. If you turn to your Bible, at 1 Chron. chap. i. ver. 23, you will there find mention of a person of that name, the son of Joktan, and the country might have been called after him; but whether it was upon the Asiatic or the African coast, is at present, and likely to remain so, unknown.

Sarah. If, during the past year, the discovery of these golden mines is an event of note, and has filled the minds of many with golden dreams, the visitation of the cholera has been a providence of a different and an awful nature, and we cannot be too thankful that God has preserved us from its fearful and fatal effects.

Papa. The pestilence is mentioned in the Bible, as one of the chief instruments in the hand of God by which he often punished the nations of old.

Ellen. I suppose, papa, the plague, a disease which we have often heard visits both Egypt and Turkey, is not more destructive to human life than the cholera of the present day. I remember reading in history of the plague at Athens, as recorded by Thucydides, when its victims were so tormented by thirst, that numbers of them died while lying down, and drinking from the streams that abound in that country.

Papa. That was indeed an awful visitation, and took place during a long civil war, between two rival States in Greece; appearing as if Heaven, by this judgment, was frowning upon their unnatural and bloody contentions.

Mamma. Mention, my dear Ellen, some of those pestilences which are recorded in the Bible. It is always well to refresh our memories with the afflictions as well as the mercies of God.

Ellen. The death of the first-born in Egypt; the people that fell in the wilderness, for their murmurings; the visitation upon

the Israelites, when David numbered them; and the destruction of the Assyrian army in one night, in the reign of Hezekiah, are among the most prominent mentioned in sacred history.

John. I have heard you mention the plague in London, in the reign of the second Charles, as a most destructive judgment, but it was the last time that it visited that city.

Papa. London was greatly depopulated then; not only by those who died, but by the numbers who fled into the country. The court, the parliament, and a great number of clergymen withdrew themselves; but the places of these last were filled by devoted pastors, who had been persecuted and driven from their homes by the party then in power, but who now nobly forgot all their grievances, and returned to wait upon the sick and the dying.

Sarah. But although these evils may be permitted or sent by the hand of God, yet is it not our duty to avoid everything which might render us susceptible of its attack?

Papa. Certainly, this is our duty, and it would be wrong not to use such precautions as God has put in our power. The great fire in London, soon after the plague there, has been considered a benefit rather than an evil, as the buildings afterward erected were generally of brick instead of wood, and the streets and alleys were made wider.

John. While we have had to deplore this visitation of Heaven, which fell most heavily upon the intemperate, the visit of Father Mathew I hope will have a beneficial effect upon that portion of the community. Is he not called the Apostle of Temperance, sir?

Papa. He is thus designated, and his being a priest gives him great influence over the minds of the people. You remember the anecdote you read the other evening, of the person who wished to have his pledge given back to him, but when told, if he took it back he must return the priest's blessing, he determined not to withdraw his pledge.

Sarah. I think the greatest blessing of the past year has been the continuance of peace. If we look toward Europe, how sad have been the miseries endured there by war!

Papa. Yes, Rome has felt the horrors of a siege. Paris has

had her streets stained with the blood of her citizens. Ireland has again quailed under famine and oppression, and Hungary lies bleeding at the feet of her bloodthirsty victor.

Ellen. Do you think, pa, the time is far distant when, as is said in the Bible, men will learn war no more?

Papa. There are aspects and features of the present time that give us reason to hope that such an era is drawing onward; the great exertions now making to spread the tenets of the Bible are among the most happy omens of such a period.

Mamma. I hope, above all things, that God will preserve us from the horrors of war. Our forefathers endured a great deal from the cruelty of the Indian, as also during the war of the Revolution, and we are now enjoying the blessings which cost them deprivations and sufferings which only the holiness and justice of their cause could enable them to bear.

Sarah. I can truly say, there is no country so dear to me as my own, and I hope ever to feel grateful that my lot has been cast here.

Papa. You may indeed, my love, well feel thus; and I hope we shall all of us retire to rest with minds thrilling with thanks to Heaven for the mercies of the past year, and be induced, while we are thus distinguished, to alleviate the sorrows and administer to the necessities of such, whom we may have it in our power to assist.

I AM.—He doth not say, *I am* their light, their guide, their strength, or tower, but only I AM. He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, Are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they poor? *I am* riches. Are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* wisdom and power. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supereminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity! Jehovah, *I am.* Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that *I am.* Whatsoever is pure and holy—whatsoever is great or pleasant—whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that *I am.*

Selected.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching toward the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision: "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us: its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog, diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned, unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of its rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each

creature space to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would, at one bound, burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.

Original.

PRAYER.

'Tis sweet, 'Tis sweet,
At early morn, even its first faint glow,
To rise from our repose, and lowly bow
At Jesus' feet!

'Tis sweet to seek,
When the bright sun is midway in his course,
His face, who is of all true light the source—
Who guides the meek.

At close of day,
When, wearied with its labors, we retire,
To lose the thoughts our waking hours inspire,
'Tis sweet to pray.

'Tis blest, to pour
Into His ear our heavy tide of woes,
And, that our hearts may find a true repose,
His grace implore.

And when the heart
Is full of joy, 'tis blessed then, indeed,
To pray and praise—for every good we need
God doth impart.

From day to day,
From hour to hour—in sunshine or in storm,
When joy appears, or grief in any form,
'Tis sweet to pray!

A. C. J.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Original.

LITTLE MAGDALENA.

Translated from the German.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

"Now, then, my men, all hands to work!" Thus cried Master Schmidt, the potter, to his journeymen, as they finished their breakfast of coffee and white bread. He rose from the table, the workmen did the same, and all repaired to the adjoining workshop, where each placed himself quietly behind his wheel and began to labor.

"Who's there, fumbling at the latch?" said the master, breaking in upon the silence. "Come in! come in!" he cried, impatiently, as the handle rose and fell several times without opening the door. He was just leaving his seat, when a little maiden tripped in, and after a timid courtesy, remained standing close by the threshold. She seemed about twelve years old. The clock had not yet struck five, yet her flaxen hair was neatly combed, her shoes blacked, and her whole dress, though poor, had a trim and orderly look. Cheeks and hands glowed with that rosy hue which only cold fresh water gives. Master Schmidt remarked all this with quiet pleasure. A friendly smile softened his face as he called to the bashful child.

"Why, how now, my little daughter, up so early? Dost hold to the old saying, 'Morning hours bring golden showers?' All right, my girl! It becomes thee well, too; look'st like a rosebud in morning dew. Come, then, what hast thou for me? A bit of custom, hey?"

The child hesitated, and looked into her apron, which she held gathered up in her hand. At length she took out of it a broken porcelain tea-cup. "I only wished to ask," said she, in a modest tone, "whether you could mend this for me—and so that no crack can be seen?"

Master Schmidt examined the article, which was of very fine china, and painted with beautiful flowers. "So that no crack

can be seen?" repeated he. "That would be a hard matter; but we'll try, we'll try." With these words he laid aside the dish, and returned once more to his wheel.

"Good sir," said the child, beseechingly, "please to mend the cup now. I can wait for it as well as not."

The potter and his workmen laughed. "You would have to wait some time, my child," said the master. The dish must be put into the fire after it is cemented. In three days I shall burn my ware, and it will be five days before you can have your cup."

Seeing the little girl look very sorrowful at these words, the talkative potter ran on: "Aha, I understand the early rising, now! Mammy's to know nothing of the broken cup, and so it must be mended before she's up. Hey? am I right? Hark'ee, now, have you no pet kitten, or puppy, or squirrel, that you could lay the blame on?"

The child looked up as if she did not comprehend him. "Nay, nay," said the good man, blushing, "God forbid that I should lead you to tell a lie. It was nothing but a joke. No, my daughter, tell the plain truth to your mother, that's the best way. Will you?" She nodded as if that was a matter which needed no words, and went away.

The next morning, early, she came again. "Didn't I tell you," said Master Schmidt, frowning, "that you could not have the cup under five days?"

"That's not what I came for," replied the little girl, timidly: "I have brought you something else to mend." She held up the fragments of a brown earthen vessel. Master Schmidt and his men laughed again.

"Nothing can be done with this," said he, at length. "You think because the dish shines so, that it's porcelain. It's nothing but Waldenburg pottery, and of just the same clay as ours. This can't be mended. A pretty story it would be, if our ware could be mended. We should have to run away, or eat dry bread. Throw the pieces into the street."

The girl grew pale. "It did not belong to us," said she, "but to Madame R., who sent us a little food in it."

"That's a pity," said Schmidt. "You should handle what didn't belong to you more carefully."

"It wasn't I," returned the child; "my mother let it fall, for she has the rheumatism in her hands, and can't hold anything firmly. But have you any like it? And what would be the price of one of this size?"

The potter was moved with pity. "I have indeed plenty of them," said he; "but to tell the truth, they are three times as dear as the common ones." He brought one out of his ware-room, and was just about making a present of it to the little girl, when a little paper bundle caught his eye peeping out of her apron. "What have you there?" he asked, curiously, "coffee or cichory?"

"Bird-feed, for our little Jacky," said she, smiling.

"Ah, indeed! bird-feed!" repeated Master Schmidt, with a changed manner. He hastily laid aside the intended present, and betook himself to his wheel. "I should have cheated myself finely," grumbled he to himself, after the child had gone away empty-handed. "If you can keep birds, little miss, you can pay me for my wares. I can't afford to throw them away. Yes, yes; these folks are so poor, so very poor; and when you come to the bottom of it, they can keep cats, and dogs, and birds."

The bird-feed was still rankling in his mind, when the little maiden came, at the appointed time, for her cup. The fissure could hardly be seen. He asked the customary price for his work, one *groschen*. The child searched her pocket through and through, but could bring out only ten pennies.

"Two pennies are wanting," said she, with a supplicating look. "So I see," replied he, sternly. "Well, you may bring me the rest as soon as you can." He allowed her, however, to take away the cup. The poor thing hung her head, and stole sorrowfully out of the shop. "I'm well rid of her!" said he to his men. "She'll not cross my threshold again, depend on't."

But on the second day, she came again, the two pennies in hand.

The good potter was taken by surprise. "That's my brave, honest girl," said he, patting her on the head. "Needn't have come again—nobody knew who she was, nor where she lived.

But what then is your name, my dear? Who are your parents? Where is your home?"

The girl answered these questions in inverse order: "We live in Rope Lane, No. 47. My father is dead; he was a painter. My name is Magdalena Tuben."

"A painter was thy father? Come, then, thou canst paint too? And better, I'll lay a penny, than my lubberly apprentice, there, who sits gaping at us, instead of painting his wares, and studying out mottoes for them." The startled youth seized his pencil, and grew red as fire when Lenny cast her eye upon his work.

"Let's hear, now," cried Master Schmidt to the maiden, "what Lazybones has made out. Can you read?" Instead of answering, Magdalena took up the first plate and read:

"I am no stupid beast:
Plum-pudding suits my taste."

"No doubt of it!" interrupted the master, laughing. "Go on." The second rhyme was as follows:

"Roast beef is royal food,
Veal and lamb are very good."

"What!" cried the master, "are there no rhymes in the world except about eating? I'll lay a wager the third treats of the same thing." Magdalena proceeded:

"Fish, flesh, fowl, and wine, are joys
Which much delight the pottery-boys."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the potter, laughing heartily. "The blockhead thinks because the dishes are to serve food in, he must write of nothing else! Now, we'll have the fourth." The apprentice, in great confusion, tried to shove this out of sight; but the observant master bid him hand it along. It read thus:

"When I once a master be,
Porridge, then good bye to thee!"

The good-natured potter now looked angry. "So, boy," said he, "your fare isn't good enough for you. You don't like milk-porridge, it seems! Go further and fare worse, then! I'll teach

you to make game of your food; I'll porridge you! But the lubber isn't worth being angry about. Come, my daughter, and shame him by painting a dish or writing a rhyme."

Magdalena obeyed, blushing. If she had done the thing ever so ill, Master Schmidt would certainly have praised her at this time, he was so angry with the apprentice. But this was far from being the case. With a steady, practiced hand she drew the blue border tastefully upon the white clay, then wrote in the bottom of the dish the words:

"Knowledge, virtue, kindness, truth,
Are the crown of age and youth."

Without saying a word, the master went into his ware-room, and bringing out once more the Waldenburg jar, presented it to the little girl. "There," said he, "take it! It was brought out for you once before. A maiden that can labor in that fashion, small and young though she be, has a right to keep a bird if she likes. Would you like to paint ware and write mottoes for me, hey? You shan't do it for poor pay."

With a beaming face Magdalena nodded her joyful assent, and sprang with her jar gayly out of the shop.

(To be continued in the February number.)

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.—Dr. Harris said, when dying, "Oh, my friends, live much, live long, live instantly." Each of you should resolve to live two or three hundred years. You ask how is this possible, when you are removed by death at the age of forty or fifty? For this very reason you are called to live long in a little time. Some live longer in a single day than others in the whole course of their lives. You live only as you live to God —you only live in reality as you live wisely, usefully, and piously. Methuselah, who lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, did not live half so long as the Son of Mary, after the flesh, who was crucified at the age of thirty-three! "The time is short."

Original.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

My dear Mrs. Sewell:

I received four numbers of your valuable periodical this morning, in which I have read Dr. Cope's "Sketch of the Will Family," with great interest. O! those wicked "*Wills*" of ours, what mischief do they occasion in this our fallen world! How they mar our happiness and turn God's blessing into a curse! What a mercy it is, when they are subdued by divine grace!

Last July twelvemonth, the day on which my dear mother was seventy-seven years old, our excellent pastor, Rev. Mr. R., happened to call, as he did occasionally, to have a little chat with her about the best things, as we say sometimes; and after he had prayed, and was about to take leave, my mother said to him, "What a rebellious will I have had all my life long! When," she added, with much feeling, "my son went to America, I felt very angry, and thought God had dealt hardly by me, to permit it; but," she added, with animation, while her eyes beamed with holy joy, "I have since had cause to say, in reference to this circumstance, as well as many others, He doeth all things well. So great has been his goodness to me and mine, that I never can praise him enough." How I love to think of her sayings, now that she is taken from me, and how consoling is the thought that she is gone to dwell forever with Him in whom was all her trust and confidence while she dwelt with us!

The Bible adapted to Man.—When Dr. Duff read to the intelligent Hindoo youth for the first time the precept of the Saviour, "I say unto you, Love your enemies: bless them that curse you;" one of them could not refrain himself from speaking out his feelings: "Oh, how beautiful!" For days and weeks he could not cease repeating, "'*Love your enemies; bless them that curse you.*' How beautiful! Surely this must be the truth."

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

A Heavenly Reunion.—"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is as if his right hand was withered." How forcibly was that idea impressed upon our mind one bland and peaceful evening during the progress of the pestilence last summer, when we visited the chamber of death! One who, for half a century, had been a wife and a mother, whose head had been whitened by the snows of more than seventy winters, fell before the destroyer. Her end was peace. She had long been patiently and devoutly waiting for the coming of her Lord. "I shall be with you soon," said the fond husband, as he pressed her hand for the last time, and felt that its pulses were ebbing fast. "I shall be with you soon." Three days afterward we sought for the old man, but his spirit had fled. God had taken him. He had rejoined his cherished companion in a better world.

To Correspondents.—We respectfully invite those who can write acceptably for the press, to send us original communications adapted to our pages. Our list of permanent contributors is, it is true, larger than formerly, but it will give us pleasure, notwithstanding, to hear frequently from others who are interested in our enterprise.

New York City Tract Society.—This excellent institution, which employs twenty missionaries of various religious denominations, is at all times doing much for the poor and destitute; but at this season of the year, the devoted men who labor in this important vineyard are truly angels of mercy in their visits to the abodes of the poor and the perishing. How like Christ, to see Christians forgetting their peculiar tenets, and laboring unitedly for the promotion of his cause! This is *Evangelical alliance* practically illustrated. Happier would our fallen world be, if we had more of it.

Cure for Hypochondria.—Hypochondria is a strange disease, whether it be viewed in its connection with the mind or the body; and perhaps we ought to leave to the doctors the application of appropriate remedies for it. But we have found out a nostrum which works admirably well in some cases, and at the risk of being dubbed a quack, we must let out the secret. It is for the patient to force himself out of doors, and to hunt up some poor, suffering family, and see if he cannot relieve them.

Domestic Amusements.—It has often seemed to us, while watching the operation of the machinery in some family circles, that the wheels would work a great deal better, if, when all improper amusements were abolished and forbidden, some innocent and proper ones might be allowed to take their place. To teach children to go without amusement of any kind whatever, is about as absurd as to teach them to go without food.

Editorial.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT.

The relation of God's people, in all ages of the world, to the covenant made with Abraham, is a subject in which we have ever taken a deep and lively interest. If there is any one truth which, more than any other, we wish to impress upon the minds of parents, it is that obligations of the most solemn nature rest upon them in regard to the proper training of their covenanted children.

It is a sentiment too often forgotten by the people of God, but not the less true on this account, that through Abraham's faithful discharge of his duty to his family, the Church are blessed to this day. "I will bless thee," said Jehovah to that pious patriarch, "I will bless thee, and *thou shalt be a blessing.*" "In thee," said the Lord, on another occasion, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." There can be no doubt as to the reason why Abraham and his posterity were to be blessed in this signal manner. God himself gives the reason: "I know Abraham," such is his language, "that he will *command his children and his household after him;* and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that (here we have the reason) the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." There was nothing arbitrary in God's dealing with Abraham, and his subsequent dealing with his natural and spiritual offspring. The blessings which descended upon him and his seed—blessings which are vast as the world, and rich and precious as the storehouse of heaven—are expressly represented as coming through the obedience and faithfulness of him with whom the covenant was made.

What a consoling thought it is to those parents who, with much fear and trembling, are endeavoring to train up their offspring for heaven, that God has established such a connection between the faithful discharge of family duties and the spiritual welfare of the family! So that such parents, if they are the children of God, have a two-fold ground of encouragement. They

have reason to be encouraged, because they are promised, as the spiritual descendants of Abraham, a share in the covenant made with him; and, also, because their own faithfulness in the family relation brings its reward with it.

We are well aware that to most of those who read these remarks, a word by way of enforcing the claims of this covenant is more acceptable and necessary than learned and labored disquisition, even if this latter mode of treating the subject were within our power. It is too late in the day for most of our readers to need arguments to convince the understanding, in relation to the connection between believers and their children in the blessings of the Abrahamic covenant. Few of us, indeed, need these. But may we not need, do we not need, a more active, hearty, lively faith in it? Are our souls sufficiently impressed with its reality and value? It is one thing to subscribe to a doctrine in words, and with the understanding, and it is quite another thing to receive that doctrine into our hearts, and to allow it to pervade our very being, and to influence our conduct, every day and every hour.

We ought never to appear in the presence of our heavenly Father, to plead for his blessing to rest upon our children, without distinctly recognizing this covenant, and founding upon it, to some extent, our plea for these blessings. It ought to give color to all our intercessions, in the closet and in the family circle. Our devotions around the domestic mercy-seat are robbed of much of their fervor and spirit, if they lack such a recognition of this covenant. Then, too, in our efforts to lead the feet of our children in the path that conducts heavenward, the recollection of God's promise to Abraham, and through him to us, ought to fill us with earnest zeal, and strong faith, and confident hope.

Is it thus with you, reader? Do you welcome this truth to your heart, as one with which you and your children are intimately concerned? As you press that darling child to your bosom, and imprint on his forehead the tokens of a mother's love —as you see him growing up to boyhood, surrounded by a multitude of sinful influences from which he cannot escape—as you kneel with him at the Bethel you have erected in your dwelling,

and commend him to the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, does the thought that he is a child of the covenant inspire you with gratitude and faith? Do you seize the promises made to the father of the faithful, and appropriate them, as you may, to your own individual circumstances, as a casket of the richest pearls?

Christian parent, if your efforts for the spiritual welfare of your children are thus characterized, they will not, they cannot be in vain. Blessings, rich and invaluable, will descend upon those for whom you feel so lively an interest, and you will realize in your own experience the truth of the Divine promise, that "he who watereth others shall be watered also himself."

THE UNWARY YOUNG MAN.

He comes forth into the world unacquainted with its snares and dangers. He thinks all is what it seems to be. He finds on every side his associates professing to be devoted to his good, and he believes they are. With such professions they obtain an influence over him, which he has not the power nor desire to throw off. Parents warn him against his associates, telling him that "all is not gold that glistens," that the butterfly which flutters so sprightly, and shines so beautifully with its painted wings in the summer of his prosperity, will disappear when the biting frosts of his adversity approach. But thinking himself too firmly fixed to be led astray, he disregards this friendly advice, and listens to the counsels of his young associates. They begin their work of death, perhaps, by endeavoring to create in his mind a contempt for religion, for the Sabbath, and for its duties and privileges, until, step by step, he is drawn into their snare, and in some fatal moment his integrity is gone. Pause, then, young man, and consider. Never associate with those who scoff at religion. They are laboring to destroy your best protection in this life, and your only hope in the life to come.

Original.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THE grave is a hallowed place. It is there that ten thousand associations with the departed come as freshly up to memory as if they were the creatures of yesterday, to comfort or torment us with their presence. We linger about it as we do by the side of a dear friend, when it takes us back to a past which is bright with the sunshine of unbroken friendship and sacred joy; but we fly from it as from the worst of foes, when it revives deep sorrows, almost forgotten, and carries us back over life's pathway to review some of its dark and barren spots. To stand by the grave of a friend, whom we have loved and cherished with true fidelity, is a privilege. It is true that it is a privilege of which sorrow is an element; but it is a sacred sorrow, and one which soothes instead of torturing the chastened heart.

We remember the lonely walk which we so often took with the departed one, to mingle our common joys and sorrows, away from the noise and bustle of a selfish world. We remember, perhaps, the heaven-blest hours which we spent with him before the mercy-seat, in laying our wants before a common Father; and those moments come up freshly to mind, sweet as ever in recollection, yet darkened by a shade of sadness, because they are gone forever. Glances like these, from the silent grave, into the scenes of the past, often bring the unbidden tear, when we remember that we are but comforting our stricken hearts with bright pictures of joys which can never again bless, with their verdure, this world's barrenness.

But there are other thoughts, over the grave, than these; and thoughts which grow in preciousness with the lapse of time. A kind word, a sympathizing tear, an act of love which, in the hurry of busy life, passed almost unnoticed, when we linger over the relics of their departed object, speak, through the past, to us, more solid comfort, and more holy joy, than they conveyed when uttered. Like stars in the night, they shed light through the gloom which is occasioned by more painful recollections, and bless

us with their presence. He who, in the darkness of affliction and bereavement, has such monitors as these to make the bright spots of the past live again, has an ingredient in his cup of sorrow, which turns bitterness into sweetness, and makes the grave a hallowed and a blessed spot near which to linger.

The grave of a mother is a place of singular interest. We can recall no words, no acts, no love, with such emotions as we can those of a mother. Others have helped to drive life's woes away in the sunny days of youth, and the busy hour of manhood; but, in helplessness, she was our protector, and, in the frequent yet too often disregarded griefs and disappointments of childhood, she was our best sympathizer. It was her gentle voice and silent look of reproof, which, in the impetuous days of youth, restrained us from the treacherous paths of vice, and led us to pass unheeded the siren notes of temptation.

It was her bright smile and mysterious influence that threw a charm about the social circle, brighter than the tinsel and glitter of unholy pleasure. It was her prevailing prayer which followed us through the mazes of a deceitful world, and shielded us from harm, amid the fierce struggle of conflicting passions and the assaults of ten thousand adversaries. We owe her more than a life of gratitude and faithful effort can repay; and the cold neglect of indifference and ungratefulness, which may long lie buried and forgotten, will return, perhaps too late for remedy, to fill us with that woe which is its legitimate fruit. And when she is gone, the words of love, spoken in "by-gone hours," and the look of gratitude, and the act of filial obedience, will blossom like sweet flowers on her grave, and bless us with their fragrance.

Reader, did you ever stand by the grave of a mother? If you have not, that hour, so painfully dark, or cheered by many a bright star to chase the gloom away, may come to you. It may come in the days of youthful carelessness, or in the serious hour of manhood. That smile which so often lighted up her face, may come again, either to reprove you for coldness and indifference, or to comfort you with the filial love which repaid it. Those oft-repeated words of reproof, which came from her devoted faithfulness, may come back to mind, when the lips that uttered them

are cold in death; and they will remind you of the recklessness or obedience which rewarded them.

Those prayers, so often put up for you, may be heard again, when the heart which throbbed in their utterance has ceased to beat; and they will have a meaning in them, which will make the hour of remembrance a precious or an unwelcome one.

Oh, reader, if ever, by a careless word or act, you have requited a mother's love; if ever, in a hasty moment, you have returned her look of reproof with the frown of displeasure; if ever, by a wayward step, you have sent a thrill of pain through the heart that yearned for you—think of that hour when these things, which now appear light and trivial, may lie upon your stricken heart a painful burden, which you would, but cannot throw off. And think, too, of that hour, when kindness gratefully received, and wishes faithfully met, and love affectionately reciprocated, will shed light into the night of bereavement, and chase away with their brightness the presence of anguish. The mother's grave may be to you the most blessed and sacred spot on earth; for it may tell of a holy love and a faithful gratitude. It may bring to your delighted view a past, all radiant with smiles given and returned, with joys imparted and reflected, with love bestowed and reciprocated; and it may point to a Future, bright as Heaven, because blest with a Father's smile; a Future, in which loved ones shall meet in purity and perfect bliss.

J. L. C.

HINTS TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Remember you are dealing with souls which are to live eternally; that they are now like the melted silver, capable of receiving impressions which will last forever. Then stamp upon them the image of Christ; and though it may show but faintly now, God will bless your faithful, prayerful labor, and bring out that image to shine as a star in glory. Remember that Christ, the Great Teacher, is your pattern, and that, in order to be a faithful teacher, pleasing God, you must be like him. Like him *in prayer*.

The stillness of night and early morn witnessed his early supplications. Like him *in teaching*. The hearts of his hearers burned within them, and their souls were quickened at his words. Like him *in spirit*. Peaceful, meek, humble, and pure in heart. Like him *by the way*. Ever uttering words of comfort and kindness to all who came to him troubled. Like him *at all times*. Doing the will of your Father in heaven. Like him *in knowledge*. Possessing the knowledge of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Original.

REPORT OF THE NORTH ADAMS, MASS., MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

This day, beloved sisters, brings us to the seventh anniversary of this Maternal Association. For seven years have we held on our way—*now*, rejoicing in the glad sunshine of propitious skies, ourselves and our dear families the objects of our Heavenly Father's preserving care and favor—*then*, walking beneath the gathering clouds of sorrow and adversity, faint and distressed, too faithless often in the assurance that the same kind Father's providence is over us, and in the gracious promise, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." During these years, who of us has not received mercies as innumerable as unmerited, from the hand of our God? Who, ah! who among us, has not tasted of the cup of sorrow?

But it belongs to us especially to review the *past* year, to note its most prominent events, our progress, and present position.

The meetings of the Association, with two exceptions, have been held, and for the most part well attended and sustained. The quarterly meetings have been observed, and the children are progressing in the Catechism, which they are studying, under the instruction of our pastor, who always meets with us on these occasions. Their sweet voices also unite in singing some hymn they have committed to memory. No meeting among us seems to cre-

ate more real interest than this. It touches a chord which vibrates through all our hearts, to which we cannot be insensible. Would that more among us would rightly appreciate the blessing of a Maternal Association! Our list at the present time numbers forty mothers and one hundred and forty-one children. No mother among us, during the year, has been removed by death. One, with her little family of three sweet children, has given us the parting hand, and sought another home, in Montreal; but we cherish her memory, and her little ones are still near to our hearts. May the Saviour dwell with them, and be their portion forever. Another sister, who two years since removed from among us, has been called to deep affliction. Her oldest son, a promising youth of sixteen, has been suddenly cut down by death. The name of E. H. is the first recorded on the list of children who have belonged to this Association. But we bless God that our dear sister sorrows not as those without hope. Her son, about a year since, connected himself with a Christian church, of which, though the youngest, he was a very active member. He died, commending early religion to his young associates, and rejoicing in hope of a glorious immortality. Some of our own families have been invaded by death. Scarcely was our last report completed, ere one of our little band was cold in its embrace. A. W. P. was a bright and promising boy of five years. He had attended school through the summer, and just before his death had been present at its examination, when his speaking face and ready answers had excited general interest and remark. "Death loves a shining mark," and he must be the victim. May we not hope he is a pupil now in the school of Jesus, where none of the temptations or sins of earth can enter? The next removed was W. H. E., aged eight years. His sickness was short and distressing, and the affliction was indeed great to his parents, who have many times been called to weep over the graves of their children. Who has not listened to Willy's voice of melody, as he sang at our doors, "Home, sweet home," or some other favorite song? But from his grave to-day comes to our hearts another voice of sclemn exhortation, saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Our sister Mrs. S., while absent from her home, has just been

called to part with her youngest child, of some more than a year's brief existence. Separated from her husband by so great a distance, and for so uncertain a period, what an aching void must the death of this dear babe leave in her desolate heart! Ah! never can the far-famed mines of California's soil restore the dead to life, or preserve to us our richest treasures, those of our heart's true love! No, gold is powerless here, and let us give it only its true value, and teach our children, too, its proper estimate. In this time of excitement on this absorbing subject, let us, as mothers, seek to exert a saving influence. Let us more earnestly pray, that our children may "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and that those from among us who, like the merchantman, are seeking goodly pearls, may like him find one pearl of great price, and sell all that they have, and buy it.

Another evil among us, to which our children are more or less exposed, is the desecration of the Sabbath of the Lord. I fear we are not sufficiently alive to the importance of this subject. During the past season the Sabbath, with its sacred claims, has been presented to us, in a series of sermons, by our pastor; and oh, that his words of warning and exhortation may be remembered and heeded by us all. If we love our children, and desire their best good, let us teach them to "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." How full and emphatic are the promises of God's word to all such as call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and how fearful the threatenings denounced against such as esteem the Sabbath a weariness, and say, "When will it be gone?" God, in a most striking manner, has set His seal upon the declarations of His word on this subject, in His providential dealings. Let us cherish the Sabbath, with its institutions and ordinances, as our richest inheritance, and teach our children, that they can never trample upon it without incurring the fearful judgments of an offended God.

To many of our families, the past year, another treasure has been added, but not without the addition, also, of new anxieties and obligations. Much at the present day is said and written upon a mother's duty and influence. Doubtless our own judgment responds to the sentiments of the wise and good on this sub-

ject, as truthful and of vital importance. But when we look at our own hearts, and with conscientious fidelity compare them with the standard for the Christian mother, are we not ready despairingly to inquire, "Who is sufficient for these things?" But though humbled by this self-examination, let us not be discouraged in our high and holy work.

In concluding this report, let me say, our only hope, as well as our only help, is to be derived from the throne of grace. There is a mercy-seat sprinkled with blood, to which we may at all times come, just as we are, and from which no true suppliant has ever been sent empty away.

"Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails, from age to age."

In behalf of the Association,

B. McLellan, Sec'ry.

North Adams, Sept. 7, 1849.

Original.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

These are often inconsistent with each other, in parental duties or the management of children. Some parents live without any definite end, and with no plan concerning the responsible duties of this relation. They are not destitute of parental affection—but, besides providing their children with food and raiment, and perhaps some means of instruction, or availing themselves inconstantly of the means provided by the State, they think little of what principles their children embrace, or what habits they form, even though they be principles and habits which in future years may result in defective character, if not in open disgrace.

But there are other parents, who feel more or less their peculiar responsibility, and really desire to have their children well governed, and trained to the formation of an estimable and virtuous character. While we would fain hope that this is true of the

great majority of parents in Christian countries, how small is the proportion of those who are eminently successful in attaining this end! How many are constrained to acknowledge that they constantly fall far short of their aims, and of what both self-respect and a regard for the best good of their children will not allow them to relinquish! But, as in many other things, their practice falls much below the standard of their theory. This is perfectly in accordance with human imperfection, or deficiency in many of the important duties of life.

This inconsistency of theory and practice arises, in part, from the difficulty of adapting our theory or plan to the ever-changing affairs of real life. We are unable to anticipate many circumstances and contingencies of frequent occurrence, which modify, or even change our rules of conduct. But we must, in the government of children, suppose many such contingencies, or else, when occurring, they will take liberties, or follow their own inclinations, so as to occasion us much needless pains, anxiety or suspense, unless we let them take their own course, with little thought or concern of our own. For instance—a child is sent of an errand, or has liberty to spend an hour with a mate at the next neighbor's; and unless such contingencies are anticipated to some extent, either by general or special directions, it will not be half the time that you can depend on the child's return at the specified time. So of other things. It is very common for those who have never been called to parental responsibility, to imagine how orderly and obedient would children be, if they were only brought under their training. Those who are parents also, at times, in observing the management of others, think they could do far better; or, in witnessing specimens of good management, that they can form rules and carry them out, in the same manner; but they fail in the experiment. And all this may be, while their theory is by no means chimerical or utopian; but they cannot follow in others' footsteps; they cannot foresee the circumstances which must affect their rules and their treatment; or they fail, because little minds and sensitive spirits, easily affected by pain, disappointment, hunger, fatigue, trouble and temptation, cannot always be dealt with according to the unbending rules which apply to material sub-

stances. Experience must often modify our projects, and teach us what is, and what is not attainable.

A just theory fails of being carried into practice often by reason of the many cares and duties which occupy the parent's attention. So pressing are these labors and cares at times, that filial obedience, desirable habits, and even good manners come to be, practically, quite of secondary importance. The conclusion is, that this piece of work, or that important service must be done at all events, unless sickness, risk of life, or something alike unusual should intervene; and of course the habits and even the morals of children must be disregarded, because some act of disobedience, or some misconduct, which cannot now have their attention, is not seen in its bearing on future character, in the train of evil-doing thus begun or repeated. When urgent business is pressing on the hands of parents, they feel that at present they have no time to correct their children; and when some suitable leisure moment occurs, they are irresolute or forgetful, so that the offence is suffered to pass unnoticed. Worldly good is so much their object, or they are otherwise unduly burdened with cares and labors, so that they constantly neglect their duty to their children. Their high responsibility to train them up in the way they should go, to the formation of right habits and a good character, comes thus to be too little regarded.

This inconsistency in practice also arises from lack of perseverance. There are not a few who mean well and set out right, but come far short of their purposes. Either their general characteristic is inefficiency, or they are very irresolute in what concerns the proper training of their children. With some, the idea of punishment or inflicting pain, even in case of deliberate transgression, is very trying to their feelings. Thus, by mere sympathy, deserved correction is passed by, to the serious injury of the child, by his becoming impatient of restraint, self-willed and disobedient. Such will inevitably be the result—however well parents may know and wish to do the right—if they merely form resolutions, but are irregular and fitful, irresolute, and not actuated by principle when the time for action comes. They who do not correct their children in some way, when repeated disobedi-

ence occurs, as they cannot but feel that they ought to do, must feel the mortification and grief of their growing worse and worse, as the reward of their false tenderness and ill-founded sympathy. Severity is not needed, but plain rules, steady, careful treatment in the true spirit of parental kindness and love, and perseverance therein, to secure that prompt and cheerful obedience which is necessary to promote the honor and happiness of both parents and children.

Inconsistency with a just theory also occurs in the practice too often, through parental deficiency in their own life and example. It is one of the easiest things in the world for their examples to be followed, but their precepts to be altogether neglected. The intemperate man and the profane, however much addicted to these practices, usually have enough sense of their impropriety, to wish that their children may not follow the same course. Children naturally suppose what their parents do to be right, till gross misconduct and loss of confidence lead them to feel otherwise; and, of course, example is an ever-present guide for the regulation of their conduct and the formation of their habits, against which discordant precepts have little power. It is one of the chief maxims of human intercourse, that self-government is an essential prerequisite for those who would govern others. Hence, if a parent betrays inconsistencies in this respect with his own precepts, his efforts will prove powerless in the right management of his children. If he is impatient or passionate, if he is fretful or self-willed, his authority over his children will fail to make them of a contrary spirit. Or, in whatever respect his theory and precepts essentially conflict with his own practice, the unhappy influence will be apparent in the conduct of his offspring, so directly and naturally led astray by himself. Inefficiency in discipline, notwithstanding the influence of correct precept and example, will leave children to become quarrelsome and unkind, without warm affection and interest in each other's welfare; but how much worse may they be expected to become, if the potent influence of example is cast into the wrong scale!

How circumspect, then, should parents constantly be in all their acts, which are exerting a moulding influence on the plastic

minds of their offspring, in infancy and childhood! Let not parental example ever be what they would not wish to have copied by their children. A just sense of parental responsibility should prompt to vigilance and perseverance in doing, for the formation of right principles and habits, and a desirable character in children, what their own convictions of duty may dictate. Other duties and cares, however important in their place, ought not to take precedence of their obligations to their children, to the hazard of their well-being, here and hereafter, and of future generations. To study also the nearest adaptation to the ever-varying circumstances which affect the health and comfort, the temper and conduct of children, will enable the careful and faithful parent to govern with mildness, kindness, and success—and thus, by means of prayer and the Divine aid, present a good degree of consistency between his theory and practice; to fulfill his responsible trust, by training up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and give him the unspeakable satisfaction of meeting them in the world of glory, and presenting them before the throne of God, saying, "Here am I, and the children whom the Lord hath given me." E. W. R.

Lisbon, Ct., December, 1849.

Original.

LITTLE MAGDALENA.

Translated from the German.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

Continued from p. 30, January number.

MRS. TUBEN, Magdalena's mother, had been kept awake all night by her rheumatic pains. It was not till toward morning that she fell into a quiet, sound sleep. She heard not the cock-crowing, which resounded from the neighboring poultry-stall; but Magdalena did not fail to hear it. Quietly as a mouse she rose up from her miserable bed. It was still pitch dark in the room. But the orderly little maiden readily found her clothes, slipped them on quietly, and with a light step glided out of the

room. In the little court was a cistern, in which Magdalena plentifully bathed her face, neck, and hands. She then returned as noiselessly as she came, listened for a moment to her mother's quiet breathing, then sunk down upon her knees by the bedside, and whispered her fervent morning prayer. Her knitting was now found in its accustomed place, and she plied her needles merrily, till a faint gleam of day stole into the darkened window. Her work was then laid aside, and, by the help of a tinder-box, she kindled a fire in the stove, in order to prepare breakfast.

"What smell of smoke is this?" asked the mother, waking up, and coughing.

"Good morning, dear mother!" cried Lenny, cheerfully. "The wood is rather wet, and the stove is full of cracks; but I'll see if I can't make it do better." She brought some lime, ready prepared in an earthen pot, and plastered it skillfully over the seams through which the smoke found its way.

"Raise me up!" said the mother. Lenny bent over her; she put both her arms round the child's neck, who then, by the exertion of all her strength, drew up the heavy burden. With great tenderness she then adjusted the pillow to the sick woman's back, who cried impatiently, "Where does that terrible draught come from which chills my neck? Is the window open?"

"O, I see," said Lenny, examining the window. "The moisture has softened the paper over the broken pane, and it has become loose on one side." She hastened to cover the opening with an old oil painting, which seemed to stand ready for this use.

"Is the coffee ready?" asked the mother.

"In a twinkling, dear mamma. Only think, mamma," she continued, "what a lucky little body I always am! Here I have a whole dish full of noble beef-bones, out of which I can make you such a fine, rich broth! And the cook at the hotel has promised to save me the coffee-grounds every day, if I will just wash out the coffee-bags. So we shall have some real coffee this morning, instead of such poor stuff as burnt barley and carrots."

"But why do you go barefoot, child?" asked the mother, looking at Lenny's naked feet. "You will be chilled on the cold stone floor. Can't you get on your shoes?"

"Don't fret about it, dear mamma! I want to save them. The soles are so thin—oh, just as thin as a poppy-leaf—and the heels pretty well run down, too."

"Oh dear!" sighed the poor invalid, "what are we coming to? It seems but yesterday that you had the shoes."

"But think, mamma, what a heap of money I am going to earn with Master Schmidt; and our kind Father in Heaven has never forsaken us yet."

"Yes!—but he lets us wait a great while sometimes," said the broken-spirited woman, in a low voice.

"When need is most sore, help is near at the door!" replied Lenny, casting a look full of the tenderest sympathy upon her poor crippled parent, who could with difficulty make the slightest movement.

"God forgive me," cried the mother, bursting into tears: "God forgive me for complaining while He spares me thee. Blessings on my dutiful child!"

"Is not Raphael yet awake?" asked she, after a pause. At this moment a stir was heard behind the stove, and a little boy, half dressed, came groping his way across the floor. Lenny stepped toward him, took his curly head between both her hands, and kissing him upon his forehead, said fondly, "Good morning, dear bubby!" He returned her kiss, but immediately asked, in an anxious tone: "What ails my Jackey? He doesn't sing!"

"Because it's too dark, darling. He can't find his way out of Sleepy-land."

"Ah," said the mother, "everything is forgotten for his bird, —even good morning to his mother."

"Don't be angry, mamma!" said the boy, finding his way to her bedside. "I did not know that you were awake. I have been dreaming that a man took away our Jackey, and I didn't know what I was about. Good morning, dear mamma!" He felt after her hand, and kissed it with much affection.

Meanwhile Lenny had placed the mended porcelain cup and two little earthen mugs upon the table. Then drawing from her hand-basket a three-penny loaf, she cried with childish glee: "Only see what I got from the baker's wife at the corner yester-

day, just for helping her Christette sweep the sidewalk! To be sure, it's rather dry; but it will soften in the coffee. Milk, too!" she added, "but, indeed, no sugar." She drew the table to her mother's bedside, and the little family gathered round it with lively pleasure.

At this moment the yellow Canary bird sent out a clear warble from his narrow cage. "Jackey! my Jackey!" cried Raphael, in an ecstasy.

"Hush!" said the mother; "let us, like him, praise God, before we eat!" With a weak, trembling tone, she began:

"To God my morning thanks shall rise!"

"Exalt him, O my soul!" struck in the children, with their clear young voices; and thus they sang through their hymn of praise, accompanied by the rapturous notes of the feathered songster.

Lenny now divided the loaf into three parts, and poured out the hot coffee. Her lively prattle, the sweet music of a heart filled with a sense of duty well performed, gave double relish to the breakfast. Minute after minute flew by in pleasant talk and laughter, and even the poor, bed-ridden mother forgot for a while her bodily sufferings.

By this time the little dark room, which was on the ground floor, and opened into a court built round on all sides, had become somewhat lighter. Lenny took her needle, to repair her sadly worn frock. Raphael gathered up a heap of silk floss, which he began to pick over very diligently. The children ceased talking; the mother opened a book. Now and then the sweet whistle of the bird gently broke the silence.

By-and-bye heavy steps were heard crossing the stone flags of the court. A pair of stout knuckles rapped at the door, and before the "Walk in" could slip from Lenny's lips, it was pushed open, and a man entered. He could not see at first in the dim light, stared confusedly round, and asked, "Does Mrs. Tuben live here?"

"Ah, Master Schmidt! Mother, good Master Schmidt is come to see us!" exclaimed Magdalena, joyfully bounding to-

ward him. The mother vainly tried to rise a little in the bed, to greet him; Raphael slid with his work behind the stove.

"How now?" said the potter; "I thought you must be sick, or dead, since you have left me in the lurch these two days. Is anything the matter?" Lenny looked up in surprise. "I went to your shop," said she, "and asked your apprentice to tell you that my mother had another bad turn of rheumatism. She could not move herself, so I have had to stay at home."

"Never a word did the scapegrace say to me about it. But wait a little, I'll fetch him to his recollection. Let me just get home. But where's thy mother? Much rejoiced to be acquainted with her. Good daughter, good mother! The rheumatism has she? Bad disease that. We potters know what it is. Have to work over the clay with our bare feet, in the heart of winter, to make it fine. Then come the twinges! Dear me, what a kennel of a room! The healthiest man would die here. Dark as a cellar. Then, the charming neighborhood! on one hand the cistern, on the other the dunghill. As true as life, the water is running from the walls in streams. Cold too, and yet smokes. Poor things!" The stove now caught his eye. "Mighty fine stove, to be sure. Made before the flood. Cracked and botched, like my apprentice's old sheepskin cloak. Must talk to the landlord. He'll say I want to trade off a stove.* Never mind! Shame, shame, to rent such a hole as this to human beings!" Walking around the stove, as he thus soliloquized, he had nearly fallen over the little Raphael, who sat behind it.

"What!" cried he, in astonishment, "one more! You'll spoil your eyes, my laddy, in this Egyptian darkness. Picking over floss? You'll make yourself blind, I tell you."

Magdalena sighed, and the mother, with a mournful voice, said, "He is so already!"

Master Schmidt started back. "B-l-i-n-d!" stammered he. He drew the child hastily toward the window. "Look at me, my boy!" said he.

"I cannot see!" said little Raphael, with gentle sweetness;

* The Russian stove, constructed of brick, and faced with earthen or China tiling.

at the same time lifting up his sightless eyes toward the speaker's face.

There is something almost fearful in such a look. The eyes are indeed formed as in others, but lustreless and dead, with no reflection of the living spirit within. The kind-hearted potter turned quickly away, and began to busy himself about the stove again; but it was only to hide the honest tears which dropped from his eyes. "Goodness! what an affliction!" said he at last. "And, Lenny, thou said'st not a word about it. Say, has he been long blind?"

"Since his second year," replied the mother.

"Ah, it was? How did it happen?"

"We don't know," said she. "It was too late when we first noticed it. He could then hardly see."

"My good lad," said Master Schmidt, "dost thou remember how the blue sky, the blazing sun, or the face of thy mother looks?"

Raphael shook his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"Nothing of the green trees, of the gay flowers, the white snow? Canst not fancy how the rushing river looks, with its sailing ships; the beautiful meadow, with its flocks of sheep; the forest, with its green leaves; the——"

The mother covertly gave a sign to the good man, who now perceived that the child's face wore a dejected expression, and changed the conversation.

"But thou hast some pleasure, my lad, though thou canst not see, hast thou not?"

Raphael's countenance brightened up, as he softly replied, "O, yes; I am glad when mamma is pleased with me; when Lenny strokes my head; when I eat and drink, and lie in my warm bed; when I have picked out a good bunch of floss, and when our Jackey sings!"

The potter mused a while. "Thou art right," said he at last. "Thou art far happier than a thousand other creatures. Thou canst hear thy bird sing, canst hear the sweet music of thy mother's and sister's voices, canst tell thy wants, canst talk with others. If thou canst not see flowers, thou canst smell their

sweet odor. Yes, yes: I see! If one would be content, he must not look at those who are more favored than he is, but at those who are less so."

Master Schmidt now pressed a gold piece into the hand of the blind Raphael, and took a friendly leave, with the promise to repeat his visit soon.

Original.

THE BIBLE AND MOTHERS.

THE BIBLE—what a book! a book divine; a book of light and knowledge, of peace and comfort; a book revealing God to man, and man to himself; a book of wisdom, containing instructions for all times and all occasions, whose precepts can never mislead, whose promises and threatenings can never fail, but will certainly all be fulfilled; a book for all persons—for the old and young—for parents, and children, and friends—for masters and servants—for those in authority, and who are to command, and for those who are subjects of law and government, and are bound to obey:—a book which contains purer and more lofty poetry, and richer and more stirring eloquence, than all other books; a book of biography and morality; of piety and devotion!

Mothers, O Mothers! teach the Bible to your children. Be familiar with it yourselves, not only that you may know its truths for your own salvation, but that you may impart your knowledge of them to others, and to your children in particular. Imbibe its spirit and its temper. Lay up select portions of it firmly in your memory, that you may repeat them and explain them, and enlarge upon them easily and familiarly, to the delight of your little ones, even while they are yet very young—around you in the nursery, and through the day by your side, in their infantile employments. Lay yourselves out to impress Bible truth upon them; and resort to means and expedients to make these impressions indelible. Teach them by prints and pictures of Bible scenes, as Doddridge's mother taught him, by the pictures on the tiles around their fireplace. Captivate them by every device in your power, and fill

their young imaginations with incidents and narratives, beautiful and impressive, from the Bible. Thus, by hallowed impressions from this blessed book, you shall lay a foundation for early piety; or, should you fail to realize this in your precious charge, yet what else could you have done for their salvation, so hopeful at any time in life? Mothers—mothers, learn the Bible for yourselves, and teach it to your children. H. J. L.

Selected.

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS A LIE."

A FEW ladies had met at the house of a friend in the city of St. Louis, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:

The child of one of the ladies, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her.

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said:

"Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah did so again. When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbor's house, intending to return for her child. During the absence, the thought of going home called to the mind of Sarah the punishment she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said:

"Never mind, I'll ask your mother not to whip you."

"Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good—my mother never tells a lie."

The writer who communicated the above to the St. Louis Observer, said:—"I learned a lesson from the reply of that child which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child to make it feel that its 'mother never tells a lie.'"

Original.

FAREWELL TO DONG-YAHN.

BY ELLEN H. B. MOORE.

"There is a breathing influence there,
A charm not elsewhere found,
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream, the ground."—MRS. HEMANS.

KIND forest child! away—away—
O! urge me not, I may not stay;
But, on your breast this tear-drop lay,
While now with bursting heart I say,
Farewell, Dong-yahn!

Farewell, high rocks! and caverns gray!
Farewell, sweet flowers! that smile so gay;
Farewell, my birds! in bright silk clad,
Ye, who oft sung my lone heart glad,
In blest Dong-yahn!

We part, we part, O, Tropia glades!
We meet no more your vermeil'd shades;
Dyed shells are on your bosom borne,
But ah, they fade, like joys I mourn,
In old Dong-yahn!

And must I leave that Enga grove—
That bow'r of prayer we loved to rove?
Yes, yes, your drooping paly flowers
Sigh with me now, o'er by-gone hours,
In green Dong-yahn!

Leave, too, that pearly, citron stream,—
O'er which a halo seems to beam?
Where ransom'd spirits oft have bow'd,
And in the solemn stillness vow'd,
In wild Dong-yahn!

Have we not met in joy, and pain,
On this green dimpled-island plain?
And blended each the smile and tear,
While [illegible]-music trembled near,
Here, in Dong-yahn!

And, can I leave that temple there,
Where oft your *teacher* knelt in prayer,
When softly rose each fervent voice,
And angels whispered round, "Rejoice!"
In our Dong-yahn?

And more than all, my pupils kind—
Round whom affection's tendrils twin'd—
Must I no more your warm smiles see,
But wander now, far—far from thee,
Youth of Dong-yahn?

I go, I go—farewell, farewell!—
I leave thy lovely, Christian dell:—
Break, break, O, bands! that round my heart
Have wreath'd, until I seem a part
Of my lov'd Dong-yahn!

"The cup my Father gives to drink,"
Oh, shall I, grieving, 'neath it sink?
No, spirit weak! rise—soar on high!
There meet thy loves, and no more sigh
"Farewell, Dong-yahn!"

Oh, Holy Saviour! bend thee o'er,
And this revolted vale restore!
That, in the fearful day of doom,
These, *all*, may hear thy welcome "Come,"
All, all Dong-yahn!

Maulmain, India, Feb., 1849.

THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

I SAW a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul. "And is this," said he, "all that remains of one so loved, so lovely? I call, but no voice answers—oh, my loved one, wilt thou not hear? Oh, death! inexorable death! what hast thou done? Let me, too, die—I would not live always. Let me lie down and forget my sorrow in the slumber of the grave!" While he thought thus, in agony, the gentle form of Christianity came by. She bade him look upward, and to the eye of faith the heavens were disclosed. He saw the inef-

fable glory of God—he heard the song and the transport of the great multitude, which no man can number, around the throne. There were the spirits of the just made perfect—there was the spirit of her he so deeply mourned. Their happiness was pure, permanent, perfect. The murmuring husband wiped the tears from his eyes, took courage, and thanked God. "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait, till my change come." And he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope. A few months passed, and he was sleeping in the grave of her he loved.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. II.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

I FEEL extremely happy, said the youngest of the Howard family, that we are to devote this evening to some useful conversation, especially as papa is at home, to aid us in so interesting and profitable an employment.

Papa. As our last subject was upon the events of the past year, and the great blessings with which we are surrounded, in our happy country, I propose now to occupy the present evening with the history of the discovery of this great continent, and the momentous results that already have, and will hereafter, flow from so important an event.

John. I have sometimes heard it said, that Columbus was not the discoverer of America, but that it had been visited by individuals from the north of Europe long before he was born

Mamma. Admitting this to be the case, it by no means detracts from the genius and merit of Columbus, nor was such an idea of any assistance to this great navigator, because he did not set sail with the object of finding a new continent, but supposed that he should arrive at the East Indies.

Sarah. It was a very eventful period of the world's history, when this great Western Continent was thrown open to the crowded and oppressed myriads of the old hemisphere.

Papa. It was indeed an eventful period. Luther had set the ball of reformation rolling, the art of printing had given men the means of knowing their rights, and there was a boundless field thrown open to relieve the European nations of their superabundant population; but especially has it proved a refuge for the down-trodden, and a home for the industrious and the needy.

John. I have always admired the great perseverance, firmness of decision, and the wonderful forbearance of Columbus, during his long and tried life.

Mamma. Yes, these traits were greatly pre-eminent in his character. When, in his first voyage, his men threatened to throw him overboard, if he did not turn the prow of his ships homeward, their opposition did not daunt him. When dangers yet greater thickened around him, his motto was, *Onward;* and when maligned and thrown into prison, and fettered with chains, his request was that these manacles might be buried with him, a memento of the wrongs and injustice that had at last wore away his great and active mind.

Ellen. I have heard Columbus mentioned as a religious character, and that his religious enthusiasm prompted him to make those voyages to amass riches, that he might aid in the deliverance of the Turks from Jerusalem, and secure the holy city in the undisturbed possession of Christians.

Papa. It is so said by some writers, and the life of Columbus corroborates the same idea. Being brought up a Roman Catholic, he was devoted to that church: the cross was erected wherever he took possession of a new country; and the simple inhabitants were often, by harsh and cruel means, compelled to submit to the rites and laws of the Popish creed.

Sarah. I believe Columbus never set foot upon the northern part of this continent, and never saw the Pacific Ocean.

Mamma. This is true; he landed south of the isthmus, near the mouth of the Oronoko, but never crossed the continent, and therefore died ignorant of what his real discoveries were, and a

later navigator gave his name to this New World, instead of its bearing the name of its primitive discoverer.

John. We mark in the history of many individuals the peculiar providence of God, in preserving certain characters for the accomplishment of great purposes.

Ellen. Yes, indeed we do. You remember the Indian, who said that it was impossible to hit Washington either with a rifle or an arrow. Napoleon used to tell his generals, that the bullet was not yet moulded by which he was to fall; and Columbus, when returning from his first voyage, being overtaken by a storm, and expecting to be lost, and all his discoveries to perish with him, retired to his cabin, wrote upon a piece of parchment, or some other suitable material, the results of his voyage, enclosed it in a bottle, and threw it into the sea, in the hope that if he perished his discoveries might not die with him.

Mamma. While we thus look upon the discovery of America as a great event, it is the character of the people that came hither by which their descendants have become prosperous and happy. While the navigator admires Columbus as a great and successful seaman, the Christian and the philanthropist regards the landing of the Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock as an event fraught with blessings second to none since the birth of the Saviour.

Ellen. How long was it, papa, after the discovery of this country to the landing of the Pilgrims?

Papa. It was rather more than a century between the two events; though prior to the landing of the Pilgrims, an English settlement had been planted at Jamestown, in Virginia; but the oldest city, of European origin, in the United States, is St. Augustine, in Florida, founded by the Spaniards in the year 1565.

John. I am very fond of reading the early history of the first settlers of our beloved country, and find there abundant reasons to admire the goodness of God, in preserving them amidst the great deprivations and sufferings they endured.

Sarah. They were truly a tried people. The climate was much more severe than what they had been accustomed to; famine sometimes threatened to destroy them; disease diminished their

numbers; the savage barbarian and the wild beast lurked in the forests, to make them their prey.

Ellen. I always admire the great religious principle which induced these Pilgrims to brave the dangers of the deep, and seek a home in a land so far distant, and of which they then possessed so little information.

Mamma. It is in this consists the true sublimity of their character. They came not for commerce nor worldly gain, but to enjoy what is naturally every man's right and privilege, viz., to worship God in the manner their consciences dictated.

Papa. Yes, and with all this their love for freedom in religious matters, they combined with it full liberty in their civil society, compatible with the safety and peace of the community.

John. I remember Mr. Hume, in his History of England, says, it was owing to the Puritans that Britain obtained the civil liberty she enjoyed. These were the men who withstood the tyrannical acts of the court, set in motion those proceedings which for a time destroyed the monarchy, and which will eventually, we hope, remove those burdens which now oppress the inhabitants of our fatherland.

Ellen. But, papa, may not the people in the old country attend what place and religious form of worship they choose?

Papa. They may now, but then even that privilege was forbidden them, in the times of which we have been conversing. Episcopacy was the established religion of the land, and fines and imprisonments were the penalties inflicted upon those who did not conform to the rules and service of the National Church, and even now all people must pay their share for the support of that ecclesiastical establishment, although they never enter the doors of her temples for worship.

Sarah. But do you not think it wrong, papa, that one man should prescribe a form of faith for another, and not allow him to follow out his own views of religion, when he has the means of reading the Bible for himself?

Papa. Certainly I do, my dear, but men in the old country have not yet learned this lesson, nor will they as long as the Church and State are united. Here we have no such anomaly,

and I hope never shall; and I trust, as citizens of this free and happy country, we shall ever prove ourselves worthy of the inestimable blessings with which a kind Providence has favored us.

Original.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

I HAVE a bonnie little girl
  Who often climbs upon my knee,
And turns her blue and sparkling eye
  In loving glances unto me.

She twines her arms around my neck,
  And clasps me in her fond embrace,
And now her fingers catch the pen
  With which these simple lines I trace.

Her patting step I love to hear—
  The tripping of those little feet—
They bid my heart with love awake,
  And quicker with affection beat.

She talks, and laughs, and sits, and runs,
  All other children do the same;
But then, of all the world, I know
  I still love best her cherished name.

Her gentle heart is full of love,
  Her voice is music to my ear—
Her ringing laugh, joy's golden sound,
  More than fine gold to me is dear.

There never was her like, I'm sure!
  Who ever had so blue an eye?
No little girl has ever spoke
  Such loving words—I scarce know why!

Somehow, a strong and lasting chord
  Has bound my soul—it ne'er can break!
It binds her close and closer still,
  Whene'er I sleep—whene'er I wake!

I ever hope her future years
  Will shine with holiest love and peace,
And, as she grows in riper days,
  Her hours of joy may never cease.

And oft I ask with earnest prayer
  That grace may all her soul subdue,
May make her spirit pure and fair,
  And all her inmost heart renew.

And then, when she and I have passed
  Life's changing road with trusting heart,
May we unite in Heaven above,
  There never, never more to part !

Lowville, N. Y.

Original.

THE PRAYERLESS HOME.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"I HAVE a good offer for my farm," said Mr. Earl to his wife, "and I think I shall sell it."

"Why do you wish to sell it?" said Mrs. Earl.

"The land is stony and partly worn out. I can go into a new country, where land is cheap and fertile, and realize a much larger return for the same amount of labor."

"If we go into a new country, there will be no schools for our children."

"Our children are not old enough to go to school: by the time they are old enough, it is most likely schools will be established wherever we may go."

"We may also be deprived of the privilege of attending meeting."

"We can take our Bibles with us, and can read them on the Sabbath, if we should happen to settle at a distance from a place of meeting."

"It will be far better for us to remain here where we can educate our children, and bring them up under the sound of the Gospel."

"I must do what I think is required by the interest of my family."

"Pray remember that property is not the only thing needed by our children." A few days after this conversation, the bargain

was concluded, and the farm became the property of Mr. Hale. Mr. Earl was to put him in possession of it early in the spring.

Mr. Earl was descended from one of the early Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. His ancestors, for many generations, had been devout members of the church of Christ. He was the first alien from the commonwealth of Israel. His mother was an amiable, but not a pious woman, and some thought it was owing to her that he had not profited by the instructions of his pious father, and had turned a deaf ear to the Gospel which he had heard from his infancy. He loved the world, and, in order to secure a larger portion of its goods, he was willing to leave the home of his childhood and the graves of his fathers, and to take up his abode on the borders of civilization.

His wife was one who preferred Jerusalem to her chief joy. The old time-worn meeting-house, with its high, square pews, and huge sounding-board, was as beautiful to her as the most faultless specimen of architecture to the connoisseur. She desired that her children might grow up under the influence of the truths which were proclaimed in that house. Her chief desire, with respect to them, was that they might become rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. In the spring she was constrained to bid farewell to her native village. After a wearisome journey, she found herself and family in what was then a wilderness in the western part of New York. The Gospel was not preached in the vicinity, nor was even the log schoolhouse erected. For a time Mr. E. observed the Sabbath so far as resting from labor was concerned. He even spent some time in reading the Bible, but he did not pray. In consequence, that blessed book was gradually laid aside.

The climate, and perhaps the labors incident to a life in the wilderness, caused Mrs. E. to fall into a decline. When, after a lingering illness, she bade her husband farewell, she charged him to send her children to her native home, that they might there be taught, in the schoolhouse and the church, truths which could make them wise unto salvation. Mr. Earl complied, in part, with his wife's request. He sent his daughter Julia, who was now nine years of age, and her younger brother. The older one he detained, to assist him in his labors.

It was six years before Julia returned to her father. She had spent that time among the pious friends of her departed mother. She found the home of her childhood greatly changed. A neat village surrounded the tasteful dwelling now occupied by her father. The spire of the village church rose aloft, and the school-house was not far distant. She rejoiced to return to her home, though she was to meet its chief charm no more. A check was soon given to her joy. When she sat down to the evening meal, the blessing of God was not invoked. It was with difficulty that she could eat. When the hour for retiring came, she was still more unhappy, as the family separated without prayer.

Mr. E. soon perceived that his daughter did not feel at home in his house. It made him sad at heart, for he had long looked forward to her return, with hope that she would restore in part, at least, the loss he had experienced. He said to her one day, "Julia, you do not seem to feel as much at home as I could wish."

After some hesitation, she replied, "I do not feel safe here."

"Do not feel safe!" said he, in astonishment.

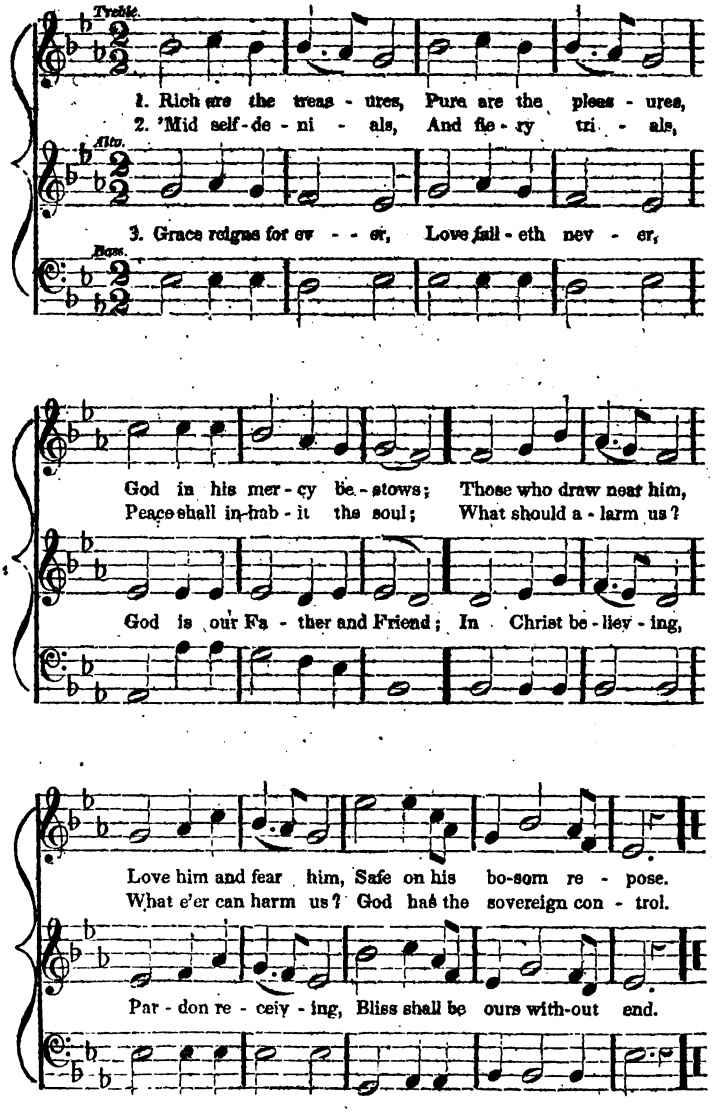
"I am afraid to live under a roof where there is no prayer."

The remark went to the father's heart. He thought of all the mercies he had received, the protection he had experienced, unasked! He continued to think of his ways till his soul fainted within him. He looked at his oldest son, a Sabbath-breaker, and ignorant of God, and could not conceal the truth, that it was owing to the act in removing him in childhood from the means of grace, and exposing him to influences that in all probability would prove his ruin.

In a few days, he asked Julia to read the Scriptures and pray in the family. It was with joy that she heard the request, but with great difficulty that she complied with it. It was not till she was reminded of the joy it would give to her mother, could she be a witness of it, that she consented to make the attempt. In a few weeks, on a Sabbath morning, the father himself took the Bible, and, having read a portion, kneeled down, and with tears besought God to teach stammering lips how to pray. Light, peace, and safety took up their abode in a dwelling now no longer prayerless.

"RICH ARE THE TREASURES."

By THOMAS HASTINGS.



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Moses Receiving the Commandments.

Ex. 20 ch

Original.

THE FAMILY—ITS DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

BEAUTIFUL constitution! How manifestly marked by the Divine impress! "GOD setteth the solitary in families." Atheism would break up the happy organization. Religion approves and sanctifies it. The original home of the family was PARADISE. Holiness breathed its harmony over the scene. The sun shone for a brief space over a pure and guiltless pair. Not even the apostasy could destroy the immortal arrangement of the infinitely wise and benevolent God, or extinguish the sacred flame of domestic affection. It survives the ruins of the fall. It kindles into a more intense lustre at the very gates of the grave. Behold the grief of those affectionate children, whose MOTHER is consigned to the tomb. This precious heritage of man—the family—is even enriched and ennobled by an influence from the cross of Him, in whom "all the *families* of the earth are blessed." What, then, are some of the aspects of interest and beauty, in which this constitution of God may be contemplated?

We may view it as a little EMPIRE, the sovereignty of which is vested in the Father, and is derived from the fountain of all authority. It is indeed absolute, but lest the bosom of its possessor should grow rigid with the spirit of tyranny, *paternal affection* is planted there, to exert its benignant influence with all the steadiness of an operative law, and keep in check the severer tendencies of the sterner sex. And lest this should not suffice, a softer bosom is at hand, ever ready to shed its gentle influence upon the authoritative government which it acknowledges. Responsibility being the inseparable concomitant of authority and power, and these being in an important sense absolute, how great, how complete that responsibility, which presses upon the head of this government! Even when its weight is divided, how heavily it rests upon conscientious parents! How much more upon the widowed mother, whom death has bereaved of the strong arm on which she

leaned for support, and the warm heart that beat responsive to her every affection! To this divinely-constituted authority, unreserved obedience becomes a matter of filial obligation, that the ends of the family government may be answered. And that the obedience may be made easy, whether considered as exacted by the parent, or rendered by the child, the earliest years are appropriated to the formation of the habit; and how much of that precious, golden season is committed to the care and culture of the mother! Then have the statesmen, the warriors, the philosophers, or the divines been created. "The child is father to the man." Even at that early period have the destinies of nations been shaped and determined within the limits of this little empire, of which thou, Mother, art the queen regnant. Hence,

The family is a NURSERY. "Christian families are the nurseries of the Church on earth, as the Church is the nursery of the family in heaven." The idea is derived from a material process in nature, to which both animals and plants are subjected. When we speak of nourishing, protecting, bringing to maturity the elements of our moral existence, the allusions are figurative, but perfectly intelligible, as well as impressive. The nursery, though most retired from public observation, is the most important place we occupy. It is the birthplace of the body and the mind. There, in the retirement of home, the intellectual powers are constructed. A train of associations commences, which extends itself through the whole of our future existence. Habitudes are formed, which mould the character of the future man. Impressions are engraven upon the ductile mind, which the tide of time will never obliterate. Then and there the seeds are sown which produce the harvest of life. Whether that harvest be of wheat or tares, holy angels wait and watch to behold! Mental philosophers have held that our character is formed and fixed ere our sixth year has expired. The opinion is of sufficient importance to arrest attention; for even if not strictly and universally true, it indicates an important truth. For the illustration of its truth we might advert to individual examples. The history of the men of genius and power abounds with them. The stamp was received in the nursery. If we enter the walks of poetry, that department of

human genius which exercises so potent an influence over the moral sensibilities, and through them over the actions of mankind, we shall find records of maternal influence, brilliant and suggestive; striking and instructive. COWPER, for instance, with his own peculiar skill, embalms his recollections of the sanctity of home in such a way as to leave a fragrant impression on the mind that feels the smallest congeniality with "home-born delights."

> "My mother! when I learned that thou wert dead,
> Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?"

Those were tears that flowed from the inmost fountains of the soul. Each one might represent a pearl of inestimable value, and were they strung together, might convey some faint idea of the worth of *such* maternal affection, as blest the tender boyhood of that poet of the HEART and the HOME, whose strains so sweetly harmonize with the associations of domestic life, and spread the charms of a pure and beautiful poesy over all its interior scenery. How different was Byron's estimate of his mother! To him the reminiscences of the nursery seem to have been painful and oppressive. Hear him on the death of his mother: "Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house. One of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do?" Nothing, poor comfortless child of infidelity and despair, for

> "No mother's tender care
> Shielded your infant innocence with prayer."

His splendid genius, prolific on so many other themes, never deigned a filial tribute to the remembrances of home. A few occasional scornful words of prose suffice to express his feelings toward her, who, in a paroxysm of passion, could hurl the tongs or the stool at her erring son. Hence the wretchedness of his own home, *from* which, reversing the order of those who seek true happiness, he fled, to become a wanderer and an adventurer. While genius, talent, taste, and superior intellectual beauty, were developed in him, the moral sense, the spirit of veneration, was sadly deficient. His pilgrimage through life was like one of his own dark and troubled dreams. Constrained by his remorseful

feelings, he would sometimes resort to confession for relief, though it were confession without repentance

> "The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
> I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed.
> *I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.*"

The family is a SCHOOL. The parent is the natural teacher. A good, devoted, praying mother is the best teacher in the world. The parental appointment is from God.—Deut. vi. 7. The mother of Dwight, supplying the lack occasioned by his father's immersion in business, diligently instructed her little Timothy in all right knowledge, and what a gift did Mary Dwight bestow on the Church of God! "Her school-room was the nursery," says his biographer, and "a great proportion of the instruction which he received before he arrived at the age of six years, was at home with his mother." Happy child, and happy, too, the child who can not only say: "I was tender, and only beloved in the sight of my mother," but can add: "*He* taught me also, and said unto me, Let thy heart retain my words: keep my commandments and live." Happy the father, who can say to his children: "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding." Speak not of wealth, of rich legacies, of ample estates, of abundant profits. *This* merchandise is better than that of silver and gold. It is the wealth of knowledge, the legacy of wisdom, the inheritance of truth and righteousness. Oh, what prayer and pains-taking are necessary on the part of parents to do that great work of EDUCATION, a word of which it may be truly said, that its comprehensiveness is seldom comprehended! Education entire—of the body—the mind—the imagination—the judgment—the moral faculties—the principles—the HEART, which is the seat and source of all that constitutes the final immortality of our being. Wide and sad is the neglect of this duty. How many thousands in this land are trained to a career of guilt and shame! It is by patient, repeated, long-continued strokes on the marble, that the sculptor eliminates at length the beautiful statue that seems almost to live and breathe. Consummate art and industry alone can reach the point of impressive excellence. The parent is the sculptor of souls. Every stroke is for immortality.

You are a worker in mind. May the Spirit of God help you. Oh, if we seek to be taught of Him; if we give all diligence to learn how to discharge these high duties, we shall obtain help of God.

Some further thoughts on this subject will be presented in a subsequent number.

Original.

THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S FAITH.

BY A PASTOR.

In a beautiful country-seat, on the banks of the Hudson, and not a hundred miles north of the City of New York, resided a family of wealth and refinement. God had blessed them greatly with the good things of this life, and they might have said with truth, they had all that heart could wish. I lived near them, but in comparative seclusion, the quiet and almost unknown pastor in the village that lay back from the river, embosomed in the hills, and watered by a mountain stream, that found its way by the church door to the river.

This family, of whom I am speaking, spent the most of the year in the country, living only for three or four of the coldest months in the city; preferring the freedom and air of our hills to the bricks and walls of the metropolis.

Their children were growing around them as plants, and promising, by their pleasing manners and well-ordered ways, to be comforts to their parents. They had early, after establishing their residence there, invited me to visit them, and I soon discovered that there was in their house just the society that I had often felt the need of, and I made free to enjoy it. Here was wealth, refinement, and all the charms that these could shed upon the social circle, and the house was the abode of that delightful peace, so congenial to every right heart. I felt at home, from the moment I entered its doors.

Yet it does not seem to me probable that all the wealth in the

world, and the accomplishments which wealth can procure, would have made this home what I found it to be. Wealth may make a palace, but wealth cannot make a home. There is something wanting that money cannot buy. And it was here.

Mr. Winchester was a man of business, and had made the world the great object of his pursuit. He did not even profess to be a Christian, though he was an upright man, who respected in others that to which he laid no claims for himself; and he was pleased to know that Mrs. W. was, in the highest sense of the word, *religious*. It was her piety that shed this charm over the domestic circle, and rendered this house not merely the elegant abode, but the sacred and delightful home.

The children, of whom there were three, were brought up under her eye. Business called Mr. W. daily to the city, and the instruction of these was guided with maternal solicitude. She had the joy of seeing her children growing up with good habits, and promising to be useful.

I began to write, for the sake of speaking of a scene that I shall never forget; impressed on me by the sorrows of years, and, doubtless, good for me, though even now it is not to be mentioned without bitterness of soul. Mrs. W. died within two years after I learned her worth. The scene in that house I could not describe, yet there are reasons why it would be well to attempt it. Her call to die was sudden. The fever was rapid and violent, and was soon brought to a fatal crisis. I was in the chamber when death came. The husband was inconsolable. He had no trust in the Saviour in that hour of anguish. He loved his wife, tenderly, passionately, and had never thought she would die. It came like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, and struck him down. He lay on the bed by her side, and she wound her arms around his neck, and kissed him, and prayed him, with her wasting breath, to trust in her Saviour, and he would find peace. And then she called those three children to her side, and beginning with the eldest, nine years old, she put her hands on his head as he buried his face in her bosom, and commending him to God, she gave him a charge that will follow him to his dying day. How earnestly she did plead with him to give his young heart to

Christ, and grow up to love and honor him! And then she took the next, who was but six, and her only daughter, and poured out upon her such benedictions as God loves to seal with his Spirit. There was love and faith, with prayers and tears. The little one, but two years old, was nestling by her side, and she gave him to God in such strains as dying mothers only use, in "praying for the babes they leave behind them in the world."

When this was done, she was ready to depart. She alone was calm and peaceful, while all the rest of us wept. It seemed impossible that she was so soon to be taken from us, so suddenly; and yet the evidence was not to be resisted, and we yielded to the just but painful dispensation. She died that night.

Years have passed away—fourteen years last summer—and the time that has since elapsed has tested the power of early maternal faithfulness, and the power of a mother's prayer. The family still occupy their elegant house on the river. The oldest son is in business, a man of piety and honor; the companion of his father, and a useful member of society. Mary is a member of my church, but I suppose I shall lose her soon, as she is going to a home of her own in the city; an arrangement that I do not like, but her happiness seems to be centred in it. The youngest is fitted for college, a boy of bright hope, and I trust he will meet his mother in heaven.

This is a simple sketch, but it shows the ground of encouragement that mothers have, to be *faithful* to their children. They may not live to see the fruit of their labors, but they have the promise. And years after they are dead and gone, the promise will be fulfilled. And they will in heaven rejoice with the angels over the answer to their prayers.

THE late Dr. Grosvenor being at the funeral of Dr. Watts, a friend said to him, "Well, Dr. Grosvenor, you have seen the end of Dr. Watts, and you will soon follow; what think you of death?" "Think of it!" replied the doctor; "why, when death comes, I shall smile upon death, if God smiles upon me."

THE FAMILY ABOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON.

"Millions of infant souls compose the Family above."

"And they brought young children unto him, that he should touch them;" or, as Matthew has it, "that he should put his hands on them and pray; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

SEE, then, the King of kings take up, in succession, these children in his arms, and lay his hands upon them—the ancient and solemn manner of blessing among the Jews. Surely this was no vain show, nor did the Messiah pour forth his prayer into the air, or pronounce his blessing in vain. And what should he request for them, but that they might be received among the number of the sons of God? For let us hear it again—What were the precise terms in which he had invited their approach? "Suffer the *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of *such* is the kingdom of God." Who, then, would, or who dare shut the gate upon those, or even neglect them, whom the Saviour will not permit to be forbidden? As parents, oh! what could you desire more than this? Millions of infant souls, it seems, compose the Family above; and assuredly, in point of number, such souls must form no insignificant proportion of the celestial millions. Regret not now, my reader, for one moment, that nothing is here said of the parents of these children, either as to their character or motives, or whether those who brought them even sustained this relation; for with regard to Scripture, as Mr. Boyle said, its very *silences* are teaching. It is with the children, with the species as such, we have here to do; and, blessed be the Saviour! they actually form the foreground of this picture. Though never registered among the denizens of this little world, that is now of small account indeed, "for of such is the kingdom of God." The whole species are safe, and beyond the reach of woe.

Surely, then, I scarcely need to remind Christian parents,

that Jesus, though anointed above all with the oil of gladness, though far above all principalities and powers, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." But, after such a scene as this, permit me seriously to inquire, How *you* have been acting by your infant children? Although no mere local approach to the Saviour, in the days of his flesh, constituted, in itself, the acceptance of any one, and though no such approach on your part is possible now, still I hope you know that you labor under no disadvantage whatever. Is Jesus indeed the same *to-day?* How, then, have you been acting toward Him, with regard to your children? Have you, I do not say, ever, but have you often taken them up in your arms, and carried them to *His?* Even though some ill-informed disciples should forbid, or frown upon you, has your imploring eye looked still at Him? Then be not dismayed. You are aware, I trust, that the arms to which he looks are the arms of faith? and that the language, to which he has never been known to shut his ear, is the prayer of faith? Then be assured —rely upon it—you have only to remember also, that it is good—assuredly good, both for yourself and your offspring, thus to pray habitually—to pray without impatience—without undue anxiety—without wrath or doubting; and again I say, rely upon it, your breath will not be spent in vain.

Let your eye, then, my reader, be fixed on this blessing of the Almighty; for this it is, in all cases, which alone commands success; nor need you hesitate to implore it, if your undivided hope rests on Emmanuel. For "thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, and his Maker, Ask me of things to come, concerning my sons, and concerning the work of my hands, command ye me." The arrow of such a suppliant comes, it is evident, from a bow fully bent; but still, if you only pray in that disposition of mind which simply corresponds to the many affirmations and condescending promises of your heavenly Father, all will be well with you and yours. What though all flesh is grass, and the glory of man but as the flower of the field? "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children—to such as keep his covenant—*to those who remember his commandments to do them.*"

Original.

MOSES RECEIVING THE COMMANDMENTS.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH

(See the Engraving.)

ONE of the most sublime chapters in the entire history of the world, is that which details the reception and proclamation of the moral code in the desert of Sinai. It may well form, as it has often formed, the theme for the painter's skill. Every circumstance attending the receipt of this code is significant and worthy of note. The people of God were first led into the wildest and rudest part of the vast desert, through which they were to pass, on their way to Canaan. An observing traveler, who has visited that country, calls it a "perfect sea of desolation. Not a tree," he says, "or shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen upon the rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive."

Stephens, the celebrated American traveler, gives a similar account of the appearance of the country. As he approached the place honored by the advent of Jehovah to earth, "the scene," he says, "at every step, became more solemn and impressive. The mountains became more striking, venerable, and interesting. About mid-day we entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous granite rocks, more than a thousand feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile. At the other end we came suddenly to a plain table of ground, and before us towered, in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us, the holy mountain of Sinai. Among all the stupendous works of nature, not a place can be selected more fitting for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Ætna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it; upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant

mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai."

But the sublimity of the scenery around the mountain on which the law was given, imposing though it must have been to the Israelites, formed but a small part of that singularly solemn and wonderful drama, which was enacted when our world received the law. Jehovah came near to his people—came in a thick cloud, and with the most impressive manifestations of his glory. "There were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that were in the camp trembled; and Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace; and the whole mount quaked greatly."

Nothing which could add to the sublimity of this memorable event, seems to have been omitted. At length the moment came when the Lord responded to the voice of his servant. "The Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount; and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount," where the tables on which the law was inscribed were received.

If we take pains to reflect upon the character of the divine law, its purity, its obligations, our relation to it, the penalties of disobeying it, we can see clearly the fitness of all the astonishing phenomena attending its formal advent to the earth. Those by whom it was first received, and through whom it was to be handed down to future generations till the end of time, needed such manifestations, in order suitably to impress their minds with a sense of the supreme importance of Jehovah's law. A cursory reader of the Scriptures may see in all the divine arrangements made for delivering these tables of stone to Moses, a great deal that is unaccountable, and some things, perhaps, that seem unnecessarily and almost unjustly stern and forbidding. A careful reader of the Bible, especially if he be a devout one, too, views these arrangements in a very different light. To him they seem strikingly significant and appropriate. Nothing can be plainer, than that the

omnipotent God, infinitely removed, intellectually and morally, above the highest of his creatures, could not tolerate in those creatures the same familiarity that they observed among themselves, and that, on such an occasion as this, of communicating to them his law, when he was, so to speak, to visit them in person, he could not entirely break down the walls of separation between himself and them. Every one must perceive the impropriety of such a want of reverence as a rash intrusion, at this time, of the Israelites into the presence of God, would indicate. It was simply the intention of God to prevent the exhibition of this rashness.

What an illustration is here of the necessity, and excellence, and glory of the mediatorial system! The children of Israel needed a mediator, in this communication with the great Governor of the universe. They could not otherwise, as we may suppose, have received these tablets, on which the divine will was inscribed. The glory that shone out from the visible manifestation of God's presence on the mount, even when reflected from the face of Moses, so dazzled the people, that they entreated him to put a veil on his face, when he talked with them. They could not bear the influence even of those reflected rays, so that their mediator was obliged, in making his communications to them, to wear a veil.

Blessed be God for the plan of communicating with his creatures in this fallen world, through the intervention of a Mediator. Sinful as we are, what could we do but for a Mediator, such a Mediator as we find in Christ, of whom Moses was but a symbol? In him, in that precious Saviour, we find the character of the Eternal God united with the character of a Friend and Brother, with whom we may hold the most intimate and precious intercourse. Blessed be God for the gift of a Mediator!

A Question Avoided.—There is a kind of infidelity at the present day, which talks much of philanthropy and finds much fault with Christianity, and yet never manfully meets this question, *Is the Bible from God?*

Original.

JESUS OBEYED HIS MOTHER.

BY REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME.

In the early life of the Saviour, there is nothing that strikes me with more pleasure that this trait: his cheerful and ready obedience.

Did it ever occur to you, that while the blessed Saviour was an infant on his mother's neck; when he was a bright boy, at his reputed father's side, in the midst of his daily toil, he *knew* that he was the Son of God, and the destined heir to the throne of the universe! He bore this knowledge about with him in the days of childhood and youth, as an ever-present reality. But it did not lead him to question the right of his mother to direct his steps. He knew that at some future time his mother would worship him as her Lord. But he obeyed her as the humblest and most respectful of children. He was a good son. It gives him joy to-day, when he thinks of his love and tenderness to her who bore him.

The Saviour is a perfect pattern for children as well as their parents. We all ought to be like Christ. We shall be more like him when we grow to be men and women, if we are like him when we are young.

I have said that the Saviour obeyed his mother. There are many children in whom a nod or a look of their father will command the promptest obedience, but they do not obey their mother. They wish to reason with her, when she directs. They call in question the wisdom or propriety of her directions, and sometimes wish to take an appeal to the father. But this is not as Christ obeyed. He answered not when she spake. He did not appeal to Joseph. He went down, and was obedient to both mother and father.

Blessed youth! What meekness and grace must have shone in his walk and his ways! What delight he must have imparted to

parental hearts when he grew up by their side, a loving, trusting, and trusted boy! And what he promised to be, and more, he became when a man. He came to do his heavenly Father's will, and he learned obedience when he was young.

It seems to me there is a lesson here which mothers would do well to commend to their children. Read them the story of Christ's childhood. It is better than all the thousands of stories that are *made* for the young. It has a great lesson in it, and it will reach the heart of a thoughtful child. He will try to be like Christ, when no other example would excite him.

To be Christians, we must be like little children. To be Christians, children must be like Christ.

Original.

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

MONTHS have fled, my darling baby,
Since thy lovely form I gave,
With calm look, but bursting bosom,
To the cold and lonely grave.
Months have fled, and those around me
Deem the stricken heart is healed;
They little know the depths of anguish
Hid within the fountain sealed.

Day by day, through every duty,
Thy sweet image still I see,
Warm with life, and fresh with beauty
Gazing fondly still on me;
Still toward thy doting mother,
Stretching out those dimpled arms,
And my heart with longing breaketh,
To embrace thy infant charms.

But when I lie down, so lonely,
As the night-shades veil the sky,
Bursts, from my o'ercharged bosom
All its pent-up agony.

Oh, my lost one! couldst thou see me,
In that tempest of the heart,
Sure a tear of heavenly pity
To thy angel eyes would start!

Through this cold and lonely winter,
When the storm beat high and wild,
Every blast seemed filled with wailing,
For it swept thy grave, my child!
Cold has been thy bed, my Johnny,
Hard the pillow of thy rest;—
Thou—whom these fond arms enfolded,
Thou—whose pillow was my breast.

Tell me not it matters nothing
What befalls the cherished dust,—
Tenfold gloom had wrapt my spirit,
But for that sweet, sacred trust,
That same form of cherub beauty,
That same look his features wore,
When on earth I fondly claimed him,
To behold, in bliss, once more.

Peace, my heart! I shall behold him,
With that loving, radiant smile,
To my heart I shall enfold him,
Raptur'd, gazing all the while,—
Lovelier than in life's gay frolics,
Fairer than in death he shone,
Fashioned like the glorious angels,
Nobler far, but still *my own!*

CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.—O what a melting consideration is this: that out of his agony comes our victory; out of his condemnation, our justification; out of his pain, our ease; out of his stripes, our healing; out of his gall and vinegar, our honey; out of his curse, our blessing; out of his crown of thorns, our crown of glory; out of his death, our life! If he could not be released, it was that you might. If Pilate gave sentence against him, it was that the great God might not give sentence against you. If he yielded, that it should be with Christ as they required, it was that it might be with our souls as well as we can desire.

Original.

LITTLE CHILDREN TO BE EMPLOYED.

A VERY common fault in mothers of the present day, is their neglect to cultivate, in little children, habits of diligence and useful employment. Not that little ones are never to have their pastime, their hours of leisure and sportive play. Far from it. These, certainly, they are to have. It belongs to their age to have them. And the innocent, spontaneous tendencies of our nature prompt to them

But play and sport are not all that should occupy the time of little children. While very young, even, they should be taught to know that life has something of serious importance in it. Nor can they be so effectually taught this by mere precept on the part of those who have the care of them. Besides precept and example, it requires practice on their own part, and that continuously, and at times regularly recurring. Employment, though often intermitted, and never unduly pressed, must be resumed and kept up till habits become settled and established. This, it is believed, is of great importance—far greater than most mothers or fathers are apt to think. Let a little child, with proper instruction, be duly trained to diligence during a few of his first years, and hardly will he ever be left to fall away in after life; while, on the contrary, leave him to idle, irregular, casual habits during his first years, and you shall find it, perchance, a hopeless task to reduce him, and form him to the character you would desire.

Nor is the difficulty, at first, of training little children to good habits so great, it is believed, as it is often thought to be. It may, as to most, be difficult to form them to habits of diligence, in attending to what is abstract and intellectual, or ideal only. Where there is a peculiar taste for things of the kind, it may be done more successfully. Sometimes, indeed, a child needs to be restrained and kept back from over-devotion to study. But cases of this sort are rare, and, with most children, some employment in which they will be occupied with *sensible* objects, will succeed better. Take something of this sort, and an ingenious

mother can easily find employment for her child, and that for hours, without his becoming weary, or feeling the least restraint. She may, too, interweave not a little that will be intellectual and instructive, and adapted to form the mind and heart of her dear one.

And who has not witnessed the satisfaction, the pleasure, the happiness of a very little child—how delighted he has been with the thought that he is *doing* something, and is *helping*, perhaps, his dear mother! And how much better he enjoys his play, too, for having been thus employed! Never fear, I would say to every mother who has her little children around her—never fear, lest your child should be unhappy in being *employed*. Let it be your study, your constant effort, to interest him pleasantly, and direct his employment wisely, in whatever you give him for his diversion and amusement. Only let a mother do this—let her cherish in her child a disposition to *do* something, and something which, in his way and manner of viewing it, shall be *useful*, and she shall find him far happier, and forming, withal, a far more useful and respectable character in life, than would be the case, if he were left to an idle, casual, sauntering, vagrant way of spending his time, desiring now this thing, and the next moment that, and as soon rejecting both, in dislike and dissatisfaction. It is an old adage, "Idleness is the parent of many vices;" and if parents do not employ their children, and mothers their little ones, let it be remembered the great adversary will. That hymn of Dr. Watts, for little children, is truly beautiful, and is just as true as it is beautiful:

"In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

H. J. L.

PUNCTUALITY.—It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another *watch*, or I another *secretary*."

Original.

WHAT AN INFLUENCE!

THERE are at least three millions of mothers in the United States. These mothers, aside from older children, have, it is supposed, between two and three hundred thousand infants under their charge. No influence at present can reach these infant minds but that of a mother. These minds may be moulded at the will or discretion of these mothers. If this vast army of mothers should combine to accomplish any given object, what might they not do? If every mother should imitate the example of Hannah of old, and consecrate her infant to the service of the Lord, what could withstand such a moral influence? And yet from these infants are to come our rulers, our judges, our ministers, and all the influence, either for good or evil, which is to sway the destinies of the nation.

Editorial.

A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

YOU will see on the opposite page, we have given you a very pretty picture of the Shepherds watching their flocks by night. We design by this picture to impress upon your minds the great events of the Bible. Now, if you have not yet learned to read, you will ask your father or mother to read and explain to you what is said about this picture. If they are too busy, you must wait till some convenient time, and then they will be pleased to tell you all about it. We have sometimes taken our little children in our lap, and explained to them these pictures, and told them about the Saviour, and asked them questions until they have become so interested as to require more time than we could spare. It is a very pleasant way of improving the leisure hours, especially of the Sabbath, and we have no doubt your parents will find it a source of great satisfaction to call their little ones together, and read these stories, and answer such questions as you will be inclined to ask. When you have learned all about this story, perhaps we shall give you another.

THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

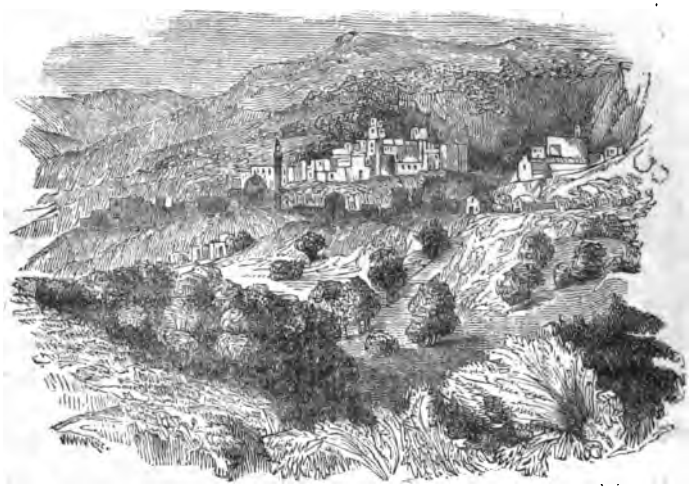
IN this lesson we have given you a picture, which we wish you to look at, so that you may remember what we are about to tell you of the Saviour.

We are going to tell you where he lived, and what happened on the night when he was born. Most little children have already heard all about the Saviour. We have no doubt your fathers or mothers have taken you in their arms, and told you how the Saviour, when on earth, took just such little children as you in his arms, and blessed them, and as they have smoothed your hair, and kissed your cheek, and pressed you to their bosom, they have asked you if you would not love this Saviour, who died for little children? If you do not already love him, perhaps you will, before you have done reading this story.

The Bible tells us the Saviour was born in a place called Bethlehem; it is sometimes called Bethlehem of Judea. His parents' names were Joseph and Mary.

Joseph was called his father, but God was his father. They were very good people. They lived in a city called Nazareth, in Galilee. They went from Nazareth to Bethlehem. There the Saviour was born. He was born in a manger, because there was no room for his parents in the inn. If his parents had been rich, perhaps they might have been more comfortable. But the Saviour was born of poor parents, and laid in a manger, a place where they fed their cattle.

Bethlehem, where the Saviour was born, is a great way off. It is beyond the great sea. Few people in this country have ever seen it. But the Bible tells us there is such a place, and we have seen people who have been there, and returned to tell us about the country, and the place where the Saviour was born.



NAZARETH.

It was in the night, and it happened that there were SHEPHERDS in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. They were taking care of their sheep, to prevent the wild beasts from devouring the little lambs, and scattering and destroying their flocks. These shepherds were men who feared and loved God. They used to spend the night, while they were watching their flocks, in singing and praying to God. Sometimes they would look up at the stars, and think how great is God, who made all these bright and shining stars! One night, as these shepherds were watching over their flocks, an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were very much afraid. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." They need not have been afraid, be-

cause they were good men, and God will always take care of good men. He loves them—he will do them no harm. But there was a great light, and probably it was so bright as to hurt their eyes, and prevent them from seeing. After the angel had told them of the birth of this little babe, which was the Saviour, he told them they would find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, in a manger. And then there appeared a multitude of angels, praising God. These shepherds tell us what they sung. The words were these: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." After they had sung, they went back to heaven, where they dwell. We have never seen an angel; but we know they live in heaven; that they honor God, and are very happy. When good little children die, and go to heaven, they are called angels, and some people think they sometimes visit this world, though we cannot see them, and do errands for their heavenly Father. When their parents are mourning and weeping over their death, some think God sends them as angels to comfort their parents; but we shall know more about this if we go to heaven.

After these angels went back to heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." They wished to go and see the babe. So they went to Bethlehem, and there they found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger, just as the angel had said. This was the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. So these shepherds went and told the people all about what they had seen and known about the babe, and all the people wondered.

HYMN.

While shepherds watched their flocks, by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day,
  Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
  And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
  To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
  And in a manger laid.

QUESTIONS.

What is the name of the place where the Saviour was born?

Where is Bethlehem?

What was the name of his mother?

What was the name of his father?

Where did Mary and Joseph live?

When was he born?

Where was he born?

Why was he born in a manger?

Who were keeping watch by night?

Were the shepherds good or bad men?

How did they spend the night?

What appeared to them in the night?

Were they afraid?

What did the angel say to them?

What news did he tell them?

Where did the angel say they would find him?

What appeared after this?

What did they do?

After they had sung, where did they go?

Can we see an angel?

What do they do in heaven?

After the angel went back to heaven, what did the shepherds do?

Did they find the babe in the manger?

Who was this little babe?

Can you repeat the Hymn on the birth of the Saviour?

Original.

THE SPRING UNDER THE CHESTNUT-TREE.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

UNDERNEATH the spreading branches of a large chestnut-tree, which stood near Mr. Falkland's dwelling, there was a beautiful spring, which bubbled up from the earth, and formed a small basin of crystal waters, from which a rivulet found its way to a neighboring brook. James and Mary Falkland had their play-house under the chestnut-tree. They took great care never to throw anything into the spring. They even swept the earth all around it, that the rains might not wash any dirt into it.

One day they found it half filled with stones, and pieces of rotten wood, and old clothes. They were greatly grieved that their pure fountain should be thus polluted. They ran to their father with their complaints.

"Father," said James, "who do you think has done it?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Falkland.

"Will you not please to find out?"

"I do not think it will be wise to take much trouble about it."

"What shall we do, then?"

"Clear out the spring, and the waters will soon flow as sweetly and clearly as before."

"But we wish to know who did the mischief."

"It is much more important that the mischief should be repaired."

James and Mary set to work to clear out the spring. They carried away the things that had been thrown in, and soon the troubled water flowed off, and the white pebbles on the bottom of the basin shone through the water as brightly as if it had never been disturbed.

When any mischief has been done, the first inquiry should not be, "Who has done it?" but, "How shall it be repaired?" It may indeed be our duty to search out the offender, but generally the first thing to be thought of is, how the evil is to be repaired.

The mischief, in the case of the spring, was done by a wicked boy, who seemed to love mischief for its own sake. James and Mary had done nothing to offend him, and yet he took a strange pleasure in doing what he knew would vex them. I said he took pleasure in it, but such a boy can hardly be said to take pleasure in anything. He had a depraved heart, and was unhappy, because he loved, or, if you please to say so, took pleasure in doing wrong.

The mischief done to the spring was easily repaired. There is another kind of mischief that no human hand can repair. When one pollutes the heart of another, by infusing wicked thoughts and purposes, no human hand can undo the evil thus done. That heart will continue to be a fountain of bitterness to all eternity, unless it be cleansed by the power of God. Avoid every kind of mischief, but especially avoid doing it to the heart of a fellow-immortal.

Original.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

I WAS a spectator not long since of one of the most solemn and afflicting scenes it has ever been my lot to witness. It was two corpses in one house; one a child of six years, the other of but two summers. I had been with the mother, in her period of intense suffering, as she hung over them—both trembling, as they were, upon the confines of the tomb—and I watched with interest, as I do over the exhibitions of human feeling, the unutterable sympathies which were aroused in her heart, for first one and then the other, as fear for either predominated. The one was her first-born, who had opened in her heart that fountain of feeling, "whose waters were never more to rest." Until his birth, she knew not that joy which a mother's heart alone can comprehend, of holding in her arms a darling all her own. Alas! for our suffering hearts, that we should fondly deem them so, and then see them suddenly snatched from our embrace by the resistless hand of death. His name endeared him to her, too—the name of the husband, almost adored—a name given in the early years of their companionship,

when the joyousness of youth cast a halo of love and beauty over everything around them, and the words, sadness and grief, had found no place in their vocabulary. Besides this, he was their *only son!* What depths of tenderness does the phrase convey!

Then for the other, there were sufficient reasons why she should be equally dear. She was the youngest, the pet, and pride, and plaything of the house, the joy of their hearth-stone, the delight of their eyes, and she had ever been a feeble infant; they had watched over her with solicitude from the hour of her birth, and to lose her now would be like severing their heart-strings. It is ever thus with us; the one we are about to lose is the dearest.

The home of the bereaved parents was in a country village, where there was no undertaker, to come with silent foot-fall, and length of face assumed from habit; but kind friends stepped forward to perform the last sad offices of affection, and prepare their little bodies for the home appointed for all the living—friends who had stood around the bed of the dying ones, and who had enticed the mother away ere the second one breathed its last, and carried her to the home of her sister—fearing the effects of her anxious and painful watchings upon her enfeebled and exhausted frame.

The darlings were shrouded and coffined with care, and looked as calm and sweet in their last repose as if they had never known aught of suffering. The prayer was said by the side of their remains, and then we left with them, to deposit them at their burial-ground, six miles from town, where some of their kindred slept. As we came near the place, we passed the homes of the servants, and saw them gathered in groups around their doors, and with the ready sympathy of their race, looking sadly toward their master, as if their hearts bled at his sufferings. Among them I recognized the old nurse who had two nights shared my vigils around the sick couch of the suffering boy, and whose affectionate attentions to him, and soothing words, no less than the anxiety she manifested, lest she should unwittingly fall asleep during his slumbers, and so betray her trust, won my admiration.

The sun was just shedding his last rays upon the earth as we stood around the open grave, where the bodies of the dead had

been deposited; and as the father stood there, with quivering lip, and tearful, earnest gaze, looking for the last time upon the coffins which contained his children, the voice of the good old man of God broke forth in the comforting and elevating language of the Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Oh, of what priceless worth are the consolations of the Bible to us at a time like this! How does the heart of the Christian cling to them, and feed on them in the hour of trial! The Master whom we serve causes his face to shine on us more graciously then, and his love proves to us an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. How comforting to feel, as we lay away our darlings in the tomb, with its dismal surroundings, that we put them there in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection!

S. J. H.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. III.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

Sarah. I am glad that we are to spend this evening in discussing some useful subject, as, since the last time we were thus engaged, my mind has become greatly interested in the themes upon which we have already conversed; and if papa please, I have one to propose for this evening which has long been upon my mind.

Papa. Well, let us hear what it is, and, I doubt not, we shall be willing to make it the foundation of our evening's conversation.

Sarah. I should like to have some information on the origin of languages, the number supposed to be spoken, and which of them is supposed to be the most ancient.

Papa. You have, my daughter, chosen an interesting topic, and perhaps on none other are the opinions of the learned more divided.

John. Is not the word language derived from the Latin word lingua, a tongue?

Papa. It is, and I am happy to find that you can make some good use of your Latin; you will find it of great assistance in giving you a correct knowledge of the meaning of a large number of words in your native tongue.

Ellen. May we not suppose that language was a gift conferred by our Creator upon our first parents?

Papa. This is the general opinion; although some have doubted it, and they maintain that it was an art, invented and improved by the first races of mankind, until it was brought to the different stages of perfection in which it is now written and spoken by the various polished nations of the earth.

Sarah. As to its being of human invention, I think the Bible at once contradicts that idea; for we are told, that Adam gave names to all the animals which lived with him in Eden.

Papa. That is indeed conclusive evidence; and, in my opinion, the gift of speech, next to the immortality of the soul, shows the great superiority of man to the brute creation.

John. I wonder what was the language in which our first parents conversed. I think I have heard Dr. Bass say, that there is a probability of its being the Hebrew; and that, because the names which Adam gave to the animals, denoted in that language something peculiar to their separate natures.

Papa. That is the opinion entertained by many learned men—for *Adam* means earth, of which man was formed; the Hebrew word for *eagle* means *eye*, which, no doubt, had reference to the strong and piercing sight of that bird; and this, by many, is thought to be decisive proof that the Hebrew was the language of Eden.

Ellen. Does it not appear that all men spake the same language before the flood?

Papa. We have no proof to the contrary, as it was not till after the flood that God confounded their language, to arrest their presumptuous impiety.

John. I have observed that the preface of your Hebrew Bible, papa, is placed at the end of the book, instead of the beginning;

and the pages are all read from the right to the left hand. Was that the usual way of writing that language?

Papa. It was, and the Jews to this day, when reading in their synagogues, turn over the leaves of their books, beginning at the back part, and read from right to left, instead of the opposite way in which our modern languages are written and read.

Sarah. There is no other written language that can lay claim to so high an antiquity as the Hebrew. The first writing of which we have any authentic account is the moral law, written by the finger of God, and given to Moses, whose writings in this language are the oldest in existence.

Ellen. Please to tell us, papa, the meaning of the word *Hebrew.*

Papa. In plain English it means *to pass over*, alluding, it is thought, to the passing of Abram over the river, when he left his country, at the call of God, and traveled southward toward Canaan.

John. I have often wondered what those little points and marks signify, which I see placed under the letters in your Hebrew Bible.

Papa. They are used instead of vowels, to show the right sound and pronunciation of the syllables, but they are of modern date, as originally this language was written (as many of the Jewish books are at the present day) without these appendages.

Sarah. Do you suppose, papa, that the number of languages now spoken can be estimated?

Papa. The number of dialects it is impossible to give. The Bible has been translated into nearly two hundred, but the real number of original languages are supposed to be considerably less than one hundred.

Sarah. It appears to me that languages, like nations, have their infancy, their prime, and their decay.

Papa. They have, indeed, and nothing is so fluctuating, and in no one thing have there been so great improvements made. In the time of Cicero, the Roman tongue was at its highest perfection; and our own language, since the days of Chaucer and Spenser, has become a model of perfection, compared with what it was

in the days of those ancient writers; and the Dictionary of our late countryman, Noah Webster, is now regarded, in the mother country as well as in this, as giving us the most perfect and complete compendium of the English language.

Sarah. If the improvements made in speech are wonderful, I think great credit must be given to those people who invented letters, and produced a written language.

Papa. Yes, this is a curious and wonderful art, especially if we remember, that a few more than twenty small characters should be able to form words, by which every idea that the human mind can conceive, may be expressed and communicated.

Mamma. I think I have read that letters were first brought into Greece from Phœnicia, by Cadmus, fourteen hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era, and it is not a little remarkable that the first letter of the ancient Hebrew is something similar to our letter A; as if that sacred alphabet were the parent of our modern ones; and the names of its first two letters, Aleph and Beth, give the names of Alpha and Beta to the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, from which the word Alphabet takes its name.

Sarah. I think, papa, that I have heard you say, that some nations have no alphabet to express their language, which really appears very strangely to me.

Papa. The Chinese have none to this day, but they make use of hieroglyphical characters, of which they have many thousands. It is supposed that the Egyptians had no letters, and when the Mexicans first beheld the Spaniards on their soil, they made drawings of those Europeans in their warlike costumes. Their horses and their armor were drawn on the spot, and sent to their monarch, to give him some idea of these new-comers. Their writings, like most of the American Indians, consisted of symbolical representations.

John. It must have been very difficult for our missionaries to have obtained such a knowledge of the language of the people among whom they labored, so as to be able freely to preach to them in their native tongue.

Papa. No set of persons have merited so truly the admiration

of right-thinking men. Elliot, styled the apostle of the Indians, had to form an original grammar for his rude hearers, and when it was completed, exclaimed, "Prayer and perseverance can accomplish everything."

Sarah. Yes, and it is also recorded of this same good and great man, when confined to his bed in his last sickness, that he had an Indian child by his bedside, that he might teach it to read; and when so engaged, a friend called upon him, and expressed his surprise that so learned a man should be so humbly employed, he replied, "I do not wish, when my Master comes, that he should find me idle."

John. I have heard the names of Carey and Morrison mentioned as men of note in the work of translating the Scriptures in the language of India and China.

Papa. Dr. Carey, the father of the English Baptist missions in the East Indies, gave the Bible to the natives in several of their dialects; and, from being a shoemaker, rose to be at the head of a college. Dr. Morrison, who was a Sabbath scholar, first translated the Bible into Chinese; which work, owing to the peculiarity of that language, consists of several volumes, but is now accessible, and can be read by the millions that compose that immense empire.

EFFECT OF THE BIBLE UPON NATIONS.

BY REV. WM. ADAMS, D. D.

TELL me where the Bible is, and where it is not, and I will write a moral geography of the world. I will show what, in all particulars, is the physical condition of that people. One glance of your eye will inform you where the Bible is, and where it is not. Go to Italy—decay, degradation, suffering, meet you on every side. Commerce droops, agriculture sickens, the useful arts languish. There is a heaviness in the air; you feel cramped by some invisible power; the people dare not speak aloud; they walk slowly; an armed soldiery is around their dwellings; the armed police take from the stranger his Bible, before he enters the

territory. Ask for the Bible in the bookstores; it is not there, or in a form so large and extensive as to be beyond the reach of the common people. The preacher takes no text from the Bible. Enter the Vatican, and inquire for a Bible, and you will be pointed to some case where it reposes among prohibited books, side by side with the works of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. But pass over the Alps into Switzerland, and down the Rhine into Holland, and over the Channel to England and Scotland, and what an amazing contrast meets the eye! Men look with an air of independence; there are industry, neatness, instruction for children. Why this difference? There is no brighter sky—there are no fairer scenes of nature—but they have the Bible; and happy are the people who are in such a case, for it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.

"WHY, what harm will *books* do me?" The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. That "A man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one the worse. *A person may be ruined by reading a single volume!* Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither "aliment" nor "medicine:" they are "*poison.*" Both *intoxicate*—one the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—*total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.*

CHRIST OUR ALL.—We cannot build too confidently on the *merits* of Christ as our *hope;* or think too much of *the life* of Christ as our *example.*

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This is a beautiful little volume, and its appearance does credit to the publisher. The characters and scenes selected from Holy Writ are some of the most eminent; and the usually interesting manner in which they are treated by Mr. Headley cannot fail, we think, of exciting in the minds of all who read them a desire to study more fully the biography and history of the Bible, and thus draw off the minds of our youth from being contaminated by the frivolous and exceptionable productions with which the press of the present day teems so abundantly.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, with a Biographical Sketch and Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. John S. Taylor.

These two volumes are replete with subjects of the greatest interest, viz.: The Biography of Cromwell and Washington; Battles of Monmouth and Waterloo; Rambles in Paris and the Mother Country: written in Mr. Headley's usually fascinating style, and must afford a rich repast to every sensible reader; especially as the characters, places, and events are not only in themselves of thrilling interest, but they are disposed of in the distinguished author's best style.

UNION TO CHRIST—LOVE TO GOD—are the titles of two charming little books, written by Rev. RUFUS TAYLOR, and published by M. W. Dodd, of this city. They discuss topics of vital importance, in an interesting and happy manner. The author dedicates the second one, "Love to God," to his mother—"whom grace early taught to devote herself and hers to God."

Original.

VARIOUS ASPECTS OF THE FAMILY.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THE Family is a SOCIETY. "It is not good that man should be alone," said the great Creator, when he had formed him out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. God knew what was best for the promotion of human happiness. Infinite wisdom controlled and directed the destinies of the race. Hence it is said, "God setteth the solitary in families." Here are the primordial elements of the social relations. Poetically, it has been said: "Man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled." He longed for that tender and delicate companionship, which was to constitute the chief charm of his mortal existence. Even in a state of perfect and immaculate holiness, he needed one to complete the harmony of his existence, to fill up the measure of his happiness. God only could bestow this inestimable gift. Thus was the foundation of the family laid. And the family is the foundation of civil society. The dignity, the advancement, the prosperity of society in every form depend on the same qualities and conditions in the family. The angelic state is different.

In the spirit-land they "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God." Pure, passionless, spiritual, is every form of celestial existence. In heaven will be found, after the completion of the drama of earth, one great redeemed family, that will be neither increased nor diminished in the progress of endless duration. This, then, is a subdivision of earth. "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." Our progress is through a certain natural constitution here to the perfection of the spiritual constitution hereafter. "The first man is of the earth, earthy." And such are all they who descend from him. "As is the earth, such are they also that are earthy; and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The socialities of earth, the foundation of which is laid in the family constitution, being sanctified, become the socialities of heaven. Our pupilage below is brief. Our perfection in heaven will be complete.

What influence more strongly affects the memory in all the future, latest years of our life, than the recollection of the home circle? What sweetness, blended with what sadness, is there in the feeling! The sadness would prevail; it might deepen into melancholy, but for that beneficent provision, by which, having passed the period of childhood and youth, we enter the maturity of our years, and ourselves assume the prerogatives of the parental state, looking down with a more exquisite affection upon those below us. Thus we once looked up from the position of childhood to those above us. But, if the pleasure is enhanced, so is the responsibility. And responsibility is not without its healthful influence. Nay, its exercise is frequently with delight, preventing that stagnation, which might otherwise oppress the spirits. None enjoy more keenly the luxuries of the home circle, than those virtuous, pious parents, who have striven to cultivate on the right basis the socialities of home. These are the preparations for that better, blessed world, to which all God's children aspire.

The Family is a SANCTUARY. I use the term in a secondary sense. The primal idea of the sanctuary is associated with some-

thing holy and to be revered. And as it became a place of refuge to the fugitives, so I regard the family as, in an important sense, a refuge. Thus, in a literal sense, the common law regards a man's house as his castle, his natural place of protection and defence. Economically and morally considered, the family is the refuge, the protection, the defence of its members. If on earth there be a refuge for man, from earth's ills, toils, temptations, and calamities, it *should* be found there.

To the man of business, wearied with multiplied perplexities; to the industrious laborer, exhausted with the toil of the day; to the professional man, tired of the competition and strife that beset him on every side; to the politician, disgusted with partizan intrigues, and the scramble for office and power; to the traveler, returning from remote parts, to which curiosity or the love of gain had led him; to the sailor, long tossed on the stormy sea, perhaps a circumnavigator of the globe; to the soldier, who has periled his life in the "imminent deadly breach," or chased the phantom glory amid the dangers of the battle-field; to all who in any form are subject to the painful conditions and experiences of this busy, bustling life, how welcome the sight, the sensibilities, the charm of home; how refreshing to find one spot, where the heart can repose itself in quietude and contentment, undisturbed by the shade of a doubt that *there* every bosom beats a responsive welcome to the affection of his own; a welcome that greets him with a sincerity he is incapable of suspecting. Nay, even guilt, with all its penal sorrow and shame, will meet a tender, though reproving, look from those expectant eyes; and should the tear of penitence be detected on the cheek of the transgressor, who so quick to forgive the injury; so ready to inspire hope in the desponding bosom; so eager to spread the mantle of charity over all failings, as those devoted ones AT HOME? If thou art an unfaithful or neglectful husband, and hast left at home a fond and faithful wife; if thou art a prodigal son, and hast abandoned an anxious mother; if a wandering brother, and hast deserted thy lovely and affectionate sister—oh, return to the sweet spot of thy truest happiness, perhaps of thy glad and innocent childhood, linked as it is with a thousand precious and pleasant associations. Go there, and

refresh your wasted spirit at that pure fountain of domestic love. Then, if ever, will thy spirit burst forth in supplication to God!

Oh, thou fond father or mother, when thou, like Joshua of old, dost say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," dost thou not feel thyself moving, in the strength of that resolution, to do a great work for God on earth? The mothers that have trained up sons for usefulness on earth, have also been preparing contributions for the happiness and glory of heaven.

The graces and virtues that are cultivated around the sanctified domestic circle, are types of heavenly things; adumbrations of the sweet perfections of thought, emotion, love, and devotion, that shall forever dwell in the bosoms of the redeemed, in glory. How sacred, then, should be the retirement of home! On that altar should the flame of devotion be perpetual and burning. Holy sacrifices should be daily witnessed there, and in every heart should the Holy Spirit be a welcome guest. A transporting assurance it would be, to know that all your family would meet in heaven! But no revelation could establish this so satisfactorily, as the devoted piety of all your family on earth. Blessed is the household, to which, like that of Bethany, Jesus loves to resort, to rejoice in its joys, to sympathize with its sorrows, and raise the affections of its inmates from earth to heaven, teaching (himself the resurrection and the life,) the certainty of the reunion of pious souls in a state of sinless purity, and of endless bliss. Thus may it be with all our loved ones. For such a consummation may we daily pray, and indefatigably toil. And may the grace of God help us to be "faithful in all our house" here, and happy with all our house, hereafter!

INFANT EDUCATION.

A MOTHER once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, and she told him it was then four years old.

"Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's face, your opportunity begins."

Original.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE YOUNG.

BY REV. ANSEL D. EDDY, D. D.

We hope, in a brief series of articles, to awaken increased interest in the education and prosperity of the young, and to excite their minds and stimulate their efforts, in the attainment of spiritual and eternal life. There is no end, however high, at which we would stop, short of their everlasting good. Everything here is so important, so imperfect, and yet so progressive and so changing, that the very analogies of nature attest the truth of revelation, and forewarn of another and a nobler state to come. And it marks alike the goodness of God and man's worth in the scale of being, that the more we prepare for the future and the eternal, the better and the happier we are in the temporal and the present.

The age in which we live is remarkable for the bold and independent action of the young; and the earlier and more resolute they rush forward to the responsibilities and perils of life, the less care and anxiety seem to be felt to prepare them for its duties, and shield them from its dangers. We have become familiar with youthful adventure and daring, and from the multiplied wrecks that are strewed along the pathway of life, we have become familiar with the sad results of youthful discomfiture and failure; and almost every parent is expected to add another victim to the sacrificed thousands.

No one but an attentive observer has any correct idea of the proportion of youth that utterly fail of all success, usefulness, and good in this world. And there is not that difference between the sexes that is generally supposed. The early ruin of young men is, perhaps, more obvious, but tens of thousands of the unprotected daughters of the poor, the industrious, and often of the educated and refined, pass to obscurity and disgrace, while no eye follows their downward way. An army of twenty thousand of this class might, probably, be marshaled from a single city.

While more than one half of the young die before reaching the age of twelve years, more than one half the surviving utterly fail of success and virtue, and early crowd the abodes of infamy and the grave.

We have made an estimate on this subject, and have recorded the results of thorough and repeated examination. We regard, then, the journal which we present to the public as having special claims to patronage and attention, and the subject before us as solemnly appealing to every parent and guardian of the young; and while we make our appeals to them, we would solicit the sympathies and prayers of all to whose hands they are entrusted.

Twelve youth became associated and engaged in different pursuits in the same place. A few years since, but two remained, and one was closing the eyes of the other in death. The solitary survivor, standing over the graves of his associates, became alarmed, disclosed the course of their indulgence, and the causes of their disgrace and death.

Fifteen other youth entered together on the active duties of life, with flattering prospects. Twelve have already died in disgrace, and the remaining three are fast following in their steps.

From an examination respecting young laborers, in four different kinds of business, the following result appeared:—Out of one hundred and fifty engaged in the same occupation, only thirty maintained a respectable character; the remaining are either dead or abandoned. Two-thirds of those engaged in another branch of business became dissolute, and failed of success. In another, three-fourths were immoral and ruined; and in still another branch of labor, from thirty-four young men, only eight preserved habits of sobriety, and escaped early disgrace and death.

This investigation was not in the dense crowds of the city, where temptations are pressing on every side, but in the rural districts, where everything would seem to favor sobriety and virtue, and ensure success.

An examination in cities, among the mercantile and the professional classes, would no doubt add to the fearfulness of this picture. We are all interested in the living, and watch in hope the

rising footsteps of the young; while we turn from the unprotected, unpromising, and the falling, and soon forget the numerous dead.

The great conservative mass of parents, guardians, and friends of the young are familiar only with the more moral, industrious, intelligent, and pious, and they seldom witness these multitudes that move in darkness and degradation to the land of forgetfulness and silence.

It is a subject of no ordinary interest, then, upon which we enter. It is wise, as well as benevolent, to regard with peculiar interest the youthful portion of the community. There is no great revolution, however splendid and useful, or disgraceful and ruinous, which has not been effected by the nerve of their arm. When ancient institutions were to be subverted by violence, their influence was secured and debased. When modern Europe was to present one broad field of blood, her sons were marshaled for conflict and victory. The arm of the Turk was broken only by the resolute and determined spirit of the young Hetaria.

We desire to have the young feel, and to have all feel, that there are elements for good more than for evil in the hands of the young, and that they are to be summoned to noble achievements in the cause of humanity, and that their high destiny is intelligence, virtue, and heaven. We would breathe into all their souls a divine ardor, and point every parent and guardian to the pledges of grace and the securities of the eternal covenant.

We have too long undervalued, and our youth have too long undervalued, the power which they hold in forming the character of the community, and swaying the destiny of the country. We have secured and appropriated their physical powers, while we have neglected their intellectual advancement. Above all, have they been forgotten when moral and religious changes were in view.

If we are not mistaken, and have read inspiration rightly, this is the very time when their aid should be secured, and their influence exerted. To make them intelligent, moral, and religious, they should be made tributary to the cause of education, virtue,

and piety. It is thus we reach the noblest springs of action; summon into exercise the moral principles, and lay upon the young the responsibilities of intelligence, morality, and religion. Make all these interests their own, and they will guard them with a double vigilance, and sooner breathe the pure spirit they would inspire.

Correct understanding of influence, and a consciousness of responsibility, is what we desire to impress on the minds of our young readers, while we entreat their seniors in years to welcome them to participation in duty, and to aid and encourage them in successful exertion. We rejoice to see the young daughters of the community sharing in all the social duties of life, both of home and public charity, and nothing has such a charm as the young man early adding his name to his father's firm, and widening the circle of his social interests, influence, and usefulness. Having something to do of laudable industry, of virtuous intelligence, of social and religious good, is rightly entering the pathway of man's destiny, and gives a promise of the only reward. The arm inactive is unnerved; the mind neglected, droops and dies, from all useful vitality, and the heart lost to the appropriate objects and efforts of its nature and designs of grace, is ever sinking in the corruptions of its apostasy, and receding more and more from the hope of its renovation.

All around us is progression to a life that never dies, or to death that never lives. Nature, in her changing and chafing elements; Providence, in its rapid march, developing man's destinies, and God's purpose in redemption, record on every monument of time, and on every page of earth's history, attestations to truth inspired, declaring the present as heralding the future and the eternal; passing time only as probationary to some stupendous consummation of destiny and character. And, from man's nature, intellect, conscience, and heart, with all the lessons read around him in Providence and the Bible, it is nothing but depravity educated to a deeper shameless prostitution and moral death, that can stifle the warnings of conscience, and suppress the aspirations of the soul for relief and heaven.

Such is now the state of the world, that we may truly say the

second advent of the Redeemer dawns, and, like the first, summons the subjects of his creation and mercy to repentance and holiness. Ignorance of truth, negligence of duty, and stupidity, now, is like slumbering in the battle-field while the trumpet is summoning to conflict and victory.

Original.

RIZPAH.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER, ESQ.

2 Samuel, xxi. 10.

I.

HARK! the voice of mourning soundeth
From the Gibeonitish plain:
'Tis the voice of one despairing—
Rizpah mourning for her slain.
She hath spread the fearful sackcloth
On the bare and flinty stones;
There she sitteth, morn and evening,
Wailing for her murdered sons.

II.

Nor chill night, nor sultry noontide
Can her lonely vigil break;
Heedless of the world's enchantments
Doth the mother watch and wake.
Sackcloth round her form is woven—
It but speaks the grief beneath—
Grief that form and spirit wasteth,
As the sun the snowy wreath.

III.

'Tis THE MOTHER there that mourneth
For the idols of her soul:
'Tis THE MOTHER'S heart that bursteth
All the bands that men control.
Ye who ever scorn the lesson,
Taught in language from above,
Heed the picture here presented—
Witness here a MOTHER'S LOVE.

Original.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC IN CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, ESQ.

THE chief reasons why religious music is so little valued in Christian families, are two: a wrong estimate of native talent, and skeptical views concerning those results of which the art is susceptible.

It is not pretended that all would excel as artists, any more than that all would excel as models of true eloquence; the things in this respect are parallel. But many a man who could be neither a Burke nor a Chatham, might yet be very useful in his appeals. Though he could not distinguish himself as a model for imitation, he might excel as an influential speaker; and when immediate practical results were contemplated, the latter circumstance alone would determine us in his favor. So in music; many a man who could be neither a Beethoven, nor a Mendelssohn, as an artist, might yet be far more useful than either of those worthies, in some one given department, which never claimed their special attention. If the art is to be exhibited for improvement in skill, let us seek for the best models; but if it is to be applied specifically to some useful purpose, let us look for those who are versed in this *particular mode of application*. Many a man who figures as an artist, in an oratorio or public concert, would have no power at all over an assembly of Christian worshipers, because he could by no means accommodate himself to existing circumstances and influences. One who should be much his inferior in skill, might here be decidedly preferred. The latter might be kindly cherished as a useful man in his occupation as leader, when the former in the same capacity could not be endured.

These things premised, the questions as to abilities and results will be more readily understood. If what I have here said is founded in reason, it will appear that different measures of native talent may prove available in devotional singing. We want not many models or composers. The number of teachers may be lim-

ited. All are not needed in the select choir; and those whose talent is the least, need not be debarred from singing in the family, or in secret. The question as to universality of gifts, is, then—Could all acquire, without serious difficulty, so much as this lowest amount of available skill?

Now, whose testimony shall be taken on this subject? Certainly, those who spend a long life in teaching, ought to know how to dispose of it. They have done so; and to their amount of testimony, the writer can cheerfully add his own. For more than thirty years past he has sought for the supposed unpractical subjects, but in vain. All, of any age, whose tones of speech have not been materially injured, are found capable of musical improvement, when instructions are carefully adapted to their difficulties. But children, wherever there is singing in families, are found to learn music with the greatest ease, so far at least as ear and voice are concerned. In other juvenile cases, instruction needs to commence farther back; yet all will ultimately succeed, if they receive proper attention.

The settling of this question is important, because it renders nugatory all excuses for neglect. Even indifference to devotional music is inexcusable; and the neglect of it in Christian families amounts to something like spiritual delinquency. Why should it be such a sin to neglect family prayer, if family praise is to be made a question of mere taste or inclination? The scriptures afford us no answer to this question. The truth is, that the exercise of praise, like that of prayer, should be regularly attended to in the family circle. If there is not sufficient skill for this purpose, then no time should be lost in acquiring it. It is not for us to decide whether any excuses for neglect of this method of worship are sufficient. That must be left to the Searcher of hearts. But sure we are, that in the multitude of cases, there should be singing of praise, amid the family circle.

But we hasten to speak of results The skeptical views to which I referred, under this head, relate chiefly to devotional singing. I might allude to many incidental advantages of music, as one of the liberal arts. I might speak of its tendencies to mental refinement, and of its kindly influence upon the social affections.

I might speak, too, of the rational pleasure which is derived from instrumental music. But this will be admitted. The subject does not labor here. Secular music is becoming fashionable, as a regular branch of female education. Even families who neglect the exercise of praise, from week to week, and from year to year, will cheerfully give time and money for instruction in secular music, without seeing the least inconsistency in their course. They neglect devotional singing simply because they would anticipate no benefit from it.

Is it so, then, that spiritual results are not to be derived from exercises in praise? The supposition is preposterous. It goes to question the wisdom and goodness of Him who requires us to employ our powers in his service. Those who neglect devotional singing will, of course, have but little experience of its proper results; and the case may be still more unfortunate with those who pay exclusive attention to music in other departments; for the strains which ought to edify them, will be filled only with tasteless or with secular associations. It is only by *regular persevering practice* that devotional singing will benefit us. In praise, just as in prayer, we must be habitually watchful, and sincere. We must form, with care and effort, the habit of singing with our minds fixed upon divine things, and not suffer them, in moments of devotion, to be engrossed with mere musical considerations. Families who have tried this experiment faithfully, have given ample testimony in favor of its advantages. They enjoy a privilege which is too precious to be relinquished. This subject was understood by the primitive Christians. Luther understood it, and has left full testimony as to its importance. The reformers understood it. At certain hours of the day, whole villages of them would be rendered vocal with songs at the family altar. The *nature* of praise has not degenerated. Let the experiment become general, and practical religion will be found to increase.

Does not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it; and shall not man's good deeds live after him, and sing his praise?

Original.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION,

SOUTH DENNIS, MASS.—PRESENTED OCTOBER 3, 1849.

It is with pleasure and thankfulness that we report our condition, after an existence as an association, through another year, in so much prosperity.

In summing up our history, through the last twelve months, the few facts which we communicate will be invested with an importance, which they only can appreciate who are the members of this association. In looking back upon the proceedings of our monthly meetings, we find them interesting, and of such a nature as to have been of benefit to all the mothers present. The circumstances under which we commenced the past year did not offer to us the most desirable inducements to labor, we then being called to separate with one (Mrs. Pettingill, our former pastor's lady,) with whom we had often taken sweet counsel; holding, as she should, such a prominent place in our affections; under whose assistance, aided by her benevolent and Christian-like influence, this association came into being. We have ever noticed her laboring with anxious solicitude, in the cause of morals and religion; have ever seen her, with untiring interest, using all her powers, both physical and mental, to advance the cause of Christ; we therefore feel bereaved by her absence, and pray that the same kind Hand which has led her on, may still guide her wherever she may go, and bring her at last to her everlasting reward, in heaven. Situated in such peculiar circumstances, still we felt our cause to be a good one, calling forth the interests of our minds, and if rightly sustained, we believed it would bring incalculable benefits upon ourselves and our children.

The benefits which we all have derived from our organization, have created a new interest, as we fondly trust, in our efforts, and we believe it still to be growing, and evincing itself in the promptness and energy with which the exercises of our meetings are conducted.

Our members, the past year, have much increased. We now number thirty-six mothers; about one-third of them have recently joined this association, their children numbering thirty; and we do hope that their associated efforts will be most happy upon the advancement of the cause of Christ among us.

During the past year, a library has been commenced, which may enable us to derive from other sources than our own, information, not only in benefiting our own minds, but also in affording us instruction upon the government and training of our children, and in securing their filial obedience, upon which depends their future character, as members of society. Our meetings, we are happy to state, unlike any of previous time, have been well attended; and pleasant it is to view our room well filled with mothers, anxiously inquiring the best mode of securing the welfare of their offspring. Our quarterly meetings have been well attended. The juvenile members have shown a lively interest in them, and have evinced a willingness to contribute their mites, when called upon, to sustain any of the benevolent objects presented to them.

We would not forbear, at this time, to render our thanks to our Creator, that among the many deaths that have occurred with, and about us, no member of our society, nor of the children under our charge, has become a victim to the destroyer within the past year, and we would call upon our souls, and all within us, to adore and bless that preserving Providence who has watched over us, in so much mercy.

But, in conclusion, let us ask, whether the object for which we have so frequently met together has been attained? Can we see in our children that readiness to obey—that advancement in moral and Christian character, for which we have so long and earnestly prayed? or is there not a want of faithfulness with us, in seeking a divine blessing upon our efforts? Let us then, in answer to these questions, resolve, as individual members, to make persevering exertions, and offer more fervent, effectual, and spiritual prayer, for the conversion of our children, and for an heirship to an eternal inheritance in heaven.

M. NICKERSON, *Secretary.*

Original.

THE BONFIRE; OR, MY FIRST DISOBEDIENCE.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

When a child, I had a great passion for a large fire. I was brought up in the country; and nothing pleased me so well, as to go into the pasture with my father's hired men, at a particular season of the year, and see them set fire to the heaps of brush which they had collected. One winter, when I was quite young, our school-house burned down. It caught fire in the night, and a pretty dark night, too, according to my present recollection. I saw the fire from our parlor windows—for the school-house was only a few rods from my father's—and although I was sorry to have the building destroyed, and possibly a stray tear or two found their way down my cheeks, as I heard the crackling of the flames, saw the leaves of the children's spelling-books, burned to ashes, rising above that mass of ruin, until they were lost in the darkness; and as I heard the lamentations of the almost frantic schoolmaster, who, as I recollect, had been drawn to the scene, apparently, without having very carefully attended to the duties of the toilet; though I was sorry to have the old schoolhouse burned down, yet I thought I never had beheld a more splendid spectacle than the flames presented. The event figured in my recollection, with a good deal of distinctness, for a long time; and while I hoped that no more school-houses would take fire, I devoutly wished, that, in case any one should get into such an unfortunate predicament, and should, withal, make so respectable a blaze as ours did, I might, by some means, be within sight of it at the time.

I suppose there was nothing wrong in this passion of mine. It was right enough in itself, perhaps. But there was something wrong in the mode I took to indulge the passion; and that is what I am coming at. One windy day, in the fall of the year, I asked my mother to let me go into the lot back of the barn, and make a little bonfire. She was not willing. I plead with her, however, just

as children should not do, when their parents deny them anything. I only wanted to make a little bonfire, a *very* little one—so I told her. It would not do the least harm in the world, I should be so careful. Still my mother refused. She was not willing to trust me with fire in such a windy day, and so near the barn. So she utterly refused her consent to my darling scheme of making a little bonfire.

Now, reader, what do you think I did, in this case? "You gave up the scheme," I think I hear you say—"you gave it up, and amused yourself in some other way." That is just exactly what I ought to have done, but—I grieve to be obliged to say it—it is exactly what I did not do.

There was a sort of dialogue going on in my mind, for the space of several minutes. Two spirits—so it seemed—were whispering to me, in turn; one telling me to obey my mother, and the other, urging me to gratify my foolish whim in the matter of the bonfire. One made me feel that it was wrong to disobey my mother; that God would see me kindle the fire, if no one else did, and that I should offend him; that, on the whole, my mother understood the matter better than I could possibly understand it, and that she denied my request, not for want of love to me, but because she was afraid that I might, though unintentionally, do some mischief.

The other spirit used a very different set of arguments. They were such as these: that it was unjust for my mother to deny me so small a favor; that the fire would not do the least harm in the world; that it would afford me a great deal of amusement; that nobody would see the fire, as my father and all the hired men were out in the field at work; that, as to its being a sin, the notion was ridiculous; it was such a small affair, that it was not worth thinking about; so that I had better go and kindle the fire at once.

Alas! I closed my ears to the voice that urged me to do right, and yielded to the suggestions of the tempter. Like a thief, I stole into the kitchen, when no one saw me, took a coal from the hearth, and ran with it to the place where I had determined to make my bonfire. How foolish, as well as wicked, was the course

I pursued! The ground, for a considerable distance, in the rear of the barn, was covered, to a greater or less depth, with dry buckwheat straw. The spot which I chose for my fire—a little fire it was to be, you know, a very little fire—was on the extreme edge of this straw, several rods, I think it might have been, from the barn. I gave myself credit for a great deal of smartness, in selecting a spot so far from the barn as not to endanger it in the least, though, but for this caution, I might have had a much larger fire. I collected a small heap of the straw, and set fire to it.

It burned very readily. There was no difficulty on that score. The bonfire did not need any coaxing; the straw was dry as tinder, and the wind was very accommodating. I put on a little more straw, a very little—it was only a little bonfire that I wished for. It burned finely. My brightest hopes were realized. By-and-by, it began to spread over more ground. Aha! I thought, I must put a stop to that. I was a cunning boy—I had not the least doubt of that. I went to work, trying to stop the progress of the fire. But the harder I labored, the faster the flames spread. The wind was blowing toward the barn, too. There was danger! When that truth flashed upon my mind, I burst into a flood of tears. What could I do? It took but a moment to make up my mind; and I ran with all my might to the house, and told my mother the whole story. She was greatly frightened, but she went coolly enough to work.

We had two horns in the house, each of which was used, at different times, in calling my father and his men to dinner, when they were at work in the field. One of these was a tin horn, made on purpose for such a use, and the other was a large seashell. My mother took one of these horns, and gave the other to Mary, the hired girl, when these two individuals blew a blast, which, according to the best of my recollection, must have been a great deal more noisy than musical.

These horns, blown both at once, and at an hour when it was not possible that dinner could be ready, sounded odd enough to my father and his men. They listened a moment, and made up their minds that there was something the matter at home. As soon as

they looked toward the house, they saw plainly enough what the matter was, and you may be sure they did not lose much time in running to the scene of danger. One of them, I recollect, was in such haste, that he swam across a large pond, situated between the field where they were at work, and the homestead. Other men, too, besides those at work for my father, alarmed by the sound of the horns, and the sight of the flames, rushed to the spot, and all together made a most vigorous effort to prevent the destruction of the barn, which, by the way, was at the time full of hay and grain, and would inevitably have been consumed, if it had taken fire.

Well, the barn was saved. The men had to work very hard to save it, however. Some of them got badly burned, too; for they were obliged to rush into the flames, in order to place wet blankets on the side of the building which was most exposed. The barn was saved; but, oh! what pain I suffered while the result was doubtful. I cried nearly all the time. I would have given everything I had in the world, if I could have gone back a few paces in the stream of time, or could have undone what I had so foolishly done.

After the fire was put out, the men all came into the house, to take some refreshments; and, as they occasionally looked toward me, I felt as if it would have been a very pleasant thing indeed, could I but have sunk into some potato-hole or other, where I could have covered myself up, and where no mortal eye could see me. Oh, what mortification, and shame, and remorse, had my disobedience occasioned me! Neither my father nor my mother punished me for my fault. They did not, indeed, speak one word of reprimand. They thought I had had sufficient punishment. They were right. So I thought then, and so I think now. Nothing they could have said or done to me would at all have deepened the conviction in my mind, of the folly and sin of disobedience to parents, or have tended to strengthen my resolution to obey in future. I inwardly felt the truth of that sentiment of Scripture, that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Dear reader, I have here given you a sort of looking-glass, in which you can see your face. You can see exactly where the

danger lies, when you are tempted to disobey your parents. It is in allowing the tempter, as it were, not only to come into your mind, but to stay there, and to repeat his wicked suggestions a hundred times over. How easy I could at first have resisted the temptation to make my bonfire, contrary to the command of my mother! But I did not resist it. I cherished it. I turned it over and over in my thoughts, until my soul was full of it. After that, I could no more control my wicked inclinations than I could control the fire, after I had lighted it, and fed it bountifully with fuel.

Original.

SPARED, BUT NOT SAVED.

BY REV. S. I. PRIME.

A CHILD was sinking into the arms of death; at least, those thought so who had watched it through days and nights of convulsive throes.

Its mother could not give it up. She had prayed for strength. She had *tried* to submit, but her heart stood out against God, and she refused to say "*thy will be done.*" When the man of God came to her, and reasoned of the wisdom and righteousness of Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death, she assented to all he said, and then added, "*But I cannot give him up.*" "Shall I pray with you?" asked the venerable man. "O yes, sir, do pray." "And for what shall I pray?" he inquired. "Pray that my darling may be restored."

He did. He prayed with earnestness that God would spare the life of that dear child, and raise it up, to comfort its mother's heart. And then he prayed, that she might bow in meekness to her heavenly Father's will, and say "it is well," even if her darling was taken from her sight. The prayer was ended, and the man of God, in faithfulness, then assured the mother, that God might answer their prayers in judgment. "He may spare the life of this child, to be a living curse to you and to himself: you

may weep bitterly over his career on earth, and more bitterly when you lay him at last in the grave."

But she was not moved. She longed for his life. How could she live without him? If he should live, she would watch him with ceaseless care; she would pray with and for him; and thus she would train him up to love and serve the Lord, who was so good to spare him.

And he did live. God appeared for his deliverance from the malady that threatened to be his death, and the child recovered. O, how rejoiced was that mother's heart! She was all but frantic with delight, as she had been with grief before. Her boy lived. He grew up to be a young man. He became a handsome youth; fond of society; gay, frolicksome, wild, dissipated, corrupt, abandoned, ruined! He lived to despise his mother; to mock and insult her; to trample on her heart-strings; to laugh at her tears and scorn her prayers; and at last he died a wretched outcast, a hardened profligate. He must have gone down to a miserable hell. He had it in his bosom for years before he died, and then he entered on its miseries with no mitigation of everlasting woe.

And his mother knew it. She felt it all the time, when he was running his course of profligacy and crime. She felt that he was spared in judgment. She had wept tears when hanging over his little cot, in infancy, as then she thought he would die. But now her heart is bleeding, breaking. If he had died in childhood, it would have been so sweet to think of him in the arms of Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me." But now he is lost, lost, lost. Alas, for her boy! He is spared, not saved.

This is a fact, and there are those living who can testify to much of it. There is a lesson of power in it, that mothers, that parents would do well to heed. Our prayers are not always answered in mercy. God may grant our desires, and send leanness into our souls. So he may give us what we ask, and make that very gift the sorest, saddest curse, the world has for us. Children are a blessing, when they are not ours only, but the Lord's. Yet, when we claim them as our own, and cling to them as if we would not let the Lord have them, to set them as gems in his

crown, he may give them to us, and let us try our best to bring them up without him! If they are *ours*, and not his, they will perish. We may watch, and teach, and pray, but if God be not their keeper, guardian, and guide, their Redeemer, Sanctifier, and Saviour, they may live to be a hundred years old, and then die accursed.

If our children sicken, and we fear they are to die, let us bow to the will of Him who gave and has a right to take away. It is doubtless right and best that he should do what seemeth to him good. It may be very hard for us to part with them. They have wound themselves so thoroughly into our affections, that we feel as if we must die with them. But we know not the future of their lives, if they live! Yet, if they die in childhood, we know their future—they will be forever with the Lord. It is better, then, to leave them with him, who knows so much better than we, what is for our good and theirs. "He doeth all things well."

Original.

THE FAMILY ALTAR AND ITS INFLUENCES.

At no time does the family below present to my mind so faithful and striking a type of the family above, as when with one accord they have met in one place, to offer united praise to the Father of mercies. True it is with this, as every other illustration of life in that better country, much imperfection is mingled. A large share of *our* devotional exercises consists of confession of sin, and supplication for strength, against the time of temptation, besides which wandering thoughts and the fatigue of jaded spirits too often mar our worship, and render our solemn service vain. Yet, nevertheless, the family has been repeatedly used by God himself, as an emblem of his triumphant Church; and scarcely could one have been selected which would appeal so forcibly, because so sweetly, to the hearts of all men, in all ages.

I have been led to these remarks, by reviewing some of the occurrences of a varied life, and contemplating the vast power the

domestic altar retained over me in my youth, even when far removed from the place of its erection.

The residence of my father was inland, and remote from facilities for acquiring a commercial education. After mature reflection, my parents consented that I should follow the bent of my own inclination, and seek such advantages in a distant city.

The history of my first year was similar to that of many other ambitious youths. I was acquiring a knowledge of men and manners, but the narration *how*, is not material.

About this time a fit of sickness rendered it necessary for me to seek maternal care, under whose blessed influences health soon returned. The day before I again left home, to plunge more extensively than I had hitherto done into the whirl of business, I was sitting by my mother, and pouring into her willing ear some account of my cares and annoyances. She heard me patiently, and when I had concluded my story, put her arm around my neck, and kissing my forehead, said, "My son—*my dear son*, never think yourself forgotten by us. *Your father mentions your name night and morning.*"

I understood this perfectly. From my earliest infancy I had heard fervent petitions offered at such times, for the temporarily absent one, and now as I was going out into the world—perhaps never to return—the remembrance of this circumstance was a comfort to me. I *knew* the paths of youth were slippery, for I had seen sufficient of the world, even in a year, to be well aware of the fact, and in some degree realized the privilege of being so remembered.

Years rolled on—business nearly engrossed the whole of my secular time, but I never forgot my mother's impressive speech. Occasionally, anxiety would prevent me from offering more than the merest form of prayer myself—then would I think of my father's earnest petition, offered for *me* that morning, and in strength granted, in answer to it, rise *beside* the trial, if not immediately victorious over it. Sometimes pleasure would lure, by her siren voice, to a participation in unholy amusements, but the charm was powerless, when I thought of my father's prayer.

I have been young, and now am old, yet those words still ring

in my ears, and influence my conduct. The lips which then supplicated for me have exchanged supplications for everlasting praises, yet, in times of sorrow or perplexity, I feel my mother's lips on my fevered brow, and her words are a cordial to my heart. In times of joy and prosperity I remember them, and they act as a moderating agency to the sanguine restlessness of ambition.

Parents! throw around the hearts of your children a similar indestructible chain. At the family altar, teach them, by suitable petitions, that you sympathize with them, in their feeble attempts to do right: there, let confession be made for family sins, and grateful praise returned for family mercies; then may you hope for a reunion of your dispersed families, in a better country, even a heavenly. Y. S.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. IV.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

John. I hail the return of this evening with great pleasure, when we are to discuss another interesting subject, as I feel increasing enjoyment in the new information I have derived from the themes which heretofore have claimed our attention.

Papa. I am very glad that our last conversation was so much esteemed by you, and I think the present one will not be less interesting, as the topic your mamma has to propose will, I doubt not, be gratifying to all of us.

Mamma. I wish to introduce the subject of discoveries and improvements of the present era, that we may have an idea of our superior advantages above what any former age of the world possessed.

Sarah. But has it not been doubted, papa, whether the ancients did not know as much of the arts and sciences as we now do; nay, that in some things they were even superior to us?

Papa. In some things, doubtless, they were our superiors. The architecture of their temples and other public buildings have

not been equaled in modern times. Some of their paintings and sculpture are models to artists of the present day. They had a method of preserving the freshness and the beauty of their pictures, that, after a lapse of three thousand years, they appear as fresh as when they first came from the hand of the performer.

Ellen. I suppose some of the arts known in former ages are now lost, and never likely to be recovered.

Mamma. The Egyptians had an art of preserving their dead, by embalming, unknown now. The painting of glass was carried to a higher perfection than is done at the present day. The Roman public roads were made in a manner superior and more durable than our modern ones; and the ancient Mexicans had a method of painting feathers of which we are entirely ignorant; and the means by which our forefathers elevated huge masses of stone to a great height, seem to imply that they availed themselves of some mechanical power to which we now are strangers.

John. But if we are unacquainted with some few of the arts and conveniences of a former age, we certainly, I think, have the advantage of them, in the numerous accommodations afforded us by the discoveries of the present day.

Papa. This is decidedly the case. The floor of the palace of Queen Elizabeth was strewed with dried rushes instead of a carpet. Princes slept upon beds stuffed only with straw. That useful little article, the pin, was unknown upon a lady's toilet. Even the houses of imperial Rome had no chimneys until the second century; and linen, although it had been long manufactured in Egypt, was not introduced into the Eternal City till about the same time, that it might literally be said of the first Cæsars, they had not the luxury of an inner linen garment.

Ellen. I have often thought, of all household articles, the clock is really one of the most useful.

Mamma. Indeed it is, and may be said to be comparatively of recent invention. King Alfred measured time by candles, each being made to burn four hours. The sun-dial appears to have been the first means used to measure solar time; and the earliest we read of, was in the reign of Hezekiah, when the shadow went backward, upon the dial of Ahaz, ten degrees. The hour-glass,

with its running sands, was another memento of the flight of time, but now we have time-pieces made in the greatest perfection; some so small as even to be worn upon the finger; others, of a more public use, will move onward a week, a month, and even a year, without being wound up.

Sarah. There are several wonderful inventions of this age, that are prominent above all others, and are now rapidly effecting a change in the moral world greater than any other object can be said to accomplish—the first and the greatest of which is the art of printing.

Papa. I intend to take all of you shortly into a printing office, as then you will get a better idea of this wonderful art than it is possible for words to convey.

John. Is printing an art of very ancient date?

Mamma. The Chinese practiced it, by using wooden blocks, long before its introduction into Europe. The first book printed in England was the Game of Chess, in the year 1474, and the first whole printed Bible, in English, was the translation by Tindal, in the year 1535.

Ellen. Like all other arts, I suppose, printing came to its present state of perfection by gradual steps.

Papa. Certainly, the invention of metallic types, in the place of wooden blocks, then the art of stereotyping; and now, by the power of steam and the late cylinder presses, the quantity of information thus given to the world is almost incredible. Some of the publishers of our daily city papers assert that they can take from their presses from ten to twenty thousand copies in a hour.

Sarah. We see the great utility and blessedness of this invention, by the cheapness with which books can be had. A good Bible can be purchased, at the Society's rooms, for twenty-five cents. It is a happy thought, that there are a number of presses constantly at work, both here and in the mother country, whereby the streams of divine truth are flowing into all parts of the world.

John. The making of books must have been a very slow process formerly, and their scarcity must have placed them beyond the means of the greater part of the community.

Mamma. This was indeed the case. Every author had to employ his amanuensis, which literally means a sword in hand; criers and public heralds were employed by the governments, to notify their orders and deeds—in the place of which our dailies, and other emanations from the press, give the same information with far greater facility, and to an almost unlimited extent.

Sarah. Leaving the subject of printing, I have often admired the brilliancy of the light from the gas, which so greatly cheers our streets in the nights of winter. I suppose this is a discovery of the present age.

Papa. This art of lighting our cities—one of the most useful accommodations we have—is of late practice. In the year 1414 the citizens of London were ordered to hang out lanterns, to light the streets, and three centuries afterward an act of the government was passed, for completely lighting the metropolis; and it was at a much later period when gas came to be used for this purpose.

Ellen. This is certainly a wonderful and useful invention, but I think the use of electricity, as a means of conveying information to any distance, and in a single point of time, does appear to me to be the climax to all the inventions and discoveries the human mind has ever achieved.

Mamma. I have often thought so. Electricity is a most fearful element, of almost omnipotent power. We sometimes see its beautiful and restless coruscations in the sky, called the Aurora Borealis. Its desolations are seen in the destruction of buildings and the instantaneous bereavement of human life, and yet we can form a simple machine, and receive from it a harmless and even a beneficial result, giving a shock to our whole system; while, if we stroke our hand backward over the fur of a cat, in the dark, we plainly see its radiant sparks and hear its gentle intonations.

Sarah. I have often admired the fortitude and perseverance of Franklin, when he tried the experiment of conducting the fluid from the clouds by the string of his kite; that when he saw his plan had fully succeeded, he felt, he said, as if he could have died upon the spot—as he had then solved a question which no other philosopher had been able to explain.

Papa. The method of writing by this powerful agent is most strange. By this discovery both time and space are almost annihilated, and we may suppose there will be improvements in this invention beyond what, at present, we can conjecture. It is not long since the first steam-ship crossed the Atlantic, but now that is a common occurrence, and already it is in contemplation to lay the electric telegraph across the same ocean. Truly we may say with the Latin poet, "Quo cogis mortalia corda." What will not man accomplish?

John. Has there been any discovery of a railroad in the ruins of ancient cities?

Mamma. Nothing of this kind has as yet been found. The author of the railway system was Thomas Grey, of Leeds, in England, who was born about half a century ago. He was declared to be insane as late as the year 1820, but his perseverance at length succeeded, and the world has been benefited by the madness of Thomas Grey! But he appears to have been a neglected man, and but a few years ago earned his living by selling glass upon commission.

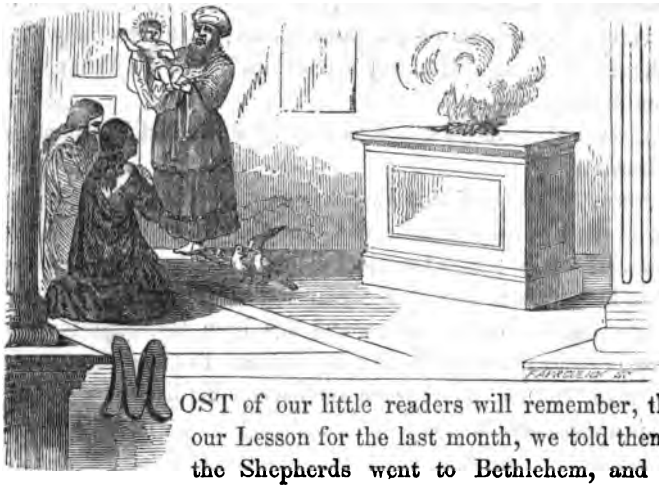
THE WAY TO STRENGTHEN BODY AND MIND.—Children should be taught in such a manner, as to be prompted unceasingly to the most vigorous exertion of their own talents.

The human mind is not a mere vessel, into which knowledge is to be poured. It is better compared to a bee, fed during the first periods of its existence by the labors of others; but intended, ere long, to lift its wings in the active employment of collecting sweets from every field within its reach. To such excursions, and to the accomplishment of such purposes, the mind should be early and sedulously allured. This is the only way to give it energy and strength. Without the active exercise of its powers, neither body nor mind can acquire vigor. Without bodily exertions, GOLIATH, six cubits high, would have been only a gigantic boy: without mental efforts, NEWTON would have been merely an *infant of days.*—PRES. DWIGHT.

Editorial.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE BABE TO THE LORD.



MOST of our little readers will remember, that in our Lesson for the last month, we told them that the Shepherds went to Bethlehem, and there found Mary, and Joseph, and THE BABE, lying in a manger.

When it was six weeks old, its parents brought it to Jerusalem, which was about six miles from Bethlehem, to present it to the Lord, and to offer a sacrifice, according to the requirement of the Jewish Law, which was "a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons."

When the parents of this little babe brought him into the temple, a good old man came in whose name was Simeon, and he took the babe in his arms, and blessed God, and blessed his parents, for this child. Simeon was old, and about to die, and he rejoiced to see the Son of God before he died. While Simeon was holding the babe in his arms, a good old woman also came in, whose name was Anna. She was very old, and lived near the temple, and served God day and night. When she saw the babe, she praised God, for she knew it was the Saviour of mankind, and rejoiced to see him.

About the time the Saviour was born, there was a great stir

among the people. And there came *wise men* from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him. There was a very wicked king in those days named Herod. He dwelt at Jerusalem; and when he heard about the Saviour, he was troubled, and all the people around him. Our Saviour was called a king, and Herod thought he would probably dethrone him; and he determined to prevent it. So he gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, and inquired of them where Christ should be born. They told him that he was to be born in Bethlehem of Judea, because the prophets had so predicted. When Herod heard this, he privately called the wise men, and inquired of them what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and told them to go and search diligently for the young child; and when they had found him, to bring him word again, that he might come and worship him also. But Herod did not mean to worship him—he meant to kill him.

When they went to search for the babe, lo, the same star which they had before seen, went before them, to guide them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, because they knew God sent it, to guide them to the Saviour. Ever since, the Saviour has sometimes been called the "Star of Bethlehem." We have a very pretty hymn, written by Henry Kirke White, about this star. It was a light which God placed in the sky, to guide these wise men to the Saviour. So the Saviour is called the light of the world, to guide all mankind to heaven.

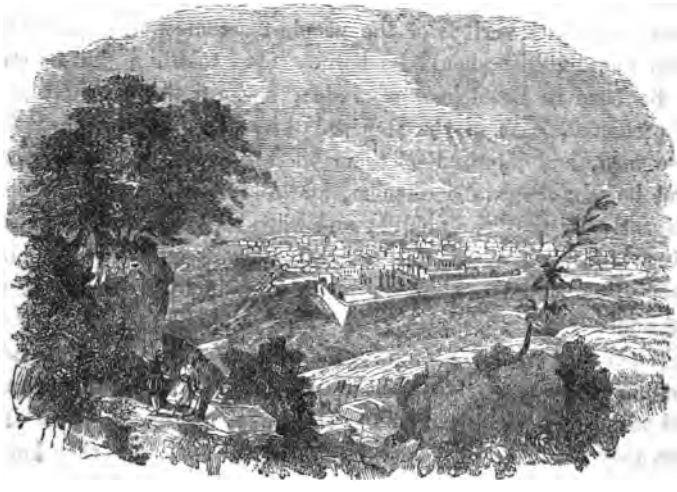
HYMN.

ONCE on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my life, my all,
  It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
  It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem;
For ever and for evermore,
  The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.



THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

When these wise men came into the house, and saw the little babe with Mary his mother, they fell down and worshiped him. And when they had opened their treasures, which they carried with them, they presented unto him gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. After the wise men had seen the child, they were warned in a dream not to return to Herod, and they departed into their own country another way. And when they were departed, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, and told him to take the young child and his mother, by night, and go into Egypt, for Herod would seek the young child, to kill it. So they took the child and went into Egypt.

But when Herod saw that the wise men did not return, he was very angry. So he sent his men, and killed all the young chil-

dren in Bethlehem and all around—all that were under two years old. He thought the Saviour could not be over two years old, and if he killed all the little babes under that age, he would be sure to destroy the Saviour, who was to be king. O, how wicked! to kill all these little babes. How their mothers wept, and lamented, and mourned! How they loved their little babes, and how cruel this king must have been to have caused so much pain and suffering! But after all, Herod did not kill the BABE he meant to, for God had warned Joseph and Mary to take him into Egypt—away from Bethlehem—and Herod did not know that; so he killed all these little babes without accomplishing his wicked design.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the parents carry this little babe when he was six weeks old?

How far is Jerusalem from Bethlehem?

Why did his parents carry him to Jerusalem?

What sacrifice did they offer?

Were they required to do this by the Jewish Law?

When the mother of this little babe brought him into the temple, who were there?

What did they do?

Did the birth of the Saviour make a great stir at Jerusalem?

Who came to see him from Jerusalem?

What guided them to the Saviour?

What is the Saviour sometimes called?

Did the wise men worship him?

What did Herod do?

Did Herod wish to worship the child?

Did the wise men return to Herod?

Why did they not return to Herod?

Where did the parents carry the child?

What did Herod do when he saw the wise men did not return?

Did Herod kill the little babe?

What did the mothers do when Herod slew all their little infants?

Original.

"SHADY RILL." C. M.

Words by Bishop Heber. **Music by Th. Hastings, Esq.**

Tenor. **Dolce.**

1. By cool Si - lo - - am's shad - y rill, How sweet the

Treble.

Alto.

2. And such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of

Bass.

li - ly grows; How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of

peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is

Sha - ron's dew - y rose, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose;

up - ward drawn to God, Is up - ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away;

4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age, [power,
May shake the soul with sorrow's
And stormy passion's rage.

5. O thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine, [crown'd,
Whose years with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine,

6. Dependent on thy bounteous breath
We seek thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own.

Editorial.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

WHO shall enumerate them, or fathom their depth? A description of them on paper would resemble Ezekiel's roll, in which were written lamentations, and mourning, and woe.

A mother's trials commence early; she looks forward with the most anxious solicitude, whether the being which, through her instrumentality, is about to commence an endless, responsible, sensitive existence, shall have a perfectly-formed body, or be a cripple all its days. Whether it shall be endowed with the gift of reason, or be hidden in an asylum. Whether it shall be a blessing to its parents and an ornament in society, or the bane and curse of its species. Finally, whether it is to be the companion of perfect and angelic beings, or the comrade of debased and unhallowed spirits of despair, in an existence never to be ended. And, in addition to all these, there is the solemn thought, that, in giving birth to the child, she may sacrifice her own life, and leave her babe in a cold world, deprived of the tenderness of a mother's care, in the helpless season of infancy; to grow up without that watchfulness which, from no other eye, is so efficient.

Not only do a mother's trials commence thus early, but they greatly increase as the powers of the infant expand. In his boyhood he leaves the sanctum of the nursery, and takes his place among the peers of his day, and is exposed to scenes and examples, from evil influences, to which he was hitherto a stranger.

Every observing parent must have noticed, that there are in children certain propensities to evil, which need a determination to correct, on their first appearance, lest they should prove the ruin of the mind hereafter. The first falsehood; the first act of disobedience; the least obstinacy of temper; or a sullenness of disposition, will each call forth all the wisdom, the firmness, and the prayers, of the anxious mother, that she may be successful in her attempts to counteract these appearances; but alas! how frequently has she had to wade through seas of trials,

and, with agonizing feelings, wrestle with God in prayer, that her warnings to, and her efforts with, her child may be effectual in restraining him from that indulgence, which she so well knows, if not checked now, will lead to everlasting ruin.

The numerous diseases to which the infant is exposed, and the sufferings which it so often endures, weigh more heavily upon the mother's heart than that of any others; her very nature and position render her more susceptible of sorrow, and place her among scenes where she so constantly comes in contact with pain, and sickness, and grief. The numberless accidents to which the child is exposed, when it begins to feel its own powers of body, and put them into practice, still more increase its exposure to bruises and other injuries, and adds to the numberless causes of anxiety which thrill through every fibre of a mother's heart. In an unexpected moment, a fall may render it a helpless cripple. The fire may cause it to endure intense agonies; or some article, left out of its proper place, within its reach, may endanger its life, or maim it for all its future days.

Should she be called to resign her babe to an early grave, who but a mother can fathom that depth of poignant grief, which corrodes her heart, when bending over her suffering babe, who is unconscious of the reason why it should thus suffer? The less hope there is of life, the more intense are the maternal yearnings; and, as the fact becomes more certain, that all her past hopes and prospects are to be crushed, the more firmly does her very nature cling to her helpless innocent. And it is a sacred, untold struggle, that desolates, as a tornado, her heart, ere she is fully brought to submit to the sovereignty of heaven; and even then she dares not trust herself to watch over the expiring moments of her loved one, but she exclaims, with Hagar, "Let me not see the death of the child!"

Should the child be spared, while he is increasing in years, and is less under the maternal vision, the mother's trials, instead of being diminished, become more numerous and perplexing. His absence gives rise to many fears, lest his companions should lead him astray from right paths; and the unhallowed language and depraved examples that now meet his notice, demand from her

redoubled vigilance, warning, and precept, lest her loved one should be enticed away, into the paths of the destroyer. As he grows older, and becomes more acquainted with the allurements, follies, and wickedness of the world, she tremblingly watches the effect of her own teaching upon the immortal mind she has been moulding, and hopes or desponds, as she has reason to conclude, that her instructions, under the divine blessing, have given a right bias to the mind of the youth, or that they have been unheeded, and he prefers the downward road to ruin and despair. And O! what gratitude is so deep and lasting as that which emanates from a mother's heart, when, bowing before the mercy-seat, she rejoices in the second birth of the object of her maternal solicitude.

We would here refer to the disobedience of children, and that want of affection which some parents have to mourn over, as their children are growing up, and fancy they no longer need their aid. From these two sources, many a mother's heart has been deeply lacerated. An unkind word, a remissness of former affection, try a mother's feelings, and occasion her to shed bitter tears, when she reflects that her past watchings and frequent self-denials should be thus rewarded.

Should her children succeed in life, and rise to stations of honor and eminence, she trembles for their safety, when earthly dignities and favors have passed away, lest they should prove the very means of the destruction of those principles in which she trained them. It is recorded of the mother of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, that when her son was at the height of his power, and he was giving kingdoms to his brothers, a friend of hers one day expressed her surprise that she should feel the least anxiety about the future, for any of her family. "Who knows," she replied, "but that one day I may have to support all these kings?" Amidst scenes of disappointment and poverty, which may be the lot of him whom she has trained, the mother's love falters not; she still feels the same promptings of maternal solicitude, and only relieves her own heart of the burden of her trials, by still clinging to him or her, in whose life her own is bound up; and whose vicissitudes and trying circumstances render her children still dearer to her maternal heart.

Original.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

BY A PASTOR.

Mothers have much to do with a subject that is now employing the minds of many of our wisest and best men. Recent examinations have revealed a fearful fact, in reference to the number of children and youth that are growing up in sin, in the streets of the city of New York; and the attention of the good and benevolent has been seriously roused to answer rightly the inquiry, "What shall be done?"

It concerns mothers, not in the city only, but in the country. There is an aspect of this subject which has not been considered, and this periodical is just the place to consider it. It has its bearings on the present and eternal interests of the children of all the parents into whose hands these pages fall, and if they would read and heed, perhaps a thought may be suggested that will be for the salvation of a son or daughter.

You remember the mother who rushed down the street of a city, in pursuit of a horse, that was running away with a child, in a carriage; and when she was wringing her hands in despair, at her inability to save the boy, she was asked "if it was her child." "No," said she, "but it is somebody's child!" If these wretched and perishing youth are not our children, they are somebody's children, and we have the feelings of common humanity to prompt us in efforts for their rescue. There ought to be a brotherhood and sisterhood of feeling on this subject, that will make the interests of one parent the interests of all; and thus a combined and mighty effort might be made for the promotion of judicious efforts for the salvation of these perishing children. But the question that I wish to meet, and the one that I feel will be asked immediately, is this: "What have we, who are not in the city of New York, to do with this subject? Our children are not there, exposed to the dangers of the streets, and the haunts of vice.

We will keep ours out of the way, and what can we do for yours?"

This is the very point I wish to meet; and I meet it with a thought that should make a deep impression on the heart of every mother who reads it. These wretched children in the city are not the children of the city. Some of them are. Some of them are the children of vice, and are walking in the steps of their parents. But many of them were born in the pure atmosphere of the country, and of parents as pious as those who are reading these lines. There are several thousand of young girls in this city, who are now hopelessly abandoned to the most debasing vice, and over whose ruin we may weep—for it is not likely that anything can be done to save them. *They are lost.* But they were, almost *all of them*, born in the country. They have had parents who loved them, and who have shed tears of anguish over their wandering and downfall. They have been tempted to leave the home of their childhood by false hopes. Perhaps some of them were sent here by their parents to learn a trade; or came to service, and here have fallen into the snares that are set for the feet of the unwary, and they are now caught by a monster who never lets go his prey. I met with one of these girls in the Park, a few evenings since, and when she addressed me with the boldness that marks her profligate sisterhood, I said to her, with a gentleness that I hoped would touch her heart, "*Where does your mother live?*" Her voice trembled, and I doubt not, the tears gathered, but it was too dark for me to see, as she named the sweet village on the Connecticut River—a spot that I knew well—and where virtue reigns, if it lives anywhere in the world. But this poor creature, now an outcast—a despised, polluted, wretched, ruined thing—whom to speak to, even as I was speaking, is a disgrace to a decent man—this miserable girl was once a child, in a pleasant, peaceful, virtuous home, in a sweet village of New England.

To save the children of the city from ruin, and to save the children of the country from becoming the children of the city, I would begin the work of reform *at home*. Houses of Refuge, and Homes for the Destitute, and Asylums for the Young, are infinitely desirable. There are more subjects for their tender mercies than

their walls can hold. Build more, and larger; but they will not stay the progress of the work of death. They will take the children fashioned for their service; but we want to keep the children from being fitted for these receptacles of the vicious and the poor. *Begin at home.* The Association that carries the Bible and the Tract into the home of the destitute is helping to save. The Church, that reaches the wretched with its constant ministry of grace, is doing more. The mother, who daily prays and daily labors to impress divine truth upon the heart of her child, is winding around him cords that may, one day, hold him out of hell. If it had not been for them, he would have fallen in. The father who makes home pleasant to his child, and teaches him lessons of virtue, from the pages of God's word, is binding that child to himself and to Christ. I have great faith in that covenant which God has made with faithful parents. Try it, and see if he is not true to his holy word.

There are thousands of children, in the various families which this Magazine visits; and from these thousands there are some who may help to swell the tide of immortal souls, who are now crowding the Broadway of death! They might be saved. They ought to be saved. The father, the mother, who feels the power of parental responsibility, will awake to duty, in view of the danger, and strive to train up the child in the way he should go. It is a great work. God has not given a greater work to any of his creatures. He will hold them to an account for the manner of doing it.

These are somewhat incoherent thoughts. They are not in the track of the usual remark respecting the youth of our city, whose case is exciting so much attention. The most of good men are devising ways and means to save these now perishing in the midst of us. Save them by all means. Open your hands and hearts, yes, and your doors, to them. Give them bread, and work, and wages, and give them religious instruction. But I speak for the other thousands that are coming to fill their places. Keep them out of the way. Keep them at home. Teach them there; train them as they should be trained, and we have the promise, that when they grow up they shall walk in the way of peace.

Original.

TRAITS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

"In early days the conscience has, in most,
A quickness, which in latter life is lost:
Preserved from guilt by salutary fears,
Or guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wisely store the nursery, by degrees,
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease."

It is taken for granted that every artist is acquainted with the nature of the object on which he proposes to bestow his skill, and understands the materials with which he is to work. If not, he incurs the penalty of failure. Now all parents are, to the extent of their family circle, workers in mind. Whether the number of children to be trained for immortality be two or twenty, makes little difference in the *absolute* importance of the work, however the idea of numbers may enhance its *relative* importance. Every parent ought to recollect that a single father has a thousand millions of children, of one generation alone, now living on the earth, and that the character of each one of these has been affected by the perverse exercise of the will of a common mother. "Children unto the third and fourth generation" are spoken of, as involved in the obedience or disobedience of their progenitors. The relation of a parent, then, to future mind is momentous, not to say tremendous. The influence is not the less certain and powerful, because intermediate and remote. The direct, present action of your mind upon your child is but the first link in a long, unbroken chain of moral causes, that will be perpetually active, while you slumber in the unconscious tomb. Hence, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the power of maternal influences, or to exaggerate the importance of the maternal relation, and the extent

of parental obligation. Hence the duty of studying the nature of children, that we may know how to treat them; of investigating the traits of childhood, that we may seek their right development.

That the Redeemer of souls contemplated the traits of children, nay, the very prerogatives of childhood, with peculiar interest, is evident, from Mark x. 15, Mat. xviii. 5, 10. One of these traits is *inquisitiveness*. The nascent activity of the undying mind is strikingly seen in their propensity to ask questions. These questions concern not only the visible objects of art and nature around us, but they attempt to penetrate even the existence of God himself. Never is the impotence of our minds to transcend their assigned limits more sensibly felt, than when they are pressed with such inquiries. While we are thus incited to adore the infinite and incomprehensible God, we feel there is a responsibility upon us to meet these questions, and turn to advantage the spirit of investigation they indicate, by instructing the young mind in whatever is intelligible and useful. The flower that blooms in beauty to the eye; the rose that sparkles with the dew-drops of the morning; the softened glow of a summer sunset; the bright array of the host of heaven, "forever singing as they shine;" even the "adoring silence of the night," as Mrs. Hemans beautifully expresses it—all, all, are fitted to convey lessons of instruction, as well as to minister to the sense of the beautiful within us. Children are essentially imaginative. While reason and judgment are in them quite imperfect, the imagination is creative, vagrant, many-colored. It is a very kaleidoscope in its versatility of hues and shapes, and unless watched, restrained, and rectified, as aimless and useless as that beautiful instrument. It is on that faculty the evil influence of temptation begins early to work. Oh, fond and anxious mother! be it your incessant labor to supply it with images of purity and love.

Children are UNPREJUDICED. I do not mean that the youthful mind is incapable of contracting prejudice. So far from this, it is quick to participate in the prejudices and prepossessions of the parental mind, ready to catch and to copy a harsh sentiment or opinion that may chance to fall from the parental lips. But I

mean that prejudice, "the spider of the soul," as it has been aptly called, does not seem, like love, to be native to the young mind. In many children it is quite overlaid by the growth of the sweeter affections. Its perpetual exclusion from the tender mind cannot be too assiduously sought. To accomplish this end, the most vigilant circumspection is requisite. Unguarded words (and the tongue is never so unguarded as in the domestic circle) may soon plant the bitter weed in a soil too ready to nourish it. The thoughtless censure of a neighbor may create an ineradicable prejudice. A hasty animadversion, even upon the minister of God, may interpose in the mind of a child a fatal obstacle to its edification, and even its salvation. Oh, never let us be accessory to a feeling of disrespect for the accredited servants of the Lord. In these times of free-thinking and speaking, how slender the reverence for the sacred office compared with that which so well became the generation that has gone, whose childhood was more carefully nursed amid the sanctities of religion, and participated in the general spirit of veneration for the servants of the Most High!

Children are IMITATIVE. The consideration of this quality naturally arises out of the preceding remarks. Now they should have the best models. And as the best models we can produce are imperfect at best, they will be prone to copy the imperfections. Hence the unspeakable importance of striving to set before them a good example, in all things conformed to a high and holy standard. Example is not confined to the few, fleeting years of life. It survives the tomb. Over its vitality all-conquering Death has no power. We live again in those who come after us, and shape and mould their destiny. "As the mother, so is her daughter," was a proverb ancient as Ezekiel, who seized on the popular saying, and applied it to the case before him. When the heart of the father is turned toward his child, that heart feels the gentle shock, and reacts with affecting tenderness on the paternal bosom. There is no power like that with which God has invested parents over their children.

Children are naturally SELFISH. This is among the follies or sins "bound in the heart of a child." To its destruction let your wisest, steadiest efforts be directed. Place before them, in all its

august and impressive beauty, the disinterested benevolence of the Son of God, who "pleased not himself," who was "the servant of all," and lived for others, even for those who were incapable of conferring a favor on him, while they had deeply offended him. Nor will it suffice to inculcate preceptive lessons upon them. They must be initiated by practice into the reality of benevolence. They must part with beloved objects for the good of others. They must be inoculated with a detestation of the natural selfishness of their hearts, or it will grow in future life to a disgusting deformity. Cecil threw the idolized necklace of his child into the fire, to teach it faith, or trust in his ability and willingness to provide a better. This was severe, perhaps too severe for the object, but it would seem no discipline can be too sharp for the extinction of selfishness. But, with all the perversity of childhood, there is an important sense in which it may be said to be TEACHABLE. The fact of the *inquisitiveness*, referred to, is in proof of this. Our Saviour, too, tells us we must "receive the kingdom of God as a little child." The mind, in fact, is constantly learning something good or bad, as the lungs habitually breathe a pure or a polluted atmosphere. How early a child learns its vernacular language! With language comes thought; with thought sentiment, opinion, association, all the primordial elements of the future inner man. Even the firmness or weakness of the nerves may depend on the moral treatment of the child. William Wirt tells us that the sight of his aunt running behind the door, and screaming with fright at a thunder-storm, affected him through life with a similar dread of that natural phenomenon. How constantly, often how unconsciously, are we teaching the young! The *quality* of their lessons is the great point to be considered.

Nor should we fail to meet, in a proper spirit, that TRUSTFULNESS which is a part of their nature. We seem originally constituted so as to expect to find truth in the world, and especially in the hearts of our parents. Nor is it until experience has taught us how falsehood abounds, that this confidence is impaired, and along with advancing years, we demand proportionate corroborative evidence for what claims our belief. It is painful to reflect what injury has been inflicted on the young by unthinking moth-

ers and stupid nurses, who take the liberty of practicing on the credulity of children, often to a shameful extent—retailing to them idle superstitions, dealing out abominable fictions, and making them stare, and even tremble, at their lying wonders.

The SOCIALITY of children is proverbial. How quick to become mutually acquainted! How different their ways from the cool and cautious intercourse of mature and artificial life! Hence arises a parental duty—to guard their companionships. Many have been ruined by their early associations. They know not how to choose their friends, such as deserve the name. The serpent has often lurked amid the roses of the social bower. The May Queen Festival has been the school of vanity and ultimate moral ruin; the dancing-room the vestibule of hell. There are higher and nobler pleasures, even for youth, in its most ardent and sprightly forms and manifestations. Great skill, indeed, is necessary in parents, to direct and control the sympathies and socialities of their children. But "if any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." The early *implantation of the grace of God* is the chief of all objects to be sought; the only certain conservative principle of the soul; the pledge of future happiness, and the earnest of future usefulness. Grace alone can bring our dear ones to glory. I cannot but conclude, as I began this paper, with some lines from the poet of the home and the heart.

"His heart, now passive, yields to thy command;
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,
Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
Complain not, if attachments lewd and base
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place.
But if thou guard its sacred chambers sure
From vicious inmates and delights impure,
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
And keep him warm and filial to the last;
Or if he prove unkind, (as who can say
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
Howe'er he slight thee, *thou hast done thy part!*"

Original.

A SABBATH TALK WITH LITTLE SUZY.

BY MRS. H. C. CONANT.

"COME, Suzy," said the mother, "let us read awhile in this pretty picture Bible. We will read how God made the world."

"O mamma, I know all about that."

"Never mind; let us read it once more. But first we will go and sit in the porch. Look round, Suzy, and tell me what you see."

"Why, here are the flowers all round the yard, mamma; and there is the beautiful green meadow, with lambs and cows in it, and over the brook is the village, and behind the village are those pretty hills."

"Look up, and tell me what you see.'

"Only the sky, mamma; but it looks very blue, and there are some little white clouds sailing about on it. Ah, there goes a bird! it's a hawk, mamma. And now there are some little birds. Wee, wee things, how happy you must be! O, hear that robin, how he sings in the elm-tree."

"Suzy, there was a time when there was not one of these things made. There were no people in the earth; no animals moving about on it; no birds flying in the air; no trees, nor grass; no sun; no sky. Oh, it was a dark, dismal place. Thick clouds were wrapped around it; a black, muddy sea rolled over its whole surface. It was always, always night—cold, dark, still. God alone was there in the darkness and silence."

"Was it so, mamma? How do you know?"

"The Bible tells us so. 'In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void (waste, empty), and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.' The earth was made, but it was not fit for man to live on. But now God was going to make it a beautiful home for us. He is our Father, you

know, and he wanted to make his children very happy. He thought he would put into this home every thing that was pleasant to look at, good to taste, sweet to hear and to smell. Now, shall we go on and see how it was done?"

"Oh yes, mamma; is that in the Bible too?"

"Yes, dear, you have often read it, only you didn't *think;* you only read the words. Now I will tell you what he did first. 'God said, Let there be light, and there was light.' Shut your eyes, and try to think how it seemed. The black clouds grew a little lighter. They began to rise slowly up from the water. The dark, muddy waves rolled heavily, and glimmered a little in that first ray. By-and-bye it became night again, dark and still as before. The light of the first day was gone."

"But after a while it grew light again; the second morning had come. 'Then God said, Let there be a firmament.' That means the arch of the sky. The clouds rose up high into the air, and left this open space as we see it now. It looked as a dull, cloudy day does to us. Night came, and closed the second day."

"Did he do nothing else all that day, mamma?"

"The great God, my dear, is never in a hurry, as we are. He never does any more than is best, at one time. But do you think that was a small work for one day? Think how long it takes to build one house; how many men are busy for weeks, and perhaps months, before it is done. Now look up at that noble arch, how broad and high it is. It reaches from the hills on this side to the hills on that side, and the top is above the flight of any bird. Millions of houses could stand under it, and yet it was all made in one day."

"Go on, mamma."

"The third morning came. You will be glad to hear about this—great and beautiful things were done on the third day. 'God said, Let the waters be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear.' First the tops of the mountains, then the hills, then the plains and valleys rose slowly out of the water, and the waves rolled back into great hollows, and became seas. Soon, green grass began to spring on all the hills and vales, bushes

sprouted from the earth, and trees rose and grew, till tall forests crowned the mountains, and waved on the slopes, while groves of orange, and fig, and citron, and all kinds of delicious fruits, clustered in the valleys. So closed the third day.

"The fourth morning came, and with it came something more grand and beautiful than all before. 'God said, Let there be light in the firmament.' The clouds grew bright, they parted, they melted away, and there stood the glorious sun, for the first time, shining in the clear blue sky. The whole earth seemed to laugh with gladness. Every little brook sparkled as it ran, and ten thousand flowers bloomed out all at once, and breathed forth their sweetest smells. And as evening came on, and the sun sunk down in the West, the moon beamed like a slender silver bow, in heaven, with one bright star close by her side. Night came too, but not like those other gloomy nights, for all the sky was spangled with stars, like little points of fire.

'The sun rose on the fifth morning over this beautiful and silent world. How beautiful, and how silent! Not a sound, but of the rustling leaves and the murmuring water; not a voice, not a stir of living thing amidst it all."

"Mother, I should have thought it was Sunday, if I had been there."

"But God speaks, and the silence is gone. A gush of sudden music breaks from every grove; the trees and the air are all alive with the stir of wings. God has made the birds! The eagle sits perched upon the lofty crag; the lark soars singing to the sun; the turtle-dove coos to its mate; the swift swallow skims along the stream; humming-birds glance among the flowers. The water, too, is all alive. Great whales are sporting in the sea, and thousands of smaller fishes dart hither and thither, and leap out of the water as if wild with joy. And so the fifth night drew its starry curtain over a world of life and happiness, as well as beauty.

"The sixth day has come. And now, at the command of God, the earth, as well as the air and the water, swarms with life. In the forests range the majestic lion, the elephant, the tiger, the beautiful leopard, the graceful deer; goats spring from height to

height; the fleet horse, with curving neck and flying mane, bounds across the plain; lambs feed in the green valleys. The squirrel chatters and cracks his nuts in the trees; the monkey shows his antic tricks. The little moles and mice are playing about the tree roots; gay lizards bask in the sun; worms, insects, and ten thousand other happy creatures, start into life at the word of the Creator. Ah, it is no silent world now. The motion and the voices of millions of joyful beings fill the air with gladness. And God looked down upon the earth, and saw that it was all very good.

"But one thing is yet wanting. Of all these happy, living creatures, not one knows who made him; not one can love Him. The children, for whom the great Father has prepared this beautiful home, are not yet made. It is now all ready for their use. 'Then God said, Let us make man.' Two beings, a man and a woman, more beautiful and noble than any other creatures upon the earth, are formed out of the dust. They do not creep upon the ground, but stand upright. They look round on the fair earth, and up to the sky; they listen to the sweet sounds, they smell the flowers, they taste the fruits; and they know that God has made them all. They sing, and their voices swell out sweeter than the birds, for they sing hymns of praise to God. They speak, and God himself comes down and talks with them. These are the children for whom He made the earth. He gives it to them for their own. Yes, this whole earth, with all its plants, and all its living creatures, is given to them for their own. They are to rule over all the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field. Now the creation is finished, and the sixth day closes over the perfect work of God.

"The seventh day is the Sabbath, and there is rest on earth and in heaven!"

It was debated before Agesilaus, whether courage or justice was the greatest virtue.

"There would be no occasion for valor, if all men were just," observed the king.

Original.

HOW SOON SHALL WE BEGIN?

BY REV. S. I. PRIME.

THE question is often asked, how early we may begin to inculcate religious truth on the minds of children. I have just been reading an article in a foreign review, the design of which is to discourage early religious instruction, lest the brain of the child should be unduly excited, and "cerebral disease" produced. The writer argues his case with the zeal of a skeptical physician, who would guard the life of the body at the risk of the soul. Better philosophy would teach that religious truth, imparted with gentleness, will develop the mind in harmony, and exert that soothing and restraining power on the faculties which is the best security against mental disease.

I do not doubt that parents often err in the mode of communicating religious truth to children. Their anxiety about the future condition of their offspring leads them to seek early to awaken in their children the same anxiety for themselves. A parent, believing in the future and eternal misery of the finally impenitent, is necessarily solicitous that his precious children may be saved from the evil to come. He is distressed at the thought that his child may dwell in everlasting burnings, and he earnestly desires to secure him from such fearful danger. A fond mother is filled with anguish, at the thought that her dear child may lie down in devouring fire, and she would cheerfully give her own life a ransom for the soul of one she loves so tenderly. And when to this is added the more important and impressive consideration of the essential wickedness of sin, and its infinite odiousness in the sight of God, how anxious the maternal heart must be that the child may not be left to be an ever-living enemy of the Holy One!

When these reflections have their appropriate weight with parents, they are led to serious effort for their children's early conversion; and the considerations here mentioned are those which often give the type to the instructions which these parents impart.

Children are easily frightened. When alarmed they show their feelings readily. Indiscreet parents sometimes think they have made a great advancement in their children's improvement, when they have roused them by a fear of death and hell. Perhaps they have, but perhaps they have not. There are motives which may be addressed with great propriety to the stout-hearted, hardened sinner, that should never be urged, without great caution, upon the minds of tender children. Our Lord and Saviour would say to the proud and malicious *men* around him, "Ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" But when he would win the little ones to himself, he would say, "Of such is the kingdom." This is the example that suggests the mode of instruction I would inculcate. It is not well to alarm the young—the very young. It *is* well to begin with the dawn of intelligence to impart religious knowledge to the mind. There are precious truths which ought to come with the most gentle and persuasive power to the heart, and these are capable of being comprehended by the child of four.

And much discrimination is required in reference to the peculiar temperament of children. Some will be easily affected by considerations that may be powerless on others. I have seen some children in paroxysms of weeping when others of equal age and equal thoughtfulness, but less nervous, have been unmoved. Exciting children to tears is not always doing them any good. Sometimes it may be doing them an injury. Those who are thus easily affected, especially when they are made restless in the night, by religious teaching, should be tenderly dealt with. The foundation of physical and mental disease, of long years of intense suffering, or perhaps of nervous derangement, fitful melancholy, and even of premature death, may be laid in the indiscreet attempts to bring such children under the dominion of divine truth. The design is good, and the result may be reached without the fearful risk of destroying body, mind, and soul.

The subject is one of great delicacy, and needs to be treated with caution, but I am satisfied there must be attention paid to it. The Christian life is often determined by the direction it takes at the outset. It ought to be a calm, consistent, cheerful life. It

will not be, if the Christian is not well balanced. The character depends much on early influences, moral and physical. And when these are brought to bear on the child, they should be exerted with judgment. What will answer for one, will not answer for another.

If these thoughts are correct, and the principles here taught are kept in view, we cannot begin too early to teach our children the way of life. They should receive religious impressions with the very first that reach the mind. So far from receiving injury therefrom, they will be benefited even in childhood. They will comprehend divine and saving truth much earlier than the most of parents suppose. Facts are multitudinous in proof of the early sanctification of children. How early, no one can say. Of such, as infants are, is the kingdom of heaven.

Extracted from the Bible History of Prayer.

THE FIRST PRAYER RECORDED IN THE BIBLE.

BY REV. CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

THE *first* prayer *in form*, recorded in the Bible, was that of a father in behalf of a child.

Was there *design* in this? Did God intend to show to parents in all future time, by giving the example of Abraham so early and prominent a place in the Inspired Volume, how parents should feel, and how they should pray for their children? Many parents put forth unwearied effort for the worldly prosperity and advancement of their children, but they seldom or never *pray* for them. If they could do but one—better, far better, to pray; but both may be consistently combined; yet prayer should have the pre-eminence.

This first prayer asked *more* than God had offered to bestow. The patriarch did not ask for a *reversal* of the divine decision. Although he had long cherished the belief that Ishmael was the promised heir, and that the covenant was to descend to him, when informed that Isaac, and not Ishmael, was the divine choice, he

at once cheerfully acquiesces. It is not our prerogative to prescribe to God; nor, when his will is revealed, should we wish it altered. But our Heavenly Father allows his children to plead with Him for other and larger blessings, than at any time he has promised. This Abraham did. God had made no distinct and special promises to Ishmael, but great and incomprehensible blessings to Isaac. Grateful for these in prospect, Abraham ventures to intercede for blessings for Ishmael. The bestowment of great blessings should lead us humbly to seek for still greater. Blessings bestowed upon one child should not deter parents from soliciting favors for another.

In this connection, it may be observed, that parents, especially those who have large families, are often guilty of a singular and surprising wrong to the grace of God. They seem to apprehend, that if *several* of their children are converted, it is all they may expect. But why not *all?* Where is the intimation that *some* of any family must necessarily perish? Alas! while some, perhaps, of almost every large family do perish, may it not be imputed to this most unwarrantable and mischievous assumption to which we have adverted? The apprehension is indulged, in the first instance, that the grace of God must be limited; and hence, after the conversion of some, prayer and effort are, in a most cruel degree, suspended in relation to the others. This was not the reasoning or the practice of Abraham. He considers the divine liberality, in respect to Isaac, no obstacle to the solicitation of blessings for Ishmael. Let parents who have converted children be indeed grateful; but let them remember that, notwithstanding this, they may pray for those out of the covenant, as earnestly and importunately, as if none were converted; nay, they may urge blessings bestowed, as a good argument, why others should follow.

This first prayer was *immediately* answered. "O, that Ishmael may live before thee," was the humble supplication of the believing patriarch; and the prompt reply of a gracious and prayer-hearing God was, "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee."

Parents! do you wish for a higher warrant to pray for your children—for *all* your children, than is here presented? The first

prayer recorded in the Bible is that of a parent in behalf of a child: that prayer asked for more blessings than had been promised; and, finally, that prayer was immediately answered.

The example of Abraham is a beacon-light, which may well guide parents to a God, who hears prayer for children!

Editorial.

BETHLEHEM.

(See the Engraving.)

BETHLEHEM is one of those places in sacred history which cannot be mentioned without exciting emotions of intense interest. Here David was born, and spent his early years as a faithful shepherd, until he finally arose to be king over Israel. Here also, Ruth is supposed to have lived, and furnished us the foundation of that beautiful and thrilling narrative recorded in the Bible. But that which gives it its pre-eminence over all other places, is the fact of its being the birth-place of our Saviour. "And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting."

Bethlehem has been visited by many modern travelers, who describe its first view as imposing. The following description, by Dr. E. D. Clarke, will be read with interest. "After traveling about an hour after we left Jerusalem, we came in view of Bethlehem, and halted to enjoy the interesting sight. The town appeared, covering the ridge of a hill, on the southern side of a deep and extensive valley, and reaching from east to west; the most conspicuous object being the monastery, erected over the cave of the nativity, in the suburbs, and upon the eastern side. The battlements and walls of this building seemed like those of a vast fortress. The Dead Sea below, upon our left, appeared so near to us that we thought we could have rode thither in a very short space of time. Still nearer, stood a mountain upon its west-

ern shore, resembling in its form the cone of Vesuvius, near Naples, and having also a crater upon its top, which was plainly discernible. The distance, however, is much greater than it appears to be, the magnitude of the objects beheld in this fine prospect causing them to appear less remote than they really are. Everything about it was in the highest degree grand and awful."

Bethlehem is six miles from Jerusalem. That well for which David longed when he said, "Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"—2 Samuel xxiii. 15—is still said to remain, sending up its pure and delicious waters for the weary and thirsty traveler.

But the glories of Bethlehem have passed away. The anxious mother, who fled with her babe into Egypt, and *all* the mothers, whose hearts were made desolate by the bereavement of their little ones, have passed off this cruel scene of action and suffering. Jesus, the once crucified, now reigns King eternal in heaven. Mary still adores her Lord, and David tunes his golden harp in a still sweeter song of praise

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Original.

THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

A SHORT time since, a little paragraph was migrating from one paper to another, the purport of which was, that the "proud Duke" of Somerset used to say, that he pitied Adam because he had no ancestors.

The idea was a novel one; it never occurred to the mind of the writer, that it was possible our first parents had any need of the sympathy of their descendants. Made "very good"—but "a little lower than the angels"—placed in a beautiful garden, well watered by rivers; breathing a balmy air; what more could they need? In this Eden, which signifies pleasure or delights, "grew every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Here, too, Adam had a companion with whom he held sweet converse. As if this was not enough for man, God himself condescended, from day to day, to hold communion with him. Could the happy

pair be more highly favored? Did our great progenitor need sympathy? We would not have thought it possible, had not that pitiable nobleman suggested the idea. Now verily, we do believe Adam was to be pitied. Not, however, because his birth was not deduced from loins enthroned, but because he was a stranger to filial love. There is happiness, which to him was unknown. To all that is contained in those endearing words, father, mother, brother, sister, he was a total stranger. Not having any childhood, he knew not how good it was to confide in a fond parent; to be moved by the wise counsel of an aged father; or to be solaced by a tender mother. Some of the most hallowed and devoted affections of the heart were never his. Those family scenes and regulations so dear to us; the family altar—the going together to the house of God—the pleasant evening fireside, when the venerable sire takes down the Holy Word and instructs the family group—thou couldst not enter into the joys of these, our brightest and sweetest remembrances. O, Adam! thou art indeed to be pitied, for to thee was denied an early home.

The family!—what a holy compact—a constitution organized by Deity—a union of hearts and interests. Oft-times the family circle is so sacred, that the entrance of a kind friend seems like intrusion. It is a little heaven below. Whose silent influences make home so sweet, so sacred a place? The mother. Her peculiar sphere is in her own household; she is to make home happy; to draw around it such attractions, that no allurements from without will be preferred to their own sanctuary. The mother is to secure the confidence of every child, and make it feel that she is its best friend. If the mother realizes her duty, and strives to do it, the child will soon feel that there are mutual obligations.

"Pious mothers have done more to people heaven than any other class of persons next to the preachers of the Gospel." When such mothers are no more, then will their children rise up and say, in the language of Cowper—

> "My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
> The son of parents pass'd into the skies."

Editorial.

THE CHILD JESUS QUESTIONING THE DOCTORS.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

WHEN we closed our last lesson we told you that Joseph and Mary were warned of God to take the child Jesus, and flee into Egypt, so that Herod should not kill him. His parents kept him in Egypt until the death of Herod.

When Herod was dead, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph, in Egypt, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life." And he took the young child and his mother, and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth—the place where his parents once lived. The Saviour was sometimes called a Nazarene, by way of reproach, because Nazareth was a place which the Jews despised—they thought nothing good could come out of Nazareth. But our Saviour was born in a manger, and he was not afraid of being despised. After Joseph and Mary returned to live at Nazareth, the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

The parents of Jesus went up to Jerusalem every year, to celebrate the feast of the Passover. And when the child Jesus was

twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast, and took the child with them.

When the parents of Jesus had remained there till the feast was over, they returned, but Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it, but supposing he was among the company—for there were a great many people who went up to Jerusalem—they went on a day's journey toward home. When they missed him they were troubled, and they sought for him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance, and when they could not find him, they turned back again to Jerusalem. They knew not what had become of their little son, and were in great distress, as parents always are when they lose their little children. But they sought for him, and after three long days they found him at Jerusalem, in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, who were learned men—hearing them, and asking them questions. All the people in the temple, who heard him talk with the doctors, were astonished that so little a child should understand and answer their questions.

When his parents found him, and saw what he was doing, they were amazed. They did not suppose that he, so small a child, had sufficient wisdom to reason with the learned doctors, and perhaps they feared he had been saying some childish or foolish things; but the doctors did not think so, they wondered at his wisdom.

His mother felt, perhaps, that he had done wrong. She addressed her child as any kind and good mother would have done in such a trial. She said to him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." His answer to his mother was a peculiar one, such as no other child would have given. "How is it," said he, "that ye sought me; did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" He meant his heavenly Father. They did not understand what Jesus meant by this answer. But his mother laid up what he said in her heart. She thought, after all, her son was doing the will of his heavenly Father. Jesus knew that he was. But he went home with his father and mother, and was subject unto them, that is, he was an obedient and dutiful child. Yes,

though he was the Saviour of the world, yet he loved and obeyed his mother. And when he was nailed to the cross, and suffering the agonies of death, he remembered his mother. He will love and remember all the little children who love and obey their parents.

"Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old, he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand;)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Then why should I so long delay,
What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day,
Without this work begun."

QUESTIONS.

How long did Mary and Joseph remain in Egypt?
When Herod was dead, what appeared to Joseph?
What did the angel say to Joseph?
What did Joseph do?
To what city did the parents of Jesus return?
What was the Saviour sometimes called?
Why was he called a Nazarene?
Was the Saviour afraid of reproach?
How often did the parents of Jesus go up to Jerusalem?
Why did they go to Jerusalem?
Did Jesus go with them?
How old was Jesus when he went up to Jerusalem?
What did the parents of Jesus do when the feast was over?
What did Jesus do?

Did Joseph and Christ's mother miss the child?
Where did they suppose he was?
What did they do when they could not find him?
Where did they find him?
How long did his parents seek for him?
What was he doing in the temple?
What did his mother say to her son?
How did Jesus reply?
Did he return with his parents to Nazareth?
Did Jesus obey his parents?
Did he love his mother?
What did he do for his mother when he hung on the cross?

Original.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZA C. ALLEN,

LATE EDITOR OF THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL AND FAMILY VISITANT.

Written on receiving intelligence of her death.

HARK! hear ye those soft funereal strains
That float o'er the distant seas?
Why sweep they the pines where the Ice-Queen reigns?
Why flow from the South's green odorous plains
To Burmah's tropical breeze?

They bear, oh, they bear the tremulous woe
Of Western daughters in tears!
For the mother's light, and the youth's bright bow,
Gently illuming home-pathways below,
Has fled to the spirit-spheres:

Ah, mourn, young weepers! for joyous ye flew
To catch the bright leaves she spread;
Yes, mourn, and go crop the violets blue,
And weave them with tears in the fresh spring-dew,
To garland her lowly bed;

For as the pale-eyed silvery flower
Impearls her emerald hills,*

* The silvery Ladies' Mantle (*Alchemilla alpina*) is found whitening the Green Mountains of Vermont, Mrs. Allen's native State.

So wreathed she the young with virtue's power,
So meekly adorned the mother's bower,
With wisdom's fair leaves and rills.

And ye, pale toilers of lone mission bands!
Weep ye in sorrow's array—
For one who oft-times hath borne up your hands,
While scattering light o'er idol-bound lands,
Alas! no more now will pray:

All bathing in love, she glided away
As the Autumn's snowy pride,
When, gazing the sun's last quivering ray,
It breathes its sweet charms to the parting day,
Then shuts on the waveless tide.

Yet, servant of God!* all reft and alone!
Soft, soft be the trembling sigh;
Thy love is bending before the high throne,
Her brow is entwined with a lustrous crown,
And she waves her palm-branch high:

And far by a stream the glad harpers sing,
All raptured, beckoning "Come;"
They tune their sweet lyres on harmony's wing,
And the golden streets in ecstasies ring,
With echoes of "Welcome home!"

Maulmain, India, May 29th, 1849.

* Referring, doubtless, to the husband of Mrs. Allen, since deceased.—EDITORS.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. V.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

Mamma. As the summer months will soon be here, and as the evening is warm, and the sky beautifully clear, we will take our seats on the verandah, when we shall find abundant matter for conversation, that will be deeply interesting to us all.

Sarah. This being the month of May, when flowers of all hues are expanding and regaling our senses with their odoriferous per-

fume, perhaps an hour's conversation on the subject of Botany will be more suitable than any other we can select.

Mamma. I think so, and no theme abounds more with variety and instruction. It is one, too, that especially recommends itself to young ladies. Indeed, the love of flowers, as the poet has said, is an ingredient in our very nature, and we who have advanced beyond our juvenile years, look back, with almost sorrowful emotion, to those happy and guileless days, when our greatest enjoyment was in cultivating our little garden, watching and tending our choice flowers, as they opened their beauties in the spring.

Sarah. Botany is but one division of the mighty whole by which the great Creator has manifested so much of his skill and goodness, in the various operations of nature; but it is the one brought to our very feet, challenging our close attention; so that it is really, in my opinion, a fault to neglect the study of this interesting science.

Mamma. This, like other subjects, young people are not apt to love, from the idea that the vast numbers and varieties of flowers seem to create in their minds a confusion, without order or design; so that they think it impossible to reduce this great carpet of nature to limits and divisions, such as will at once render the study both simple and inviting.

Papa. The whole field of creation is reduced to three grand divisions, or kingdoms; and under them are arranged every production we find on or beneath the earth we inhabit. I suppose the youngest of you can name those divisions.

Ellen. They are animal, vegetable, and mineral. Animals live and move; vegetables possess life only; minerals are matter, without either life or motion.

John. Does not the science of Botany lay claim to a great age?

Papa. It has engaged the attention of all nations, by reason of the aid afforded by various plants to mitigate the diseases and pains which afflict the human family. It is, therefore, coequal with the healing art; and it is supposed to have been treated of, as a science, even before the days of Solomon; and a study in which he, the wisest of men, was well versed, as we read in 1 Kings, 4th chapter, 33d verse. "He spake of trees, from the

cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

Sarah. Are there not several methods by which flowers have been arranged in a scientific order; and is not the Linnæn system that which is generally adopted?

Papa. Linnæus was an enthusiast in this study. He traveled most extensively to search out the productions of Flora. He had to encounter the hardships of poverty, and numberless privations, but, by dint of unwearied perseverance, he completely succeeded; and is among the few whose names will live as long, we might almost say, as the earth is adorned with flowers.

John. Where and when was Linnæus born, and what are the peculiar features of his plan for arranging the varieties of plants and flowers?

Papa. Linnæus was born in Sweden, in the year 1717. The exercise he took, in pursuit of his favorite object, gave him an extraordinary share of health, till 1774. In that year he was attacked with a fit of apoplexy, which obliged him to relinquish the most laborious part of his professional duties, and he died in 1778. His plan of arrangement was to classify all plants by their sexual appearances; that is, by the number, the relative length, the connection, and the relative position of the stamens and pistils; which two organs are the essential parts of a flower, by which the seed is perfected, the species continued, and multiplied.

Sarah. I have been dissecting one of my pet flowers, the Primrose, and was pleased to observe how easily I found all the various parts, just as my botanical work describes flowers of this class.

Papa. Then you are prepared to give us a scientific description of this delicate and beautiful flower, from your own experience in dissecting it, and in your own language?

Sarah. This flower belongs to the fifth class, because it has five stamens; it is of the first order, having but one pistil; the corolla is funnel-shaped—sometimes of a white or variegated color. In England the plant blossoms very early, and is of a beautiful yellow color; it is inclosed in a deep calyx or sheath, at the bottom of which is plainly seen the germ at the lower end of

the pistil, in which is encased the seed, which becomes mature, as the flower fades and drops off from the stalk. The polyanthus, paigle, and cowslip are other beautiful specimens of flowers in the same division. Henry Kirke White has a beautiful little poetic piece upon this vernal flower, in which he speaks of it as a

> "Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
> Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
> Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
> And cradled in the winds."

Mamma. As it is now growing late, and the damp of the evening is falling, we must, for the present, postpone this interesting subject, and will shortly resume it. In the mean time, I hope all of you will study this science, and not let the summer months pass away without increasing your knowledge of this extensive and beautiful department of the works of our great and benevolent Creator.

Original.

GEORGE AND HIS TEACHER.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

In a small country village, not more than a hundred miles from Boston, there lived a boy, whom we will call George. I ought to tell you, perhaps, that he would not be likely to answer to this name. But never mind that. The name will answer our present purpose quite as well as the real one, which it would hardly be decorous to introduce in this story. George had a verye xcellent Sabbath-school teacher. That is saying a good deal, I know; for there are a multitude, of both sexes, engaged in instructing children in the Sabbath-school, who are entirely unfitted for such a task. George's teacher was a devotedly pious man. He was not one of those who put on a sort of religious mantle for particular times and occasions, and take it off again when they are engaged in the common affairs of life. He always exhibited a conscientious, Christian spirit. No matter where one met him, or when; it was

easy to see his heart was in the right place. Besides this, though I scarcely know whether it resulted from his natural disposition, or from habit, or from the intimate communion he enjoyed with God—he was an uncommonly kind and amiable man. It was almost impossible for any one to irritate him. Indeed, his good-nature and uniformly cheerful temper had passed into a proverb in the village. His class in the Sabbath-school consisted of some six or eight boys, the eldest of whom was not more than twelve years of age. Among them all there was none more capable of getting his lessons well, and of making rapid progress in the study of the Bible, than George. But, for all that, he was the worst scholar in the class—the worst, I am sorry to say, in every respect. His lessons were not only badly learned, but he gave his teacher trouble in a great many other ways. Sometimes he would come into the class very late. Sometimes he took it into his head to stay away altogether for one Sabbath, when he might just as well have been present as not. Then he often grieved his teacher by his inattention and levity.

"Was George under good government at home?" I hear some of you inquire. Why, yes, his parents were pretty faithful in the management of their children, I think; and, to tell the truth, George was not what might have been called a very bad, willful, headstrong boy. He was mischievous, frolicksome, thoughtless. He deserved a good deal of censure, no doubt; but he did not pass for a vicious boy, and perhaps he ought not to have passed for one. Be that as it may, however, his mischief cost his teacher a great deal of pain. It seemed to that good man—and with some reason, I am sure—that George's conduct was disrespectful toward him; and he grieved over it on that account. But there was one thought which grieved him still more. It was, that his divine Master was dishonored and slighted by this pupil.

One Sabbath, after spending a longer time than usual in his closet, praying that God would bless his labors in the Sabbath-school, and teach those dear children by his Holy Spirit, he met his class, and talked to them very affectionately and earnestly, of God, and Christ, and heaven. His heart was full. Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he spoke of the love of the Redeemer, and

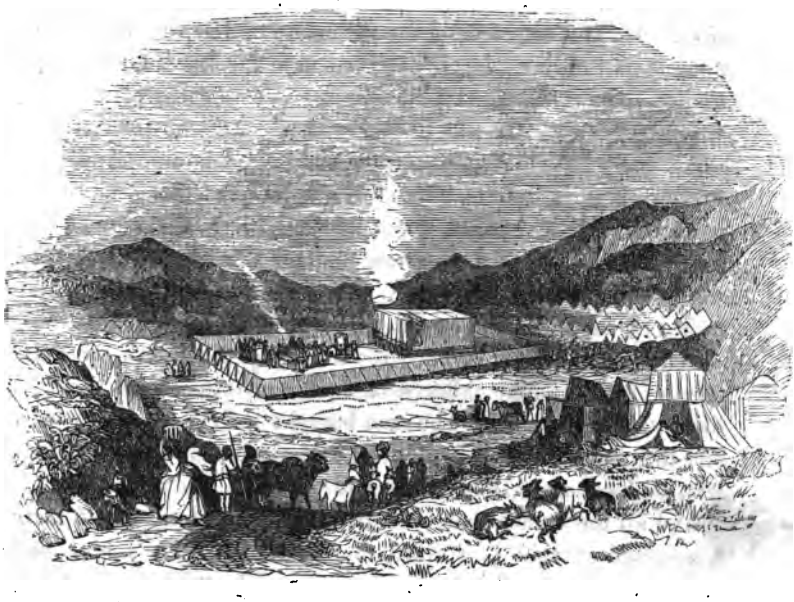
urged his pupils to accept of him as their Saviour. Still George was not moved. He was as indifferent as ever. Why was it? Not because he was a hard-hearted boy—simply, I suppose, because he was thoughtless. Alas! what anguish this thoughtlessness cost him! At some remark which the teacher made, George interrupted him, and asked some frivolous question, which every one saw was only designed to make the boys laugh. This was not the first time George had done such a thing, and he deserved a severe reprimand for it. But his teacher simply said, "George, I am afraid the time will come when you will look back upon the hours spent in this Sabbath-school class with regret."

These words seemed almost prophetic, but a day or two after they were uttered. Before this class met again, their teacher had gone to his eternal rest. While engaged in his labors as a carpenter, during the week, he fell from the roof of a house to the ground, and never spoke again.

Oh, how bitterly did George repent of his behavior in the Sabbath-school, when he heard of this painful event! For months, he could scarcely help thinking, almost all the time, of the disrespect he had shown that excellent man. Those thoughts robbed him of his peace, by day and by night. Years have gone by. George is now a man, and, as he humbly hopes, has been adopted into the family of God; but even now, as he told me but a day or two since, his bosom feels the keenest sorrow, when he thinks of the manner in which he treated that devoted teacher.

Dear children, there is a lesson in this story about George. I need not point it out to you. You see plainly enough what it is. Will you try and profit by it?

WHY DON'T THEY GET READY?—"Mamma," said a little child to her mother, "my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place, in which God lets us live a while, that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you are preparing to go into the country, and Aunt Eliza is preparing to go with you! Why do not people try to get ready to go to another world?"



Editorial.

THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THIS tabernacle was erected by Moses, at the command of Jehovah, in the Arabian desert, or wilderness. The Hebrew word from which the word tabernacle is derived, means a *place of meeting*. Hence the old-fashioned word *meeting-house*. Here Moses met Jehovah, and here Jehovah met his assembled people, and bestowed upon them those peculiar manifestations of his grace and glory, which in all succeeding ages he has delighted to exhibit toward the assemblies of his people, when they have met to worship Him.

This tabernacle was to be erected by the voluntary contributions of the Israelites. The tabernacle was so constructed that it was carried about with them in all their migrations, until after the conquest of Canaan, when it remained more or less stationary in Palestine.

After Moses had received the command of Jehovah, he summoned all the children of Israel together, and delivered his message. He laid before them the command of Jehovah, and called upon them to bring in their offerings unto the Lord, for the erection of the tabernacle. This offering was to come only from a "willing heart." It was to consist of the most costly materials which could be procured among the children of Israel. And these various offerings were to be of such a nature as to come within the reach of the different ages, sexes, and conditions of the great congregation; and yet the materials of which this tent was composed were so costly that some have doubted whether they could be furnished by such a nomadic race.

Immediately after receiving the command of Jehovah, from the mouth of Moses, the children of Israel set themselves at work, both men and women. The men brought their gold, their goods, and their valuable timber, &c. The women brought their "bracelets, and ear-rings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold." "And all the women that were *wise-hearted did spin with their hands*, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen." "The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring, for all manner of work which the Lord had commanded to be made, by the hand of Moses." The following will give a general idea of this structure:—

The entrance of the tabernacle was toward the east, and was closed by a splendid curtain of byssus, into which figures were woven. This curtain was supported by wooden columns, which were plated with gold. The interior of the tabernacle was divided into two rooms. The sanctuary was twenty cubits long, ten wide, and ten high. The holy of holies was ten cubits square and ten high, and was separated from the sanctuary by a curtain, into which the figures of cherubim were woven, and which was supported by four columns plated with gold. The tabernacle was surrounded by a court-yard, which was one hundred cubits long and fifty cubits wide, and was surrounded by columns, from which cotton curtains were suspended. The entrance was twenty cubits

wide, and was closed by a suspended curtain. In the holy of holies stood the ark of the covenant. In the sanctuary was placed on the north the table with the twelve loaves of shew-bread, together with cups, saucers, &c. Opposite to the table, toward the south, stood the golden candlestick with six branches.

THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

In the middle, between the table and the golden candlestick, stood the altar of incense. In the court, under the open sky, stood the altar of burnt-offerings, and between this altar and the sanctuary was placed the brazen laver. The whole inside of the tabernacle was covered with costly tapestry.

Never was there a more costly or a more willing offering made unto the Lord. This tabernacle exceeded in costliness and splendor, in proportion to the slender means of that people, the magnificence of any temple of the present day, compared with the wealth of the surrounding population. The whole expense connected with this offering is estimated at about a million of dollars. And what appears to be remarkable, is, that Moses was directed by Jehovah to erect this magnificent tabernacle by the free-will offering of the people. There were to be no taxes, no compulsion; and when it was finished there was no remaining debt, secured by a mortgage, on this house of God. Here the rich and the poor met together.

When Moses had finished the work—"then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And when the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went on in all their journeys. But

if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys." Thus did Jehovah follow this tabernacle with his presence and blessing.

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

A FACT of general interest has been proved by the boring of the Artesian wells in the suburbs of Paris, namely, as we go towards the centre of the earth, the temperature increases at the rate of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great portion of it, is an ingenious ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How then are they to be accounted for? The theory prevalent some years since, that they are caused by immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world would never afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this, and I have little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in the earth.

We know that when certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is developed, and a light is produced, superior even in effulgence to the light of the sun. Now if a small arrangement produce such results, what may we not expect from the combination of those immense beds of metal to be found in the earth? Here we may have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration, on a small scale, may be seen in an instrument called the theo electrical battery, made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, packed in a box varnished. In this, heat is involved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very cause of the volcanoes, when in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snow.

Original.

THE RELATION OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY REV. ANSEL D. EDDY, D. D.

"It is not a blessing to live merely," said Seneca, "but to live well." "Life in itself," he adds, "if life without wisdom is a blessing, it is a blessing that is common to me with the meanest reptiles; and he who gave me nothing more than life, gave me only what a fly or worm may boast. If, in the love and hope of virtue, I have employed that life which my parents conferred on me, in studies that were to render me more noble in the sight of Heaven, I have paid back to them more than I have received. My father gave me to myself rude and ignorant; I have given him a son of whom it may delight him to be a father."

If a heathen philosopher could say, "*to live merely is not a blessing, but to live well,*" how should we advance, on the principles of philosophy, in rendering ourselves noble in the sight of Heaven: To LIVE WELL, should be our high and holy ambition. To live for others, for God and eternity.

We have already addressed our young readers on the honor and happiness which they may confer on their parents by a life of intelligence and virtue. And we know of no lovelier scene on earth, than the filial circle around the aged patriarch, giving to his last hours the consolation of their mutual endearment, and receiving from his lips his last benediction. Here are the ripened fruits of his life, the joy of his heart, the hopes of his eternity, reflecting the blessing of God upon his labors, and ensuring the promise of heaven, when the resurrection shall reunite these dissolving and endeared relations.

The beauty and blessing of the domestic constitution is never more clearly seen, and the perfection of parental and filial excellence more delightfully illustrated, than in the harmony of the fraternal society.

That parental influence and discipline cannot be radically defective, where the fraternal obligations are discharged, and peace and charity reign among the heirs of the same natures and the

same home. Here is the summer and the sunshine of domestic happiness, the rich harvest of earthly enjoyment. It is the most engaging spectacle of the social economy, save that tender scene which closes, like a summer day, the parental journey, under the care and kindness, the watchings and support of filial love. These are like the autumn clouds upon the evening sky, spreading their hues of beauty and of grandeur, where gently sinks the setting sun, as in a bed of glory.

Charity, friendship, and peace are nowhere so amiable and engaging as among those "whom one roof has sheltered through life, and whose ashes are afterward to mingle in the same sepulchre." This was the sentiment of the Roman orator, and yet more beautiful is the language of the Christian poet—

"How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such strains of pleasure roll,
Through every friendly soul,
When love, like heavenly dew, distills."

The subject to which we would now invite special attention is the relation and duties of *brothers and sisters.*

1. *The first and most obvious duty is to cultivate the fraternal affections, and to promote each other's happiness.*

The peace and mutual pleasure of the inmates of the same home and children of the same family cannot be too much studied, nor is any labor too great to secure them. Here is a most sacred duty. Indifference to the interest and pleasure of those so near you, whose very form and features are but a reflection of your own, is melancholy proof of a selfish spirit, and the absence of every virtuous and noble feeling.

Through days and years you must of necessity mingle together, and the amount of harmony and happiness, or of discord and sor-

row, which this relation creates, is almost incalculable. And what is more becoming, more lovely, than the union of those little hands, and the mingling of those young hearts, who have been cradled on the same bosom, and are still sheltered by the same roof? And what so honorable and engaging, in after life, as brothers and sisters still affectionately united; most interested in each other's prosperity, and most happy in each other's pleasure? who, to the love of nature, instinct, and the nursery, have added the stronger and sacred bond of matured affection, and whose honor, and happiness, and safety, lie in continuing and strengthening it in riper years?

There is something always affecting in parental care, and in the warm glow of filial love; and yet there is an indescribable interest thrown around the fraternal affections, which often surpasses both, and which borrows from both a peculiar sacredness. As parental care must soon cease, and filial love find its objects no more on earth, the fraternal relation, where peace and mutual happiness are studied, exhibits the fruits of the one, and opens a broad and beautiful sphere for the exercise of the other. And whoever beheld a family, where this peace and happiness were sought, without an assurance of its continued prosperity and blessing, when parents shall be no more? And though their offspring are left tender and young, and exposed, in their mutual love, the parental blessing lives, and, through the eternal covenant, smiles the mercy of God. Let brothers and sisters study peace, and promote, as their own, each other's happiness; and so live, that their purest and highest joys shall be found in each other's society.

There is more than language can describe, in brothers treading hand in hand the path of life, and sisters resting in confidence and love on a brother's smiles, and leaning for protection and support on a brother's arm.

> As, arm in arm, the forest rose on high,
> A lesson gave of brotherly regard;
> And, on the mountain brow expos'd,
> Bearing the blast alone—the ancient oak
> Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still,
> To courage in distress, exhorted loud.

Nor should this interest and love be permitted to die away in after years, but be cultivated, with increased care, as new and more distant relations are formed; when fears, perhaps, begin to rise, that your love and interest may become estranged from those whose happiness has so long been in your hands. That sister is unworthy a husband's confidence, who can erase from her heart the affectionate remembrance of a brother left at home to cheer the parental fireside; and that brother is a brute, who, in a husband's love, can forget a sister's want and tenderness.

In these separations, which must occur in life, do not lose nor fail to express mutual and continued remembrance. Forget not that you are brothers and sisters still, and that, with all the relations you can form on earth, you can know no more of these. Often exchange the kind expressions of continued interest and affection. Pledge and extend aid and relief where needed, and carry to your graves the remembrance that you are "members one of another." United by nature, be united by grace, in the sympathies of a sanctified fraternity.

Where there are brothers and sisters, it is painful to see them always separate. It indicates a want of the finer feelings of our nature; of those delicate and affectionate sensibilities which are the surest pledges of future dignity and decorum. The eye of an intelligent observer here reads more of character and prosperity than you can imagine.

One of the finest writers on domestic prosperity and the fraternal duties says, "Seek your happiness in each other's society. What can the brother find in the circle of dissipation, or among the votaries of pleasure, to be compared with this? What can a sister find amidst the concert of sweet sounds, that has music for the soul, compared with this domestic harmony? Or, in the glitter and fashionable confusion, and the merry dance, compared with those pure, calm, sequestered joys, which are found at the fireside of a happy family? What can the theatre yield, that is comparable with this?"

O, evenings worthy of the gods, exclaimed
The Sabine bard: O, evenings, I reply,
More to be praised and coveted than yours,

As more illuminated, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy:
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contrived,
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain;
To palliate dullness, and give time a shove.

There can be no spot more sweet, profitable, and enchanting, than that domestic circle, where wise and affectionate parents witness the fruit of their labors, in the love and interest to make happy, which pervade the hearts and actuate the lives of brothers and sisters. They now most amply repay the labor and the care bestowed, and give the pledge of mutual love and protection, when parental care and kindness shall be suspended by death.

Original.

TWO WAYS OF CORRECTING A FAULT.

"WELL, Sally, I declare! you are the worst girl that I know of, in the whole country!"

"Why, mother! what have I done?"

"See there! how you have spilled water in my pantry! Get out of my sight; I cannot bear to look upon you—you careless girl!"

"Well! mother, I couldn't help it."

This conversation I recently overheard between a mother and her daughter. Mrs. A., the mother, is a very worthy woman, but very ignorant of the art of family government. Sally, her daughter, is a heedless girl, of about ten years old. She is very much accustomed to remove things out of their proper places, and seldom stops to put them in again. On the occasion referred to above, she had been sent to put water into the tea-kettle, and had very carelessly spilled a considerable portion of it upon the pantry floor. After the above conversation, which, on the part of the mother, sounded almost like successive claps of thunder on the ears of her daughter, Sally escaped, in a pouting manner, into

an adjoining room, and her mother wiped up the slop in the pantry.

Well, thought I, my dear Mrs. A., if that is the way you treat your daughter, you will probably find it necessary to wipe after her a great many times more, if you both live! Such family government, as here set forth, seems to me to be liable to several serious objections.

The reproof was too boisterous. Children can never be frightened into a knowledge of error, or into conviction of crime. It is their judgment, and their taste for neatness and order, which need training, and not their ears.

It was too unreasonable. The child was, indeed, careless, but she had done nothing to merit the title of "the worst girl in the country." Children are sensible of injustice, and very soon find it difficult to respect those who unjustly treat them.

It was too passionate. The mother seemed to be boiling over with displeasure and disgust; and, under this excitement, she despised her darling child; the very same, that in a very short time afterward, when the storm had blown by, she was ready to embrace in her arms, as almost the very image of perfection.

It was inefficient. Sally retired, under the idea that her mother was excited for a very little thing, which she could not help. Thus she blamed her mother, and acquitted herself.

Mrs. B. is another mother, in the same neighborhood. She is a very plain woman, of but few pretensions, yet gifted with an unusual amount of good sense. She has a family of very sweet children, who usually listen attentively to her directions, and obey them with cheerfulness and fidelity. Mrs. A. oftentimes wonders why Mrs. B. has so very good children. Says Mrs. A., "I talk a great deal more to my children than Mrs. B. does. I frequently scold them most severely, and I sometimes whip them, until I think that they will never disobey me again. And yet, how noisy, careless, and disobedient my children are! Mrs. B. says but little to her children, and I never heard of her whipping them at all. And yet her family moves like clock-work. Order, neatness, and harmony abound." 'Tis even so! And I should like to tell Mrs. A. the grand cause of her failure. She

has not yet learned to govern herself, and it is not, therefore, surprising that her family is poorly governed.

Mrs. B. has a daughter Catharine, about the same age with the daughter of Mrs. A. Not long since, Catharine committed, in a hurry, the same act of carelessness as above related, and Mrs. B.'s treatment of it reveals her secret in family government. On going into the pantry, in a few minutes after, she sees the water on the floor, and immediately calls Catharine, with whom the following conversation ensues :—

"Catharine, my daughter! can you tell me how this water came on the floor?"

"I suppose, mother, I must have spilled it a few moments ago, when I filled the tea-kettle."

"Why did you not wipe it up, my daughter?"

"I intended to return, and do so, but on getting engaged at something else, I forgot it."

"Well! my daughter, when you do wrong you should try to repair it, to the best of your ability, and as soon as possible. Get the mop, and wipe it up, and try not to do so again."

Catharine immediately does as she is bidden, remarking, "I will try to be more careful another time."

Mrs. A. may be found in almost every community. Mrs. B., though perhaps a more rare personage, yet graces, as we are assured, by her presence, very many families in our land.

W. E. L.

THE FIRST GREAT MISSIONARY.

Jesus Christ was the great Missionary, sent of God into our world. And what a missionary was he! He sought not high places among men, but appeared in the form of a servant, and humbled himself. He who was rich, for our sakes became poor. He was a sufferer all his days—a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. He went about doing good. At length he died, in agony and blood—he died for our sins. Such was the condescension and love of Him who came into the world to save the guilty and wretched.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. VI.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

BOTANY.

Ellen. It is with pleasure I hail the return of this evening, when we are to resume our conversation upon the subject of botany, as I have felt an increasing interest in the study of flowers, and have some questions to ask, to remove some difficulties which I am unable to solve.

Mamma. You must not be dismayed, my dear, at difficulties; they will vanish by energy and perseverance. Mention them, and we will endeavor to remove them.

Ellen. I have been examining several flowers, but am unable to find either their class or order in my botanical book, although they have the number of stamens and pistils agreeing with the class and order, according to the Linnæan arrangement.

Papa. Your error here arises from not observing that the stamens in these flowers are of different lengths, which places them in another class. Thus, that, beautiful annual, the fox-glove, although it has but four stamens, does not belong to the fourth class, but to the thirteenth, called Didynamia, a word which signifies having the power of two, because two of the stamens are longer than the other two. You will find other flowers, such as the wild mustard, which has six stamens, and four of them, you will observe, are longer than the remaining two. These are placed in the fourteenth class, called tetradynamia; that is, having the power of four.

Ellen. I see now my mistake, and hope to be more attentive hereafter, but I had some difficulty in arranging my sweet peas and lupines in their proper departments.

Mamma. These flowers are called papilionaceous, a word signifying likeness to a butterfly, because you will observe the corolla of these blossoms bear some similitude to the wings of that insect.

The criterion that designates them is not the number of stamens, but their being all united at the bottom. These flowers consist of two classes, Monadelphia and Diadelphia, signifying one and two brotherhoods; so named from the union of the filaments in a sort of paternal compact.

Ellen. I am exceedingly glad of this explanation, which has removed some of my difficulties, but I have found some flowers with only stamens in them; others which I have examined have pistils, but no stamens.

Papa. There are two classes of these flowers, called Monæcia and Diæcia, words which signify one and two houses, because the flowers of these two classes bear their stamens in one blossom and their pistils in another; and some plants, as the hop, has the flowers bearing the stamens upon one vine and the pistils are produced upon another; one plant never producing both. If you examine the hazlenut and the cucumber, these produce male and female blossoms upon the same vine or stem, and are called monæcia, meaning one house, because both flowers of fructification are upon the same plant.

John. Is the Linnæan system the one generally adopted in the classification of flowers?

Papa. With some little variation. Linnæus has twenty-four classes; the modern botanists have but twenty-one—merging three, which the Swedish botanist made distinct classes, among the others. These twenty-one classes are now divided as follows:—The first ten are known by the number of stamens; the eleventh by the number of stamens over ten upon the calix; the twelfth by numerous stamens not on the calix; the thirteenth and fourteenth by the number and relative length of the stamens; the fifteenth and sixteenth, by their filaments being united. The seventeenth, by their anthers being united—the flowers belonging to this class are compound; the flowers of the eighteenth class have their stamens upon the pistil distinct from the corolla; the nineteenth and twentieth have their stamens and pistils on separate flowers, and sometimes on different trees; the twenty-first and last class, includes all plants whose flowers are invisible, such as the mushroom, ferns and mosses.

Ellen. Is there any other plan, papa, superior to that of Linnæus?

Papa. The only objection to this method of classifying flowers, is, that it brings into the same class plants which are naturally very dissimilar to each other—thus, in the sixth class, and first order, we have the tulip and the sweet-flag together; and in the second order, of the fifth class, we have the beet and the elm classed together; but in the natural method this apparent want of resemblance is avoided.

Sarah. Is not the natural method of classifying flowers taken, generally, from the form of the corolla, and are not cruciform flowers so called from the corolla having the form of a cross? as we find the blossom of the cabbage, the mustard, and the radish.

Papa. This certainly seems to be a more natural arrangement, and some think it will eventually come into general use, but at present botanists disagree in relation to the two systems. Some prefer one, and some the other.

John. Are there not numerous additions made to the number of known flowers, as well as improvements in their culture, by which they hardly resemble their peers, which still grow wild and neglected?

Papa. As to additions in this science, every traveler increases its boundaries. Sixty thousand plants and upward have been classified and examined; and such is the improvement made by culture and budding, that no science can boast of greater usefulness to man than botany.

Mamma. This is a fact that demands our admiration of the invention of men and the goodness of God. The wild crab-apple, that grows naturally, is said to be the original parent stock of that noble and valuable fruit, which every farmer knows how to prize. Our pears, peaches, and plums, have been brought to their present state of perfection by cultivation; and the cabbage and turnip, in their original wild growth, were literally of no value to man till rendered so by art and perseverance.

Papa. If we turn from fruit-trees and vegetables to flowers, the improvements are quite as remarkable. The tulip, which displays such a rich variety of colors, in its wild state is always of a unique

yellow hue. The beautiful, fragrant hyacinth, I have often gathered in its wild state, when it is always single, and of a blue color—hence called the jacinth, or hyacinth; and all the beautiful and splendid roses, which so richly adorn our gardens and door-yards, are brought to this state by cultivation and art—their original parent being the little single wild-flower of the same species.

Sarah. Hitherto we have named only the arrangement of flowers into classes—please to give some information about the next division, papa.

Papa. The next division, according to the Linnæan system, is marked by the number and position of its pistils, and arranges the whole vegetable kingdom into its second department, called orders. They are twenty-one in number, similar to that of the classes. These two prime divisions are subdivided into genera and species. To illustrate this method of arrangement, classes may be compared to states; orders, to towns; genera, to families; and species, to individuals.

Ellen. I find but little difficulty in ascertaining the class and order of a flower, but I wish to have some further information about the method by which I may ascertain the genera and species.

Papa. The genus comprehends one or more species, having some resemblance, in situation, proportion, and connection of the organs which constitute the flower. The generic names are often derived from particular persons or things—as the Iris, from iris, the rainbow. Species, include such individuals as agree in certain circumstances of the root, stem, leaves, and mode of flowering. Varieties are often increased by strewing the pollen of one species upon the stigma of another. Color, taste, and size are never considered as marks of specific difference.

Two Things to Avoid.—Philip Henry said, "There are two things we should beware of: that we never be ashamed of the Gospel, and that we never be a shame to it."

Original.

REVERENCE FOR OLD AGE.

My dear Mrs. Sewell :—I have thought the accompanying beautiful stanzas, addressed to my father, by a young lady, not inappropriate to the pages of your Journal, where reverence for age, as well as parental and filial duty, should be inculcated.

Yours truly,

Providence, R. I. S. E. K.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Thou bearest a glory on thy brow,
Dear saint of the whitening hair,
As though thou'dst borrowed the sheen, e'en now,
Of the crown thou soon shalt wear;
Or the gentle hand of the Lord hath laid
A silver blessing there.

I look on thy mild and placid face,
So bright with its human love,
On the eyes betraying the inner grace—
The peace of the Holy Dove;
And I almost fancy what look they'll wear
With the golden crown above.

God shelter that head, revered and loved,
From the arrows of grief and pain;
God comfort the heart that hath been proved,
That it never be bruised again—
Till the chariot come to bear thee up,
With the glorified to reign.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming, lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars arise and the night is holy.—*Hyperion.*

Original.

NURTURE AND ADMONITION.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH

THE very idea of the FAMILY has been dignified and exalted by the fact that God, in his intercourse with men, so often assumes the endearing name of FATHER, even though he has to deal with so strange and rebellious a race as we are. "Is he not thy Father that bought thee?" With that profound grief and tenderness to which the parental bosom is no stranger, he says: "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." That same heart warms with a holy emotion to those who fear and adore: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Here, then, we have the unchangeable perfection of a Father's character—the perpetual model for all who bear the sacred name of father in that earthly relation, which involves so many imperative obligations, and draws after it a train of such important consequences. After God had made man in his own beautiful image, he blessed the happy pair, and said unto them, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." The construction of families was thus commenced under the august benediction of Heaven itself. No promise more cheered the hearts of the patriarchs than that which pledged to them a heaven-blessed posterity. Jacob speaks of his own as the "children whom God hath graciously given thy servant." All Israel was animated with the promise: "And he will love thee, and bless thee, and multiply thee." Children are pronounced the "heritage of the Lord." Precious legacy! All the treasures of earth are not to be compared in value with this. Behold, oh! head of a family, under whose eye these remarks may fall—behold those olive-plants of immortality that cluster around your table. You now feel as if you could not let the winds of heaven sweep over them too roughly. Oh, guard with equal care and anxiety against the approach of the poisonous breath of the

tempter. Water those plants with thy tears. Fence them round with thy prayers. Eradicate the first sprouting of those malignant weeds that would choke the growth of the healthful plant, and substitute deformity and barrenness for beauty and fertility. Remember the ductility of the youthful mind; the enduring strength of early impressions; the undecaying nature of the associations formed in the spring-time of life. Mute nature herself leaves the traces of her power on our memories. Who cannot call to mind the sweet rural walk, the crystal well, the little streamlet that gurgled along, "kissing each sedge," and making soft music as it flowed between its green banks; the solemn groves, vocal with the praises of the sweet warblers of the air; the pure, invigorating atmosphere of the "country" which "God made;" the very dew of the morning brushed away by the light and careless footsteps of youth? Moral recollections, too, are often embalmed with equal freshness and conservativeness in the mind. *Your* children are now treasuring them, insensibly to yourself, but with a certainty that will hereafter rise to greet you with a grateful reward, or meet you with painful retribution.

Protection and Provision being among the leading elements of parental obligation, we should guard against the danger of limiting these duties to the natural wants of those dependent on us. It is not ordinarily necessary to exhort parents to take care of the body. Most parents live as if this was their chief business. The necessities of time and life seem to exhaust whatever of thought, care, and provision, they spend on their children. They do not rise to the contemplation of the higher wants, the more urgent demands of the soul. Yet what requires more incessant vigilance than the forming mind of a child? Wherever it is, it is always at school, always learning something. The rich soil beneath our feet is not so vital, so vegetative, so teeming with the activity of seminal life, as the young, tender, opening mind, instinct with the consciousness of immortality. The mind will as certainly find an educator, as the plant in your parlor will seek the light, or as the heliotrope will turn its face toward the sun. And it will more naturally turn toward the lurid light of infidelity than the clear and holy beams of Christianity. Hence it should be *protected.*

For the want of this moral guardianship, how many buds of promise have been irretrievably blasted! how many first trembling steps in the path of error have been taken, which have led finally to the box of the convicted felon, and the dungeon of the condemned criminal! Next to the heaven-instructed philanthropist, who rushes to the rescue of the youthful transgressor, and places him in some house of refuge and industry, where he may retrace his steps, and even find the gate of heaven, I know of no greater benefactor to his species than the parent who preoccupies the mind of his child with good principles, trains it under the influences of Christianity, and gives to society a useful member, perhaps to the world an inestimable blessing. The names of Edwards, Doddridge, Dwight, may serve to indicate how great a gift an humble, retired, individual mother may bestow not only on her own, but on succeeding generations. In the history of states and nations, the names of Alfred and Washington are richly suggestive, as connected with this subject. Why did they so revere the persons, the presence, the memory, of their mothers? Because of the deep impressions those mothers had made on their minds, and consequently on their characters. There is a sanctity about the companionship of the maternal home, on which the profane must never dare to intrude. How much does the business man, incessantly engaged from morning till night, do for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare of his children? What is to become of the children of members of Congress, of army and navy officers, of engineers, of judges on their circuits, of California fortune-hunters, and numerous other *fathers*, who are absent from their families a part or the whole of the year, unless the mothers of these growing ones redouble their diligence, patience, and prayers, for the dear objects of their affection? The mother of Dwight (and she was a mother at eighteen) "found time, without neglecting the ordinary cares of her family, to devote herself, with the most assiduous attention, to the instruction of her son, and other numerous children, as they successively claimed her regard." She laboriously fitted herself for this work. That Mary Dwight should give herself to the nurture and education of her children was imperatively necessary, because her husband "was so exten-

sively engaged in mercantile and agricultural pursuits," that he could not attend to this important duty. To her, therefore, belongs the honor of having conferred so brilliant a gift on literature and science; to her the more exalted privilege of being the active instrument, under God, of raising up an eloquent, useful, and successful preacher for his church. What substitute could have been found for her? Divine Providence inaugurated her to this great work. It appeared but an humble employment at the time she was engaged in it, but great was the result, and the brilliant glance of the dark, expressive eye of her "son Timothy" must have animated her amid the toil and weariness of the task, while the highest and noblest motives to maternal fidelity were drawn from a heavenly source. "For this child I prayed," might she say with Hannah, who gave the illustrious Samuel to God and his church, to be a burning and shining light in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. "Lent to the Lord," the loan in both cases was returned with compound interest compounded again. Oh, mother! while thy bosom beats with strong affection toward thy loved ones, let thy prayers ascend to God, that thou mayest be so faithful to them as not merely to be the happy instrument of saving them, but of making them eminently useful in the world! Thus shall they in joyful succession bring others to glory, and ETERNITY shall be the measure of thy usefulness in the dear family which "God hath graciously given thee!"

CONTENTMENT.—Mrs. Osgood's new volume of poems contains the following gem, on the subject of "Contentment."

"I wish I had yon golden star,
I'd wreathe it in my hair;
Look sister, how it shines afar!
'Tis like a jewel rare!

"Yes, love; but see! you might have had
A treasure far more sweet;
In gazing on that star, you've crushed
The Heart's-ease at your feet!"

Original.

CHRIST AND RICHES.

BY PROFESSOR ADDIS.

Amelia. Mother, I wish to know why Jesus gave such an answer to the man who came and said to him, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest?"

Mrs. Harris. What was the answer?

A. "And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Mrs. H. It is probable that the scribe who came to Jesus, and professed his intention of following him, expected to gain something on the score of wealth or honor by so doing. Jesus wished to convince him of the folly of following him from such a motive. He therefore made known to him his great poverty. Christ, when on earth, offered no worldly advantages to his followers, nor does he now. Those who follow him, must follow him for his own sake.

A. Why was Jesus so poor?

Mrs. H. The apostle says, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might become rich. What kind of riches do you suppose the apostle has reference to when he speaks of our becoming rich?

A. Heavenly riches: but I do not see why it was necessary for Christ to become poor in this world's goods, in order that we might gain heavenly riches. Might he not have made an atonement for our sins without having been poor?

Mrs. H. I suppose he might; still, there are many reasons why it was fitting he should appear in a condition of poverty. It showed that his kingdom was not of this world, and prevented men from attaching themselves to it from worldly motives. It was adapted to give his followers a right estimate of wealth, and the distinctions resulting from it. God esteems men according to

their moral characters. Christ would have his followers do the same. None of his true followers can despise the poor, when they remember the condition of their Master. The fact that Christ came to eradicate pride and selfishness, and unite all men in one brotherhood, rendered it necessary that he should be in a condition destitute of the advantages of wealth and power. We are called on to admire his wonderful condescension, in exchanging the riches of the universe for a poverty so great that he had not where to lay his head.

A. Ought not Christians to follow their Master's example in this matter?

Mrs. H. Do you mean to ask whether it is the duty of all Christians to be poor?

A. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. It is their duty to be poor in spirit; but not in this world's goods, provided Providence sees fit to bestow those goods upon them.

A. Christ says it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Now it is impossible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

Mrs. H. As so, you would infer that it is impossible for a rich man to be saved?

A. It seems to me, that conclusion would follow from the text.

Mrs. H. It would, if the text were to be interpreted literally; but such was not the design of the Saviour. The expression was a proverbial one, and was well understood by those to whom it was addressed. Christ intended to teach the exceeding difficulty, not the impossibility, of the rich man's salvation. In the same connection, Christ said, "How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter the kingdom of God!" From that expression it appears that the evil does not lie in riches themselves, but in the effect they are likely to produce on the mind of the possessor.

A. Are there not a great many who think it wrong to be rich? I went with Susan Case to Mr. L—'s one day, and were shown all over the house, and saw all the rich and beautiful furniture;

and when we came away she said, "I always thought that Mr. L—— was a good man."

Mrs. H. She thought right. He is a very good man.

A. But the manner in which she spoke showed that she thought he could not be a good man, because he was so rich.

Mrs. H. There may be a few persons who entertain the same erroneous view. If they would reflect for a moment, they would see that God designed that there should be wealth in the hands of his people. He has commanded them to be industrious, diligent in business, and has also commanded them to practice frugality. He has forbidden them to waste anything in luxury and vice. Now, if these commands of God are obeyed, riches will be accumulated as a necessary result. It is plain, therefore, that God designed that there should be wealth.

A. I do not see why, if riches make it so difficult for one to be saved.

Mrs. H. How could the sick and suffering poor be relieved, and how could the Bible be sent to the heathen, if every Christian were as poor as Christ was? Besides, our hospitals, asylums, colleges, seminaries, and our benevolent institutions, are the result of wealth—that is, these could never have come into existence, unless there had been previous accumulations of wealth. It is plainly the duty of some persons to devote themselves to the acquisition of property. All have their appointed work. The missionary has his work; the minister at home has his; the merchant has his; the farmer has his. All are to live to the glory of God.

A. Is it the duty of those who devote themselves to the acquisition of property to give away all that they make?

Mrs. H. I think not. It is their duty to make suitable provision for their families, and to enjoy, with gratitude, the bounties of God's providence, as he has prospered them. If all men were to give away all they make excepting what is absolutely necessary for their own support, there would be more poverty and suffering in the world than there is now.

A. I do not see why it would be so.

Mrs. H. What would the people who work in the factory here do, if the factory were to stop running?

A. They would be thrown out of employment, and would suffer, unless they could get some one to hire them.

Mrs. H. Suppose that the owner had acted on the principle that it was his duty to give away all that he earned, could he employ the men he now does?

A. No, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Does he do any good by employing them?

A. Yes, ma'am, he enables them to get an honest living.

Mrs. H. Which he could not do, if he had given away his money as fast as he made it. By accumulating, he is able to carry on more business, and to give employment to more persons, and thus to do more good.

A. But does not your reasoning prove too much? Does it not teach that a man should never give away anything? The more a man keeps in his own hands, the more men he can employ.

Mrs. H. There is truth in your last remark, but we are commanded in the word of God to give liberally, as the Lord hath prospered us. We are to inquire how much it is our duty to give.

A. Mr. G. said, that if Christians would content themselves with the necessaries of life, and would give away the rest, the treasury of the Lord would be full.

Mrs. H. It would not be full for a very long time. Let us consider what would be the consequences of such a course. If Christians were to use those things only which are absolutely necessary to the preservation of life, there would be no demand for many articles, the making of which gives support to a great many families. Chairs, for example, are not absolutely necessary. Blocks of wood would answer for seats. Suppose no chairs were used, what would become of those who gain a livelihood by making and selling chairs?

A. They would have to make and sell something else.

Mrs. H. But if the system supposed were generally introduced, the demand for all other things, as well as for chairs, would be at an end—that is to say, there would be no demand except for those things which are absolutely necessary for the support of life. There would be a demand for coarse cloth, corn, and potatoes, &c.,

but if everybody went to making coarse cloth and growing potatoes, what would become of the amount that would be made?

A. Nothing could be done with them.

Mrs. H. That is, they could not be sold; for there would be more than would be wanted. In such a state of things, only a few could find employment. All would be poor, and many would perish, or at least, would live in a state but a little removed from the condition of savages. It is plain, then, that such a course would not be wise, and is, therefore, not required of us.

A. Instead of promoting the cause of benevolence, it would render it bankrupt.

Mrs. H. It would, indeed, in a very short time.

A. But here is a difficulty. If it is not right to confine ourselves to the mere necessaries of life, is it right for us to indulge in luxuries? These give many employment. Is it right for us to drink wine and spirits, and indulge in various luxuries, because their manufacture enables many to gain a livelihood?

Mrs. H. By no means. While we avoid one extreme, we must not fall into another. We are not to indulge in anything that is injurious to the souls and bodies of men. Intoxicating drinks come under this head, as do many other luxuries. The case is clear in regard to all such things. In regard to other things, it is not so easy to draw the line between lawful conveniences and comfort and luxuries. But is it not a difficult thing for each one to decide in regard to his own duty. Let him ask counsel of God; let him hold all his possessions as belonging to God; let him inquire, with an obedient spirit, daily, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and he will not fail to find the path of duty.

A. Do you think there is any danger that people will do harm by denying themselves too much?

Mrs. H. Not the least. The danger lies altogether the other side. The love of self puts every one in danger of indulging himself too much—of expending that upon himself which he ought to give to the poor or to the cause of benevolence. Self-denial is a duty and a principle which we ought not to neglect. Still, we ought to understand just what is required of us; otherwise our consciences may be perverted, and we may contract guilt, even when we are doing those things which may not in themselves be wrong.

Editorial.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

WHEN Jesus had grown up to be a man, and was about to enter on the work for which he came into the world—to save sinful men—he was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil. Jesus went into the desert by the influence of the Holy Spirit. The wilderness, or desert, was a lonely place, where there were no inhabitants but the wild beasts, or the fowls of the air. There Jesus went alone by himself, to pray and to think about God and heaven, and to prepare himself for his great work of saving sinful men. There he stayed and fasted forty days and forty nights. After he had been without food so long, he began to feel very hungry. Then Satan came to him, and instead of bringing him something to eat, he told him if he was the Son of God, to command that these stones be made bread. Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, and to possess all power. Satan told him, if he was the Son of God, and had such power, he could get food by commanding even the stones, which lay scattered around him, to become bread.

Why did he not do it? He could have done it, but he did not choose to do it. He knew this was not the will of God. Satan

tried to tempt him to sin, to draw him away from God. Jesus knew it, and he said to him, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

This he said because he knew that God was able to give him food in his own way, or even to keep him alive without food, if he thought best.

Having failed in this effort to tempt Jesus, Satan tried another means. So the devil took him into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple. Then he said unto him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Jerusalem was called the holy city, because the temple was there, and it was the place where the people went up to worship. Satan took our Saviour to the top of this temple or house of God, which was very high, and said to him, that if he was the Son of God, as he called himself, he could throw himself from this high place to the ground and not be hurt. But Jesus replied to him, "Get thee away, Satan, for it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Again, the third time, the devil tried to tempt him, by taking him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showing him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them: And he said unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then said Jesus again unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. After the devil had tried these three times to tempt our Saviour to sin, and failed, he left him; and then the angels came and ministered unto him, and comforted him.

From this history, we learn how to resist temptation. When our Saviour was hungry, rather than yield to the temptation of Satan, and use his power to work miracles, he trusted in God to provide his food, as he finally did, by sending his angels to minister unto him.

When the devil took him to the high pinnacle of the temple, and

tempted him, by telling him that he could throw himself down without injury, He remembered that God would keep his saints when he brought them into danger in his service, but not when they foolishly and wickedly threw themselves into danger.

Again, when the devil showed Jesus all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and tried to tempt him by the promise to give him all this splendor, if he would bow down and worship him, Jesus told him that he must worship and serve God only. Had he listened to Satan, he could not have been the Saviour of the world, nor could he have interceded for us. When any of you are tempted, remember how many passages of Scripture there are exactly suited to your case. Turn to this word of God, and you will find that the blessed Saviour, who was tempted in all points as we are, and yet without sin, has left for us his precious words of promise, to meet and comfort us in all our hours of temptation and trial. Resist the devil as did our Saviour, and he will flee from you.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jesus led by the Spirit?
What is a wilderness, or desert?
What did Jesus do in the wilderness?
How long did he fast?
How did he feel after he had fasted?
Who came to him?
What did he say to Jesus?
Did Jesus command the stones to be made bread?
Did he claim to be the Son of God?
Why did not Jesus make the stones into bread?
How did Jesus answer Satan?
Did our Saviour know that God was able to keep him alive?
Did the devil succeed in tempting Jesus?
How many times did the devil try to tempt Jesus?
What did he do the second time?
Where did Satan take him?
What was the name of the holy city?
To what part of the temple did he take Jesus?

What did he then say to him?
Where did the devil take Jesus the third time?
What did he show him?
What did Satan say to Jesus?
Could Satan have given these kingdoms to Jesus?
Did the devil wish Jesus to worship him?
What did Jesus say to him?
Did Satan succeed in tempting Jesus?
After the devil left Jesus, who came to him?
What did they do?
Where should we go when we are tempted?
Has God promised to keep them that trust in him?

Original.

SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

"SPARED but not Saved," in a late number of the Magazine and Journal, calls to mind a scene of my childhood. The spirit of the principal actor was in perfect contrast with that heart which "stood out against God," and illustrates true submission to the divine will.

Though the most of us were quite young, our father had, several years before, been removed to a better world. The youngest of our number could not remember him. In the midst of a severe winter he was taken away, and left us, orphans, in a cold world. But the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless had not forsaken us. His hand was guiding us on, and mingling mercy in the bitter cup presented to our lips.

But disease at length arrested one of our little company. A brother, but little older than myself, was brought so low that a physician said in the morning that he could not live till night. We had been much together, and in our frequent walks, with our arms around each other, he was just enough the tallest to lay his easily and comfortably over mine. His sickness came very near to me, and when it was said he must go down to the grave, my

"heart stood out against God." I would gladly have taken him from His hands.

But our mother felt not so. Though her son appeared to be on the verge of the eternal world, without much to lead her to think the exchange would be for the better, her confidence in God was unshaken—her submission perfect. His billows were passing over her, but she had gone through them before, and found him gracious. Now her language was, "*I would not take that child out of the hands of God, though I could do it by turning a straw.*" I, however, would then have quickly turned it, to have brought him back from the grave we thought he was about to enter; but not so now.

A quarter of a century has since passed away. It is long since I have entered the room, or seen the house that then sheltered us. Other events, greater in the eyes of the world, have, one after another, been forgotten, but the remembrance of that remark will not cease. The spot where my mother stood, the picture of composure—the almost heavenly serenity of her countenance, as she uttered the above remark to the group around her—these are yet distinctly before me.

And that son lived to be—not a curse, but a comfort to the mother, and an ambassador of Jesus. While the mother refused to turn a straw to take him out of the hands of God, he graciously cast the weight into the scales that were delicately balanced between time and eternity, that turned him back to life.

Such is genuine submission to the divine will. It would have God choose for us. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Under the influence of it, whether God gives or takes, wounds or binds up, his dealings with us will be blessed to us.

I have seen the father cherish it. In the midst of sins that vexed his soul, he had said, "Lord, take what thou wilt, but give me thyself." Three days pass away, and the bloom of health has not only faded from the cheek of his first-born son, but a burning fever is on him.

"Did you mean I should take this child, the first-born son of your love, if needful, to secure your interest in me?"

"Yea, Lord, I meant it all. I love the child, deal with me in

mercy: remember I am but dust, and deal with me as thou wilt." The fever was stayed—the child lived.

I would not limit the Most High, or prescribe rules for the divine operations—but it does often seem that when kindred and friends are brought to perfect submission, God rebukes the diseases of the sick, and, as we think, the dying, and restores them to us, when otherwise they had been removed from our sight.

And why may it not be so? As he does not afflict us willingly, the more gentle the rod that secures the end in view, the greater His delight. ERUTHROS.

HOW TO SERMONIZE.

BY THE LATE DR. JOHN MASON.

1. Go to the bottom of your subject; and think of everything that ought to be said upon it. And consider what points, or parts of it, your hearers would be glad to have cleared up, or most enlarged upon. To skim off only the surface is to put off your audience with froth. The weightiest sentiments often lie at the bottom; be at the pains, then, of diving deep to bring them up from thence. On the other hand,

2. Take care you do not torture your subject, by aiming to exhaust it. Don't endeavor to say everything that can be said, but everything that ought to be said upon it. A preacher's excellence is seen, not so much in saying a great deal upon a text, as saying the best things in the best manner.

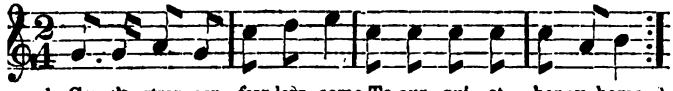
3. Don't crowd your thoughts too thick. This will but fatigue and perplex the minds of your hearers, who should always have time to follow you. If you pour water too fast into the funnel, it will run over.

4. Protract not your discourse to an undue length. The sentiments will not be attended to, whilst your hearers are impatiently waiting and wishing for the conclusion. It were better to offend by the other extreme, provided your matter be solid, well disposed, and well digested. Better leave your audience longing than loathing. Abstinence is less hurtful than repletion. I think Luther says in his table-talk, that one necessary qualification of a preacher is to know when to leave off.

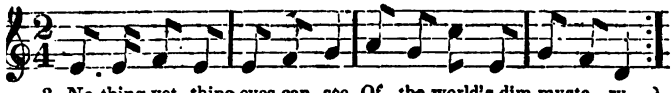
Original.

AMITY PLACE.

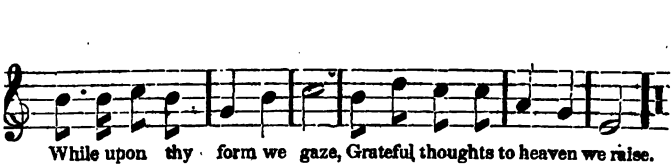
Words from the Mother's Hymn Book. *Music by Thos. Hastings, Esq.*



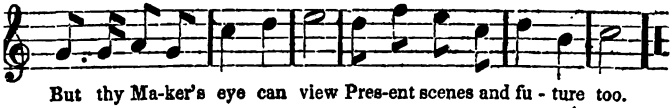
1. Gen-tle stran-ger, fear-less come To our qui - et, happy home;
Bud of be - ing, beauty's flower, Sprung to birth this smiling hour,



2. No-thing yet thine eyes can see Of the world's dim myste - ry—
Of the tu - mult and the strife That im-bit - ter hu - man life;



While upon thy form we gaze, Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.



But thy Ma-ker's eye can view Pres-ent scenes and fu - ture too.

3.

Little can thy bosom know
Of the joys and griefs that flow
From a heart impure within,
From a world defiled by sin;
Yet if trembling life is spared,
Heaven in mercy be thy guard.

4.

Saviour, from thy heavenly throne,
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

THE [illegible] WHITE MOUNTAINS

Editorial.

PARENTAL ADMONITIONS.

THE first dawning of the mental powers, in infancy, is a season of great anxiety and responsibility to the mind of that parent who is aware of the importance of the interesting charge committed to her care. The impressions and the bias the little one may then receive, most probably, will determine its career in this life, and influence its destiny throughout eternity.

It is a well-known fact, that early impressions are the most abiding, and the circumstances in which we were placed when young, the examples we had before us, and the observations we heard, were moulding the man; and hence, we see the paramount importance of pursuing a correct system of training the first buddings of the infant mind.

The conduct of parents toward each other will have a great effect upon the minds of their offspring; where there is an apathetic feeling toward each other, a want of respect, a morose temper, or a contentious, bickering spirit, that mars the harmony of the conjugal relation, it is soon observed, and greatly tends to lessen the love and reverence which are due from children to their parents; and not only so, but it gives them also a distaste for religion and sacred things, when they witness a conduct and disposition so unlovely in those who profess themselves to be followers of Christ, and often tell their children, that to be happy here they must become lovers of the Bible, and govern their lives by the rules therein laid down.

Nothing is more calculated to prevent the seeds of infidelity being sown in the minds of our youth, than encouraging a united, forbearing, loving spirit, even in the minute and constant duties of the family circle. Many a child's temper has been soured by that of its parents, and it has early imbibed an idea that the human heart is devoid of lovely and benevolent feelings, and on arriving to manhood, has become a misanthrope.

This was evinced in the character of Lord Byron—his mother's harshness toward him—who, instead of pitying him, on account of

his lameness, would cast reproaches on him, and thus gave a cast to his mind that never left him, and threw a gloom and melancholy around him all his days.

Children are generally of an inquiring disposition, which, instead of being checked, should by all means be encouraged, *but* directed in a right course. We are aware that to some parents this often appears troublesome, but it should not be thought so. "I am busy now, my child, I will answer your questions by-and-by, when I am more at leisure," is far better than denying him; and when the little one perceives his mother is disengaged, and repeats his inquiries, how will it increase his confidence in his mother's word, that she now attends to his request! It was said of the great Mr. Locke, that he never lost an opportunity of asking a question, on any subject suited to the occasion; and thus furnished his mind with an immense stock of useful information.

When we consider, that it is the duty of parents to convey to the opening mind of the young immortal some idea of the reason why it was born into the world, to unravel to it its destiny for another world, to explain to it the character of God, and the course it must pursue in order to be happy; then it is we see the importance of using proper means, by which such momentous information may be imparted, so as to insure a final and blessed effect. Although we would, by no means, undervalue the stern religious character of our venerated forefathers, yet we may, perhaps, be allowed to think them unhappy in their method of forcing, as it were, the mind into a love for religion, by tasking their memories to the utmost, with long catechisms and other lessons, of a religious nature, when, perhaps, they knew but little, if anything, of the spirit and meaning of what they learned. This method often fails to win the youthful mind over to the side of piety. The real secret is, to get it interested; to load the memory less; and to enlighten the soul, that it may understand and feel the use and guiding effect of every step it takes, in the knowledge of a religious nature.

We have often felt grieved for the younger branches of a family, when, of a Sabbath evening, a long sermon has been read, very suitable for adults and members of churches, but by no means

adapted for children; yet they must sit still through the reading of the same, and frequently are in a deep sleep before the discourse is half through, and then must be awakened, and solemnly told that there will be no sleeping in heaven, that God is angry with them; and that a certain man died while sleeping, under a sermon preached by the Apostle Paul.

In order to render religion lovely, we, ourselves, should cherish a cheerful disposition; and, to make the Bible interesting, we should select for our children, and point out the beauties of various parts of Holy Writ—especially let them study the history of some of the pious youth recorded therein, such as Joseph, Samuel, and others—tell them how wonderfully God has preserved this holy book, and that it is owing to its wise and holy laws that we Americans are more highly-favored than any other nation.

Children, at a very early age, receive impressions about religion, such as the Being and character of God, death, and a future world; and parents should be particularly guarded in their conversation upon such subjects before their children, lest they should imbibe false ideas of the Holy One, and think that He is a tyrant rather than a father; a Being that delights in the miseries, rather than in the happiness of his creatures. The subject of death should be explained, as the reason why men are born to die. The triumphant death of saints, and especially young children, they should be made acquainted with, that they may know, that even little children, by the Gospel, may rise above the fear of this last enemy.

We cannot, too early, begin to interest and instruct the youthful mind. Many of us, when young, as we have gazed upon the sun, when setting behind the mountains that girded the region of country where we were born, have thought that those mountains were the boundaries of the world; and similar opinions we at that time entertained upon all other subjects. How pleasant would be the task to the affectionate mother to correct these erroneous ideas, and lead forward the growing capacity of her children.

Our Sabbath-school, and other institutions for the instruction of our youth, by no means exonerate the mother from being her child's instructor. Although it is to be lamented, that this idea

influences many, supposing that they have got rid of what they considered a burden, when it ought to be esteemed both a pleasure and a privilege, the effects of which can never be duly appreciated here, nor fully known, until both parent and child shall have entered upon that existence in eternity, the preparation for which can only be made in the present world.

Original.

THE HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

"I would I were a careless child.'—BYRON,

I WOULD I were a careless child,
  Life's summer skies still o'er me,
Youth's hopes, so bright, and visions wild,
  All dancing light before me.

Ah! yes—I would I were as when,
  All joy, on heath and wild-wood,
Young Hope and I, as often then,
  Did sport the hours of childhood;

* * * * * * *

No more—no more—Ah! never more,
  On hill, or plain, or wild-wood,
Shall Hope and I, as oft of yore,
  Go sport the hours of childhood.

I bid thee, then, sweet hours, farewell,
  We meet no more forever;
Eternity around may swell,
  But youthful visions—never! W. G. B.

THOSE may hope to be saved at the eleventh hour, who, when called at that hour, can plead that it is their first call; who can say when asked why they stand idle, "Because no man has hired us."

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

"THE Christian mourner! Is not this a misnomer?" No, by no means. "But it is the privilege and the duty of the child of God to be happy." So it is. But when the Holy Spirit transforms a human soul into his own image, and gives that soul an earnest of the joys of heaven while here on earth, he does not petrify the sensibilities of that soul. The capacity of suffering remains. The adaptation of many of the circumstances in which God has placed him to produce suffering, is the same as before

the spiritual transformation. Though he has new hopes, new sources of joy, he has old fears and old sources of sorrow. Holiness, in this life, does not ensure unmixed enjoyment, else would our divine Redeemer not have been "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." More than this: The same causes that in the breast of the unrenewed man produce the keenest anguish, may, when that man is renewed, produce a degree of anguish equally keen.

It is in the light of this truth—so generally misunderstood, as I apprehend, by the Christian philosopher, that we see the benefit of affliction. If the Christian could not feel the rod—if he were not sensible of the pain inflicted by it, or even of a considerable degree of pain—the efficiency of that chastening would be lost. The child of God *does* feel—he must feel—when the hand of his Father is laid heavily upon him.

He feels, when his worldly possessions are removed from him, and he is reduced, perhaps, from a condition of affluence to one of poverty, and of comparative want. He feels, when he is slandered and abused by his fellow men, and especially when he is slandered and abused by those whom he had learned to regard as his warm friends. He feels, when a victim of severe physical pain. Religion has not made him a boulder of granite, or a block of wood. He feels, when his heavenly Father comes into his domestic sanctuary, and removes from his embrace one whom he loved most tenderly. Aye, his very heart bleeds, when one of his lambs is taken from the fold. The father and mother feel, when the flower they were endeavoring to rear for usefulness and for the garden of God, is cut down by an untimely frost. The husband feels, when the wife of his bosom is removed from his embrace. The wife feels, when the loved one, on whom she had leaned, falls a prey to the shafts of death.

In one sense, religion does not diminish the keeness of their suffering. The child, as he first essays to walk, falls, and is hurt. He cries from the pain of the wound he has received. The nurse gives him some toy, with which he is amused. His tears anon cease to flow. The toy has solaced him, in part. It has not removed the pain. The pain may be as severe as ever. But the toy has opened a new fountain of pleasure.

So with the Christian. With his hearth all desolate—with his heart bleeding to the core—with his fairest hopes prostrate and crushed around him—religion meets him, and bids him look upward for comfort. It does not bid him dry his tears at once. It does not administer to him spiritual morphine. He is not supposed to be capable of breaking asunder, in a moment, all the fibres of love which bound him to his lost one. He is not required to cast away the affection which he has been garnering for years, and to bury it in that new made grave. No. The religion of Jesus Christ—the blessed gospel of the Son of God, has another mission to the suffering disciple. It allows him to suffer, but, at the same time, opens to him other rills of enjoyment. It speaks words of comfort to the soul, while it aims to make that soul "perfect *through suffering*."

It does not rebuke the stricken wife, when in the anguish of premature widowhood, she leads her child to the cherished spot where rests the form of the husband and father. It does not frown, because she "goes to the grave, to weep there." It does not attempt to conceal from her mind the story that Jesus wept over the grave of his friend Lazarus; that he did not hide his tears; that his grief was so marked and affecting, that his disciples exclaimed, "Behold, how he loved him!"

"Ah!" said a dear friend, whom I met the other day, for the first time after the sudden removal from his hearth to heaven of a devoted young wife, "I have learned something of the power of the gospel in the heart made desolate by the angel of death, which I never knew, never dreamed of before, until the dear partner of my bosom was taken from me. I have learned that that gospel does not at once withdraw the arrow from the Christian's soul, but that it yields him a new supply of heaven's gifts, while his wound remains open, and he feels the keenest pain."

Of the same tenor is the language of a venerable servant of God, in a recent letter to a friend, which has just come under my observation. He had been thrown into the furnace of affliction. The wife of his youth had been taken from him; and, like the old oak of the forest, upon which had beaten the storms of many winters, and from which, at last, had been riven the only bough that

remained, this venerable man felt that God had left him lonely and desolate in the world. And thus he writes:—"My worldly loss is perfect. Of the many good wives with whom God blesses men, not one, I am sure, is better than she was, which the Lord gave me fifty-three years—affectionate, faithful, confidential, conscientious, guileless, discreet—making my home to me always the pleasantest spot in the world—just such a wife as the minister of the Gospel needs and should have. For the loss of such an associate, things secular and perishing have no compensation to offer. Consolation, therefore, is of course out of the question. But the precious promises of Christ may be realized and enjoyed in their blessed fulfillment." Aye, that is the way the Gospel goes to work in the soul of the Christian mourner. Christ comes into that soul, and lights it up with the smiles of his face. "I am consoled by the promises of the Gospel," adds this suffering saint. "How sweet are these words, 'I will never leave you. Lo, I am with you always.'"

Christian parent! Has God recently made his waves and his billows to pass over you? Does the world seem more a wilderness than ever? Then do not endeavor, by withdrawing your mind from the cause of your sorrow, and diverting it into the channels where the worldly find pleasure, do not endeavor to wrest yourself from the influence of that sorrow. God designs that you should weep. He designs that you should be crushed in the dust. He will raise you up again, peradventure, in due time. But it were a protest, methinks, against his wise system of discipline, by illegitimate and forced means to render yourself insensible to this chastisement. God would "make you perfect through suffering." Then, shun not that suffering. Attempt not to flee from it. But while you suffer, and are willing to suffer, pray for the benign and holy influences of the wound that has been inflicted, rather than that the wound itself may speedily cease to give you pain.

THE chiefest properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident for things to come.

Original.

THE FRATERNAL DUTIES.

BY REV. ANSEL D. EDDY, D. D.

HOME is never seen in its perfection till its excellence is reflected in the filial circle, and the interchange of kind offices and charity is secured among brothers and sisters. And next to the cultivation of the fraternal affections and efforts to promote each other's happiness, mutual respect should always be cherished and manifested. This is the *second* great duty we would seek to inculcate.

1. There should not be the formality of ceremonious intercourse, and yet there should be no approximation to vulgar and degrading address. While there should be freedom from the "cautious timidity of suspicion," the coarseness of indelicacy and rudeness, there should be the "politeness of good manners, blended with the tenderness of love."

2. Mutual obligation should be felt for each other's improvement, not in the follies of fashionable life, but in those engaging manners of modest and refined deportment—that intellectual richness, and resources of useful knowledge, which raise and expand far above the gay throng of fashionable pleasures, and which give the pledge of substantial value and useful action, when the season of youthful gayety and dissipation shall pass away.

3. Kind attentions—those nameless offices and tokens of regard and affection, which, at the same time, manifest and solicit the best feelings of the soul—should never be forgotten.

Mark that young man with just suspicion, who is happier anywhere than at home, and who seems more joyous with others than his own sisters, and prefers any other to lean upon his arm than her whom, as an orphan daughter, he is bound to protect. The kind feelings of a brother are a stranger to his bosom; the nobler feelings of a man he never knew. And he who will cast, forgotten,

a sister from his kind regards and tender care, will as soon throw from his affections and support the wife of his youth.

And she, who finds no pleasure in the circle of home, nor in the smiles of paternal fondness, loves not a brother's company, may have the sprightliness and cheerfulness of virtuous affection, and may bloom in all the beauty of her sex, yet her bosom is as cold and sterile as the snow-drift, of every finer feeling, and her heart will be an eternal stranger to pure and permanent affection. She who cherishes not a sister's love, warm and active, has not the virtues that can be prized and trusted in a wife or mother.

There are *duties* peculiarly appropriate to brothers, which demand a special and distinct notice. You should remember that your sisters are frail, tender, and susceptible, and generally *unsuspecting*—and they are most happy because they are unsuspecting—and hence they are most exposed to danger. They are too affectionate and confiding to suspect, and too late in learning the meanness, the baseness, and duplicity, to which they are exposed, as well as the degrading and beastly passions with which our sex are often cursed. The first they know is often from a husband's lips, or a husband's baseness—known too late.

Shall we say, acquaint them with all that is low, impure, and profane, in the habits of men? To this we hardly know what to say. Should this be done, it would convulse many a splendid circle. And yet they should not be left wholly ignorant. They should be so far informed of all this as to guard against its influence.

It is the duty of brothers to stand aloof in personal purity and private worth, and to guard a sister's interest as their own, turning her eye, her every step, above all, her heart, from that society where virtue and purity are unknown.

You should spurn from your society those whom you know to be idle, and profane, and impure, and seek to rid the community of the invaders of innocence and worth. You are bound to drive them from you, as the wakeful guardians of a sister's safety. Those whom you invite to your home, your sisters must kindly receive, for your sake if not for theirs; and, in this necessary attention and respect, may open the way for ultimate and perpetual

evil. She who once adorned the highest circles of her sex, becomes disappointed, disheartened, and ruined, perhaps a wretched vagrant, forever lost! This is no suggestion of fancy, but the record of fact, repeated again and again.

Guard, then, your home, the pure circle of the paternal interest and affection, from the inroad of unprincipled young men. Give them no introduction to those whom you are bound to protect.

Go even beyond your own home. Think of the thousands who have been torn from the heights of society, early to die in disgrace. Above all things, do not compromise a brother's character by sustaining and countenancing those whose baseness prolongs that trade of robbery from the ranks of innocence and virtue, which, were it half told, would exceed the horrors of the slave-trade, for the number of its victims and the severity of its misery.

Study to make your sisters love home and useful recreations; and, to stimulate to the attainment of useful knowledge, become yourself the companion of their evening hours. Tell them of what you know—thus give them a love of learning—and, hand in hand with you, they will advance in the path of pleasure and duty. Hence will arise a refinement of feeling and elevation of enjoyment which no resort beside can give. Here the cares of more extended responsibility cannot intrude, while all so pure and ennobling, needs only the adornment of piety to give perfection. Thus shall your sisters become your equals and your pride, illustrating the wisdom and virtue of that fraternity that has blessed them.

These duties are attended with corresponding obligations on the part of sisters. To them we would say, be kind, amiable, and attentive to your brothers. Always welcome their return to your common home with unaffected pleasure. Let them see that their happiness is identified with yours—their prosperity and advancement your study and delight. Make them love modesty, intelligence, and virtue, by that deportment of retiring delicacy which ever gains control—that knowledge which instructs—that ster-

ling virtue which frowns in silent dignity, and makes the lewd and lawless tremble and retire.

Make your brothers happy at home, without the aid of those blighting amusements which neither instruct nor improve. Cause your brothers to love the card-table of the drawing-room, and they will soon desert you for open and destructive gaming, and return no more but to reflect on your error and reveal their own degeneracy. Learn what recreations are safe at home, by the natural associations which they hold abroad, and avoid all that may impair, in their ultimate influence, the modesty and virtue which you prize in domestic life.

Show an interest in learning what your brothers may know, and thus increase the charm and usefulness of knowledge. Render their hours of recreation so pleasant and profitable that recreation shall endear your society to them, and give the charm of mutual refinement to mental and moral feeling. Be so virtuous, modest, amiable, and intelligent, with them, that they never can admire and love where these unsullied ornaments of your sex are unknown.

Be constant in your offices of kindness, and when your brothers are sick and afflicted, be near and more than kind. Thus you inspire their respect and love for yourself, and command their admiration for your sex; and thus, too, you throw around them restraints, and enchain them by an influence, which it is alike their interest and pleasure to regard.

As sisters, you are bound to treat young men with utter abhorrence, whom you know to be unworthy your brother's society, and hazardous to his character. Never oblige him to accommodate you with the society of such as may injure him.

When at home, let it be known that you prize a brother's society, and when abroad, that his company is the best; that you had rather lean upon his arm for protection than on a stranger's gallantry. And when he shall leave you, for his studies or his life, follow him still with expressions of a sister's grateful and affectionate remembrance. Let him know and feel that in his heart you have a treasure still, and in his new-found home more than

interest. And if called to go yourself, so leave your father's and your brother's house, that you may carry and continue a brother's love. While separate, and as often as you meet, cherish and strengthen those fraternal affections which are the brightest ornament of domestic life, and the sanctified symbol of future glory.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

(See the Engraving.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THERE are three routes from Boston to the White Mountains, each of which is about equally traveled, and there is but very little choice between them. All three meet in Conway, a very neat little country village, about thirty miles from the Notch.

As you leave the village, and ride along the banks of the Saco, (here a noisy brook, rushing over a rocky bed) the valley continually grows more narrow, and the ranges of mountains on each side draw nearer to the road. After riding twenty-three miles through this contracting valley, and hourly entering scenes of increasing wildness and sublimity, with impassable mountains all around you, you come to a soft little meadow of perhaps a square mile in extent, in the middle of which is placed the spacious house and barns of the "Old Man Crawford." The Saco runs turbulently through the heart of this meadow, and majestic mountains, rising two thousand feet from the level of the stream, enclose it on every side except its southern entrance. For more than half a century this old man has resided upon this spot. His children and his grandchildren are around him, and he seems still vigorous in body and in mind. The distance from Crawford's house to the summit of Mount Washington, is about ten miles. You commence the ascent within half a mile from the door, and rise immediately by a path as precipitous as a horse can climb, to the top of Crawford Mountain, two thousand feet high, and ride along a ridge thus

high above the surrounding meadows, till your horse rests his weary hoof upon the summit of Mount Washington.

About half a mile from Crawford's House, a mountain stream comes rushing down from unknown heights in the dark forest above. Any one who has the least capability of appreciating scenes of wildness and desolation, will be amply repaid for following, for a mile, the course of this stream among the crags, as it comes leaping in indescribable clearness and beauty down the mountain. During the lapse of ages, this stream has cut a channel, in some places thirty feet deep, through the rock, and rushes foaming on its way, with perpendicular walls on each side. The rocks around are worn into most grotesque forms, and the eye is never weary in gazing upon the cascades, and deep transparent basins.

After leaving this snug little valley, an excellent and smooth road winds along the banks of the rocky stream, the Saco, occasionally spanning it by a rude bridge of logs, and most of the way overshadowed by trees of dense foliage. The scene gradually increases in sublimity, the mountains drawing nearer and becoming more precipitous. A ride of six miles brings you to the Willey House. Here commences the magnificent passage of the Notch. The Saco, perhaps a rod in width, flows turbulently along over its rocky bed; and almost from its very banks, leaving barely room for a narrow road, the mountains begin to rise on either side, till they reach the height of some two thousand feet above the bank of the stream.

The sides of these mountains are as steep as loose stones and earth can lie, while often a beetling crag of granite juts from the side, presenting a perpendicular or overhanging surface many hundred feet in height. Enormous slides and water-worn chasms have furrowed the face of these walls of nature, till they present an aspect of dreariness and desolation utterly indescribable.

As you leave the Willey House, and proceed along through the Notch, a gigantic barrier of walls encloses your way, rising from 1500 to 2000 feet into the air; and with immense masses of vapor, sometimes capping their summits, and again rolling along their bleak and craggy sides. For two or three miles you con-

tinue in a winding, zig-zag road, along this sublime gorge. New views of grandeur are continually opening before you. Here is the rocky and dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, which the spring floods have cut into a deep furrow. Here a crystal streamlet, fed by perennial springs, comes leaping and foaming, yet silent in the distance, from a thousand feet above your head. And here an enormous slide has gone thundering down, with its burden of firs, and pines, and rock, into the bed of the Saco, exposing the granite ledge, by whose upheavings these everlasting hills were reared. The road through this ravine gradually ascends, though with occasional pitches. Picturesque bridges frequently span the stream. Dark chasms yawn beneath you, worn through the rock, during the lapse of ages, by the unceasing rush of water. This scene of grandeur continues for a distance of two or three miles, when suddenly you emerge by a very narrow pass called the Gap, and where the overhanging mountains almost meet on either side, upon a verdant meadow. A wide plain extends for many miles in the west before you, and far in the distance may be seen the dim outline of the hills which border the lovely valley of the Connecticut.

You have passed through the White Mountains. It would seem as if the Creator had cleft this granite barrier from the summit to the base, to open a passage-way for his children. And here you find the "NOTCH HOUSE," kept by Thomas Crawford, son of "the Old Man." This house is in by far the most picturesque situation of any one among the mountains. It is within a few moments' walk of the most sublime scenery, and I think that the ascent of Mount Washington from this place is preferable to any of the other ascents. Almost from the very door of the Notch House, you commence climbing the mountain. A winding path, through a forest impervious to the rays of the sun, continues for two miles, sometimes so steep that you almost fear that your patient horse will fall back upon you, and again by gentle slopes, along which you can easily ride.

At the termination of about two miles, you suddenly emerge from the forest, and enter a dense growth of dwarf mountain firs, spreading in gnarled branches, but a few feet high, over the

ground, and you find yourself upon the rocky summit of Mount Clinton, over four thousand feet above the level of the sea. You are now upon the crest of the mountain range, and a scene both of sublimity and beauty bursts upon your eye, such as is rarely witnessed. The magnificent peaks of Mount Pleasant, Jefferson and Adams, rise successively on the widening ridge before you. You now continue your path, with occasional descents, but with a prospect of indescribable grandeur spread around you, with unbroken forests sweeping away into the distant horizon, and passing a chasm so deep and gloomy that it seems to cleave the mountains to their base, till you stand upon the broad and smooth summit of Mount Pleasant. The ascent of this eminence is by a zigzag path, through which you clamber along in the midst of enormous rocks, till you stand upon the smooth, bald head of this beautiful mountain. What may be called the top, embraces about six acres. It slopes gently down in every direction. I cannot better describe the scene witnessed from this spot, than in words contained in a little book I found while at the mountains:—"Mount Pleasant is almost everywhere covered with little tufts of short grass, out from which wild mountain flowers peep smilingly, as if gladdened by the presence of a human being. But the eye will rest here only for a moment; lifting it from this wild, sweet spot, a view surpassingly grand is unexpectedly opened before it. Around on every side, a wild, crowded mass of gigantic mountains rear their heads in every variety of form. In the north are Franklin and double-peaked Monroe, and above *them*, the dark and grizzly head of Mount Washington towers in lonely majesty; southerly, beyond and above a nameless host of mountains, booms the great Haystack, and around it the other peaks of Franconia. In the west, the Green Mountains stretch out in graceful beauty, while in the east unnumbered and numberless the mountains stand, as far as the eye can reach, marshaled by those mountain monarchs, Kearsarge and Chocowa. The view from this point is, without dispute, of the most sublime and impressive character, and not without reason, preferred by many to that from Mount Washington, where the vastness of the scene confuses and oppresses."

After resting for a short time upon this magnificent summit,

you descend the north side of the mountain by an extremely romantic path, till you are again embowered in the dense foliage of the pines and furs at its base. Passing by a granite-fringed pond of crystal water, you commence the circuitous ascent of Mount Franklin. You soon stand upon its almost pointed pinnacle, 4850 feet above the level of the sea, and then see directly before you Mount Washington rearing his majestic brow nearly fifteen hundred feet above your head. Passing along now on the brink of a gulf three thousand feet in depth, and now under the peak of Mount Monroe, over five thousand feet in height, and reposing for a moment on the banks of a little lake as picturesque as its poetic name, "The Lake of the Clouds," with scenes of loveliness and of majesty everywhere crowding upon your eye, you commence the final ascent of the hoary summit of Mount Washington. It is possible to ride to the very top, but generally the horses are left in a little dell, about a quarter of a mile from the pinnacle, and the party climb over the steep and rocky path on foot, till they stand almost entranced upon the summit, 6228 feet above the level of the sea. The emotions excited by the scene now unfolded, vary in accordance with the susceptibility of the soul contemplating that scene. If it be a weakness to find the eye flooded with tears, and the heart overwhelmed, I must plead guilty of that weakness. I felt no disposition to utter a word. I wished to separate myself from the party—alone to sit upon the crushed granite, and to look up to that dread power who created these hills, and who is my Creator, and is to be my Judge. It seemed as though the majesty of God was embodied before me, and it was not from fear that I wept, in feeling that I was but a helpless infant in his arms.

The distance from the Notch House to the summit of Mount Washington is about nine miles, and there is certainly not in the United States another nine miles so replete with scenes of loveliness and sublimity.

When a man has got a habit of virtue, all his actions are equal. Virtue has no outward pomp.

Original.

A VISIT TO THE UPPER FARM.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

On a pleasant morning in June, Mary and Susan came down from their chamber before the rays of the rising sun shot through the forest which covered the hill that lay to the east of the village. Their appearance occasioned some surprise; for they were not remarkable for early rising. It was soon recollected that they had the promise of a visit to the upper farm, as it was termed—a farm about four miles distant from the village. "Father," said Mary, as soon as Mr. Thornton came in to breakfast, "you remember we have a promise of a visit to the upper farm to-day."

"I remember something about it. You are to go in the afternoon, I believe."

"No, my dear father, you promised us that we should go early in the morning, and spend the day there."

"And Angelica and Julia are going with us," said Susan.

"And, therefore, you cannot possibly wait till afternoon?" said Mr. Thornton.

"No, sir," said Susan, "we cannot possibly wait, because father promised to take us in the morning."

"You anticipate great enjoyment in your visit?"

"Yes, sir, very great."

"I hope you will not be disappointed; but are your anticipations always realized?"

"Oh no, sir, seldom, if ever. Indeed, I think there is always more enjoyment in the anticipation than in the reality."

"That seems very much like confessing that the shadow is better than the substance. It proves that you do not look for your enjoyment to the right source. There is a source of enjoyment in relation to which the reality always transcends the antici-tion."

"What is it, pray?"

"Doing right. The pleasure resulting from doing right is real and substantial. It never disappoints or deceives us."

"We do right from a sense of duty; we never anticipate any pleasure from it, and hence are not disappointed, as we are in a great many cases in which we do indulge anticipations."

"I admit that we do not do right for the sake of pleasure. To aim chiefly at our own happiness in all things, would render it impossible for us to do right. There is a higher aim than that of happiness, namely, *right or duty*, and we best secure our happiness when we make duty, for its own sake, our great object."

"I have no doubt what father says is true, but I cannot make it seem so. I know we ought to do duty. I know it is wise to do duty out of regard to consequences, but it certainly imposes some restraints which interfere with our enjoyments here. I know it will all be made up hereafter."

"You are too anxious to be at the farm to engage with profit in a grave discussion now. The wagon—carriage I suppose I must call it, when young ladies use it for a pleasure excursion—will be ready in half an hour."

In half an hour the vehicle was at the door, and the luggage—the articles of which were somewhat numerous and varied—were snugly stowed in. The girls took their seats, when they were driven to the residence of Angelica and Julia. After waiting half an hour for them to get ready, they drove quite rapidly to the farm, where they were left to dispose of themselves for the day.

"I will come after you about six o'clock," said Mr. Thornton. "You may wander where you please, except in the swamp and in the ploughed fields."

"We are much obliged to you," said the girls.

They spent the day very pleasantly. They wandered through a beautiful meadow, and gathered buttercups and lilies, and when it became too hot to remain in the sun, they followed the winding of a beautifully clear little rivulet through a charming grove, and at a very early hour took their dinners (abundant materials for which were brought with them) on a large flat rock, under the wide-spread branches of an aged chestnut. They there spent an

hour or two in telling stories, and then took another ramble through the grove, gathering specimens of all the flowers it contained. At six o'clock, Mr. Thornton came for them, and they rode home, declaring that they had never passed a day more pleasantly.

In the evening, as Mary and Susan were seated by their father's side, he said to them, "Did you walk in the ploughed fields?"

"No, sir," said Mary. "What would lead us to walk there, unless, indeed, we wished to get ourselves covered with dirt?"

"Did you go into the swamp?"

"Why no, father; what in the world makes you ask such a question? There is nothing but mud and snakes in the swamp; and, besides, father told us not to go into the swamp or the ploughed field."

"My prohibitions, then, were no real restraint upon you—that is, did not interfere with your enjoyment?"

"Not in the least. We knew that you had our good in view, when you gave us those directions."

"Now, my daughters, I wish you to remember, that in like manner, a life of duty imposes no real restraints—that is, requires nothing that interferes with your enjoyments. The directions given you by your heavenly Father are all intended for your good. There is not a requirement in his law that is not adapted to promote your happiness. Cease to look upon religion as a restraint, but count it an unspeakably great privilege."

BE FIRM.

The wind and the waves may beat against a rock planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware! stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth and unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation, and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the lighthouse is to the mariner upon a sea-shore. It will guide others to the point of virtue and safety.

Original.

THE MISSIONARY MOTHER.

BY MRS. JANE E. FOOTE.

Two years since, in the lecture-room of the First Baptist Church, in the city of Buffalo, a company of females were gathered, listening with intense earnestness to the low and gentle voice of one of their number, as she stood before them, telling of the wants of the heathen far off in India, and pleading in their behalf, for more assistance to give to them the Word of Life freely. Her story was mostly a history of the mission in Assam, above Calcutta, with which she and her husband were connected, showing their great need of more laborers.

But why was she there *alone*, so far distant from the scene of her labors? A mother's tearful eye, and choked utterance, hardly needed words added to them, when, at the close of her narrative of the mission, she stated her object in coming to this country. It was to leave her *two children* (reared thus far amid dark idols and temples, and the still darker minds of the people living among them,) here among Christians, to receive that education which they could not obtain there.

She said but little of the trial it cost her to do this, but the pale and wan face told too plainly of the struggle between *inclination* and *duty*. What a day that Sabbath must have been to her! The next day she was to say farewell, forever, on earth, to these loved ones. In all human probability, it was the last day in which she could look upon the features of those dear ones, so tenderly brought up heretofore, close to her side.

The last care and watching had been given, (such as only a fond mother knows how to give) the last embrace would soon come, and she, *alone*, would be wending her way back to heathen ground.

A mother myself, I thought of the feelings that must come up in that breast, until the tears ran like water down my cheeks.

Ah, it was one of the many trials incident to a *missionary mother's life.* Her great motive in alluding to the separation with her children, "was to urge upon the sisters in Christ more self-denial for Him. She would ask those then present, why was she called to make this great sacrifice of *home blessings*, more than any *disciple of Jesus?* She could do it cheerfully for His sake." *Home blessings!* Who can prize the enjoyment to be found in children's love, if it be not the missionary father and mother, as they come, wearied and worn, from their arduous duties, with no congenial spirits but those assembled around the domestic hearth?

After encountering the dangers of the ocean to Calcutta, three months must elapse, of slow travel up the river from that place, with only the poor accommodations afforded by a native boat, before Mrs. Brown could meet her husband. The prospect of such a three months would cause the hearts of many of us to sink within us, setting aside all other trials.

A recent letter from that mission mentions her return, and says, "We miss more and more each day the happy voices of our children around our dwelling." What *could* fill such a void, but the free, rich grace of God? There is nothing so affecting to me in the life of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, as the account of the parting with her "dear Georgie." The memoir says: "Mrs. Judson had taken the formidable resolution of parting with her *one* darling boy, previous to her second marriage, and soon after this event an opportunity offered for sending him to America, which might not occur again in many years. The ship Cashmere had brought a number of missionaries to Maulmain, and would return directly to Boston, with the exception of a few weeks at Singapore. Mrs. Judson hesitated, for little George, being her 'only one,' had been most tenderly reared; and his nature had about it a clinging tenderness and sensitiveness which peculiarly unfitted him for contact with strangers. Would he not read cruelty, instead of carelessness, in their cold eyes? And would not the voices which *love* did not modulate, sound harsh to him? Oh, how his little heart must sometimes ache, when there would be none to comfort him! If he could only be under a woman's care, though it were not her own! But no, she must confide him to men, *young men*, who,

however kind might be their intentions, could never look into the spirit of her little boy, and mark its delicate workings, or comprehend, in the slightest degree, the feeling agitating her own bosom. Yet they promised and spoke kindly, and feelingly; and the decisive argument was, this was her only opportunity."

And so she says, "After deliberation, accompanied with tears, and agony, and prayers, I came to the conviction that it was my duty to send away my only child, my darling George, and yesterday he bade me a long farewell. Oh, my dear sister, my heart is full, and I long to disburden it by writing whole pages—but my eyes are rolling down with tears, and I can scarcely hold my pen." "Oh, I shall never forget his looks as he stood by the door, and gazed at me for the last time. His eyes were filling with tears, and his little face was red with suppressed emotion. But he subdued his feelings, and it was not till he had turned away, and was going down the steps, *that he burst into a flood of tears.* I hurried to my room; and on my knees, with my whole heart, gave him up to God; and my bursting heart was comforted from above. I felt such a love to poor perishing souls, as made me willing to give up *all*, that I might aid in bringing these wretched heathen to Christ. The love of God, manifested in sending his only-begotten and well-beloved Son into this world, to die for *our* sins, touched my heart, and I felt satisfaction in laying upon the altar *my only son!* My reason and judgment tell me, that the good of my child requires that he should be sent to America; and this, of itself, would support me in some little degree; but when I view it as a sacrifice made for the sake of Jesus, *it becomes a delightful privilege.*"

How the loving, tender mother beams out in the foregoing lines, but yet it "became a *privilege* for Jesus' sake! "Oh, that there were more of such a consecration to God of *our all!* Should we not see our children more useful in the world; oftener meet with an answer to our prayers, in their early conversion? And, as we gather, in our maternal meetings, to pray for our own dear children, and to ask Divine Wisdom in training them for heaven, shall we not remember the *missionary mother* in her trials, together with her children?

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. VII.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Mamma. As the sky is beautifully clear, and your papa is at leisure, we will devote this evening to the subject of the stars, which, after our last two conversations upon flowers, we shall find much of interest. The latter shows us the wisdom and skill of the Creator in some of the most minute operations of his hand, while the former manifests his grandeur and power in the unlimited regions of space.

Papa. In entering upon this subject, we shall commence with the solar system, that being the family of the heavenly bodies of which the planet we inhabit is a member.

John. I suppose the beautiful evening star, which now gilds the western hemisphere after the sun has withdrawn, is also a branch of the solar system?

Mamma. In this, my dear, you are correct. It is the second planet in point of distance from the sun, and by reason of its nearness to us, is the most brilliant. It is also the morning star during a portion of the year. Poets of all ages have eulogized it, and we find the Great Head of the Church thinks it not derogatory to his glorious character to style himself "the bright and morning Star."

Helen. If the sun is styled the centre of the solar system, are we to conclude that it is altogether stationary?

Papa. The whole system, viz., all the planets, with the sun itself, is by no means stationary, but is moving at a rapid rate in the regions of space; and, indeed, the whole firmament appears to be revolving round some central point, known, perhaps, only to Him who has put the whole fabric into motion.

Sarah. I suppose we have reason to think there may yet be other planets belonging to the solar system, besides those which have already been discovered?

Mamma. Doubtless this is the fact. It is but three or four years since Neptune was recognized as a planet, and not seventy years ago Uranus, with his six moons, was numbered in the family of the solar system; besides seven or eight smaller spheres between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, which are supposed to be fragments of a large sphere that once occupied their position.

Helen. What is the number of planets already discovered which derive their light and heat from the sun?

Papa. Leaving out the small ones above mentioned, their number is twenty-six. The largest of these is Jupiter, whose bulk is thirteen hundred times the size of the earth. His day and night contain nine hours, and his year is about the length of twelve of ours. His belts and four moons present a beautiful appearance through the telescope; the former some think to be clouds, or strata of vapor that float in his atmosphere.

Sarah. Is not Saturn the next planet in size that belongs to the solar system?

Mamma. It is, and here we behold proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator; for while this orb is placed further from the sun, there are a greater number of moons, namely, seven, to enlighten its regions. But the most astonishing appendages to Saturn are his two immense luminous rings, both of which encircle the planet, and add greatly to its light, by reflecting the rays of the sun; while the motions of these rings, and the frequent eclipses of the seven moons, must render the nocturnal scenery grand and exciting.

John. I suppose the size of the sun is much greater than any of the planets.

Papa. This luminary has a bulk, it is said, not less than five hundred times greater than that of all the planets united. Its diameter is not much short of a million of miles, and its distance from us nearly one hundred millions, and it would contain within it more than thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as the earth. Were a person to travel along its surface so as to pass along every square mile, at the rate of thirty miles a day, it would require more than two hundred and twenty millions of years before the whole journey would be completed.

Helen. Will you tell us something of the spots upon the sun, about which we often hear?

Mamma. These are openings in the luminous matter with which the body of that globe appears to be surrounded. Some of them are immensely large, and by strict observations upon these phenomena, the motion of the sun upon its axis has been proved, and the time of its rotation pretty correctly ascertained to be twenty-five days, nine hours and a half.

Sarah. Supposing the planets to be inhabited, can this idea, as it regards the sun, be admitted, as that body is the great reservoir from which the whole system is supplied with light and heat?

Papa. Although we derive heat from the sun, it by no means follows that that body is a burning mass. Heat is generated by collision, as by a piece of flint and steel. Besides, nearness to the sun does not produce an increase of warmth—which is proved by men who have ascended in balloons—and although the earth is nearer the sun at the equinoxes than at the summer solstice, yet the heat is less, by reason of the rays falling upon us in a horizontal direction. Some have supposed that beneath its luminous atmosphere, its surface may be well adapted to the existence of intelligent beings, and its celestial scenery to exceed that of any of the planets in grandeur and beauty.

John. You have mentioned some small bodies between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, as being perhaps the wrecks of a former planet. Can there be any good grounds for this idea?

Mamma. The space between the orbits of these two planets is so much larger than that between the Earth and Mars, that many supposed a planet to exist there; but instead of one corresponding in size to the others, several have been discovered, some of them not larger than the moon, with orbits which frequently intersect each other; and, by reason of their proximity, diminutiveness, and the eccentricities of their orbits, it has been conjectured they were formerly but one globe.

Helen. Is Mercury ever visible without the aid of a telescope, papa?

Papa. This being the nearest to the sun, it can seldom be seen except when at its greatest elongation. The degree of light in

this planet is seven times greater than what the earth receives; its motion round the sun is more rapid than any other of the heavenly bodies belonging to the solar system. Spots like those upon the sun have been observed upon it; and mountains, from one to ten miles in height, rear their tops in its hemispheres.

Sarah. What are the peculiarities that have been noticed in Venus and Mars?

Mamma. Both Venus and Mercury appear horned, like the new moon, at particular parts of their orbits; which fact decidedly proves two things, viz., that they receive their light from, and revolve round the sun, within the orbit of the earth. At some seasons of the year the light of Venus has been perceived to be more of a greenish hue than at others, which is supposed to be owing to the return of summer on this planet, in those regions opposite to us. The polar regions of Mars have a white luminous appearance, thought to be caused by vast masses of snow not yet dissolved.

John. You have mentioned a number of planets as having moons; but Mars, although farther from the sun than we are, has none; and Neptune, the most distant planet, is not, it appears, supplied with any of these great aids of light.

Papa. We are by no means to conclude that this is really the case. Although no satellites have as yet been discovered about those more distant planets, we cannot say certainly that there are none; for, as the science of astronomy advances, and our instruments become more perfect, many heavenly bodies which at present elude our observation, will be brought to light.

Helen. Are comets considered as parts of the solar system?

Mamma. These wandering bodies, some have supposed to belong to several systems, as their long and winding revolutions appear almost to defy calculation. Yet upward of five hundred of them have been noticed as belonging to our system, and the periods of their return to our view have, with some of them, been marked with singular precision.

Sarah. Was it not a long time before the true theory of the motions of the planets was generally received by mankind?

Papa. The present system was first taught by Pythagoras five

hundred and ninety years before Christ, but it was afterward rejected until the sixteenth century, when it was revived by Copernicus, a native of Poland. Thales, of Miletus, was the first person who advanced the idea that the earth is round; but he, like other philosophers, found common opinion against him; and the celebrated Galileo, at nearly the seventeenth century, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment by a board of Cardinals, for holding and promulgating the same sentiment.

Mamma. Then you see, my dear children, how thankful we ought to be, that we live in a country where we may freely think, and imbibe those opinions, both upon science and religion, which are consonant with truth and reason.

Original.

TO MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, ON HER FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

BY M. P. WESTON.

DEAR babe, now nestling to thine early slumbers,
Weary with waking, through the sun-bright day
Thy mother lulls thee with her nursery numbers,
Thy father greets thee with an evening lay.

Thy voice, though hushed, sweet one, is in mine ear,
With melody that reaches to the heart:—
How hast thou grown, in this thy first brief year,
Of all this self, a parcel and a part!

Since the faint pulses of that early morn
Which brought the dayspring to thy twin blue eyes,
And the glad tidings of "a daughter born,"
To the rapt heart that waited for the prize;

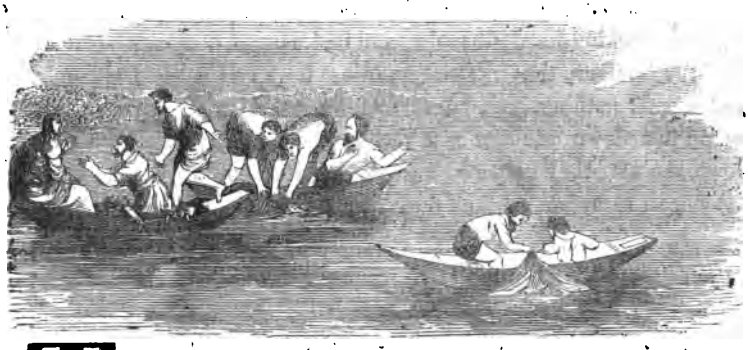
Full many a toil, my daughter, hast thou thrown
Round the fond heart so willingly thy slave;—
Each young affection, stealing to mine own,
Asks not a part, but dares the whole to crave.

Now slumber sweetly, while the shadows fall
Deeper and darker round thy cradle—REST!
O, be to thee life's lifting billows, all,
Calm as the heavings of thine infant breast.

Editorial.

THE FISHERMEN.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.



THERE was a time when the Lord Jesus Christ was on earth, and went about doing good. He was once walking by the Sea of Galilee, and he saw two brethren—Simon, who was called Peter, and Andrew, his brother. A little way from them he saw two other brethren—their names were James the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother. They were fishermen, and were on the shore of the lake, or sea, washing their nets. This lake was called by different names, sometimes the Sea of Galilee, orthe sea of Tiberius, and the lake of Gennesareth, and also the Sea of Cinnereth. It was about twelve miles long and from six to nine wide. It is said to be a very beautiful lake; its waters are clear and sweet, abounding with fish. Around this lake our Saviour was accustomed to travel, and perform many of his miracles. The people often were glad to hear him and to see his miracles. When he was standing by the Sea of Galilee, and talking with these fishermen, the people pressed upon him, so eager to hear him, that he got into one of the boats, or ships, of these fishermen, which were brought up to the shore, while they were washing and mending their nets. When he got into the one which belonged to Simon, he asked him to go out a little from the land, and when the boat was moved away from the shore, our Saviour sat

down and taught the people out of the boat. There was a great multitude standing on the shore, to hear what Jesus would say to them. When he had finished speaking to them, he told Simon, who was in the boat with him, to launch, or go out into the deep, and let down his nets, to catch some fish. Simon was surprised at this command of the Saviour, because they had been fishing and working hard all night, and had caught nothing. But he told the Saviour, that notwithstanding they had worked all night and caught nothing, yet, because of his request, or command, he would let down the net into the sea. And when they had let down the net, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net began to break, so that they feared they should lose all their

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

fish. Then they called unto their partners or companions, who were in the other boat, or ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both boats, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw what was done, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, "Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord." He was greatly astonished, and so were all the men that were with him, at the great number of fishes which they had taken. But Jesus said unto Simon, "Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Jesus meant they should save the souls of men. When they had brought their boats to the land, they forsook all, and followed him. They gave up all their former

occupations, and became preachers. They followed Jesus from place to place, as he went about doing good on earth, and finally saw him nailed to the cross and die. He afterward appeared to them, and these once poor fishermen are now all in heaven, rejoicing with their Saviour.

How happy it was that Simon obeyed Jesus, and cast his net into the sea! So of all who obey the commands of the Saviour. We must do whatever he commands. Peter was afraid when he saw what Jesus could do for them. He felt he was a sinful man. But Jesus told him he need not fear. Those who obey the Saviour should never fear him. He loves them that love him.

QUESTIONS.

By what different names is the Sea of Galilee called?
Who did Jesus see there?
What were the names of these fishermen?
Who were brothers?
What were they doing with the nets?
How long and how wide was the lake?
Is it a beautiful lake?
Did our Saviour spend much time around this Sea of Galilee?
Were there a great multitude there?
How did he instruct them?
When he had finished speaking to them, what did he ask Simon to do?
What did Simon say?
What happened when they had let down the net?
What did they do when their net began to break?
Did they fill their boats with fish?
What did Peter do when the boats began to sink?
What did he say to Jesus?
What did Jesus reply?
What did Jesus mean by telling him he should catch men?
When they had brought the boats to shore, what did the fishermen do?
Must we do whatever Jesus commands?
Should any fear Jesus, who obey his commands?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOURNAL OF THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ABYSSINIA. By REV. SAMUEL GOBAT, now Bishop of Jerusalem—preceded by an Introduction, Geographical and Historical, on Abyssinia. Translated from the French, by Rev. Lorenzo D. Clark. Accompanied with a biographical sketch of Bishop Gobat, by Robert Baird, D.D., New York. M. W. Dodd: 1850.

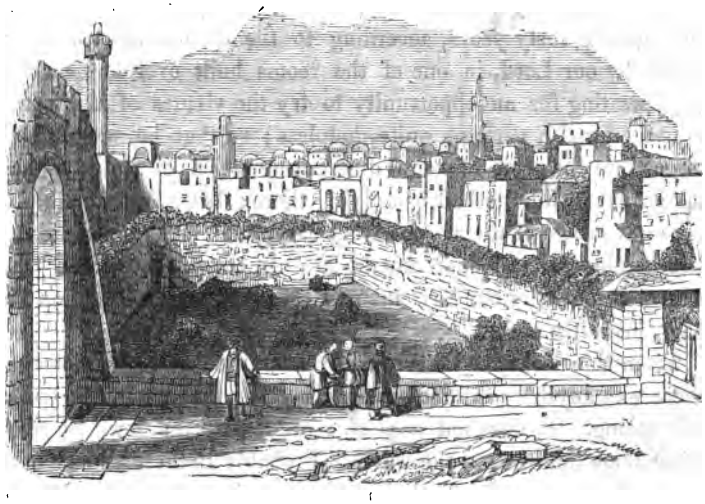
This book will be read with more than usual interest. It gives us an insight into that hidden country, and by the minute and accurate details of daily intercourse with that people, we are able to imagine ourselves among them, observing their manners and customs. As an accurate historical, geographical, and ecclesiastical account of the country, it is the most reliable of any book which has fallen under our notice. At the present day, in many respects, the continent of Africa is exciting great interest, and we take up such a book as this with great pleasure.

MOTHERS OF THE WISE AND THE GOOD. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D., author of "Christian Philosophy," &c. Boston—Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. New-York—sold by L. Colby & Co.

This volume, embracing some three hundred duodecimo pages, has our entire approbation. Its title will indicate its design. It aims to deepen the conviction of the importance of a well-directed maternal influence, by illustrations drawn from actual examples of the beneficial results of judicious training on the part of mothers. It is a republication of an English work, from a Clergyman well known on both sides of the Atlantic. We are happy to see in the volume not a few extracts from our own magazine, of which the reverend author is kind enough to speak in the most complimentary terms.

AN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE. By REV. LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D. Illustrated by Maps—from the latest and most authentic sources—of various countries mentioned in the Scriptures. Philadelphia: published by E. H. BUTLER & Co. 1850.

This volume has been prepared with that research and care which might be expected from its author. It will be found to be a valuable aid to Sabbath-school teachers and pupils, and an indispensable companion, in every family, to the study of the Holy Scriptures. We know of no work of the kind which may be so entirely relied upon for its accuracy. We are glad to see our book publishers returning to fair type and paper in the execution of their works.



Editorial.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

There has been a great deal of speculation in respect to the character of the waters of Bethesda. No historian of antiquity, except the evangelist John, affords us any light on the subject; and the little that this writer says is hardly sufficient to give us more than a general idea of the spring that, in the time of our Saviour, had received that name. The narrative connected with it, from the pen of the writer alluded to, is briefly this:—There was a pool in the city of Jerusalem, called Bethesda—a "house of mercy," the name signifies. In the rooms connected with this pool there were numerous people, afflicted with different diseases, waiting for an opportunity to bathe in the water—it being a notion current among the Jews of that time, that there was a healing property in the water, and especially, immediately after the pool had been agitated from the bottom, so that the medicinal element, whatever it was, became more generally distributed through the entire pool. An angel, they thought, went down at certain periods, and agitated the water, and then, before the min-

eral substance, held in suspension, had subsided, the invalid, by plunging into the pool, could be cured. A man who had been sick nearly forty years, according to the divine historian, was found by our Lord, in one of the rooms built over or near the pool, waiting for an opportunity to try the virtues of the water. He was nearly, perhaps quite, helpless; so that he was unable to get into the pool. Several different agitations of the water had taken place while he had been lying there; but he was unable to take advantage of them. In every case, some more fortunate and less helpless invalid supplanted him. In this situation the poor man was found by our Saviour, and by a palpable miracle on his part, instantly cured.

From this narrative we are hardly warranted in the opinion that there was anything miraculous in the cures that were effected at this spring. It does not appear, indeed, that the Jews ascribed miraculous influence to the water. Probably Bethesda was a mineral spring, possessing medicinal virtues of considerable value in some diseases, but which were, naturally enough, greatly overrated.

The Jews were in the habit of speaking of all their blessings as if they came directly from God. This pool was called the "house of mercy." When its waters were agitated, they spoke of the effect as having been produced by one of God's messengers. In this light our blessings ought always to be viewed. But how differently do the great mass of mankind regard them. Thousands, who, during the summer months, resort to Saratoga, and other fashionable watering-places, though sensible that their health is improving under the influences which God has so kindly made accessible to them, never, it is feared, feel one thrill of gratitude to their divine Benefactor. On the contrary, perhaps, they are more gay, more thoughtless, more reckless, while at this Bethesda, than they allow themselves to be at other times. And what is worse, and more to be deplored, professed disciples of Christ too often forget their obligations at such places. They seem to leave their religion behind them, shut up in their deserted houses—as if the great end of life was amusement. O! how is Christ dishonored by his friends, at the summer resorts of the fashionable

world! Christian, be on your guard. Let not your breast become "dry as summer dust," while you are indulging in a season of perhaps necessary relaxation and recreation. Carry your religion with you, wherever you go.

Original.

THE GROTESQUE—ITS INFLUENCE ON THE YOUNG.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

I DO not know precisely what idea is attached to the word *grotesque*, by people generally; but, in this connection, I take the liberty to give it considerable latitude of signification, in order to embrace sundry specific ideas which I cannot readily find another word to indicate. By the grotesque, if the reader so pleases, I mean those forms, whether in nature or art, which are ludicrously disproportionate, and extravagantly, comically, perhaps hideously contorted. I believe that there is a strong tendency in models bearing the impress of the grotesque, directly to deprave the mind, and indirectly to corrupt the heart of the young, and I ask for this subject the attention of those who have at heart the interests of our children and youth.

To the mind of one whose thoughts have been directed especially to this topic, this proposition will not need argument: that good taste is very nearly allied to virtue, and that it often forms the stepping-stone to a virtuous character and life, while a depraved taste as surely and directly leads toward vice. Show me a family, for example, where the children are uniformly well washed and dressed on the morning of the Sabbath, and I will show you one, in almost every case, where at least the outward form of morality, if not of religion, is respected. There is something kindred in baths, combs, and clean linen, on the one hand, and good morals, politeness, and orderly conduct, on the other. Other things being equal, I would sooner trust a boy with clean hands and face than

one all covered with dirt. And this elective affinity between models of good taste and virtue holds in a great many other circumstances, too, though it is unnecessary, in this place, to trace the affinity.

The fact that there is such a connection being premised, (and I am confident no one will dispute the connection; otherwise I should spend some time in attempting to prove it) there is, it seems to me, but a step to the conclusion, that there is a tendency in whatever is palpably grotesque to injure the mind of the child. I shall be told at the outset, that there is in every well-formed mind an innate, or at least a natural faculty, by which the ludicrous is perceived, and through which comes much of innocent, rational amusement. Very well. I do not feel disposed to dispute that sentiment. I enjoy a laugh too well myself, to rail against the machinery that sets it in motion. It is not against such a windmill that I am contending. I shall be better understood, if I refer specifically to some of the forms of the grotesque from which, in my estimation, the evils deprecated legitimately flow.

In this class are especially to be grouped caricatures of the human form and features. There is immense mischief resulting from these caricatures—more, I apprehend, than the great mass of parents and others interested especially in the well-being and well-doing of the young have ever dreamed of. I shall not stop now to inquire precisely what is the effect of such objects upon more mature minds. I will grant, if you please, that it is entirely, as it certainly must be comparatively harmless. But the "human face divine" cannot be represented in hideous disproportion to the eye of the child, especially if he be familiar with it thus exhibited, without producing, in a greater or less degree, an unhappy effect upon the mind of that child—without depraving the taste, and rendering it, in some, if not in all of its departments, morbidly and unnaturally grotesque. How is the taste of a child formed? To say nothing of the influences adapted to *deform* it, how is it formed in the first place? By models, surely; and it will take the impress of the mould it is formed in. Keep apart from the mind those models that are graceful, natural, truthful, and let it come in contact mainly with forms which are imperfect, unnatural,

distorted, and it would require a miracle to introduce such a thing as good taste to the perceptions of the child. Where these graceless forms are placed more rarely before the vision of the young, there is less danger, it is conceded; but it does not follow that there is no danger at all. Because the great mass of a person's food is harmless and nutritious, it is not safe, as a matter of course, to use such condiments as arsenic and deadly nightshade. What if the library of the children in a family is well supplied with such publications as they get at the Sunday school—it does not follow that an occasional series of the worst of caricatures are safe companions. What if the great majority of the playthings of the nursery are unexceptionable—it does not follow that you may give your children unrestrained license to play with a hideous mask, or a frightful dragon, or the personification of the arch-fiend, curiously enshrined in a box with springs. In this world, children will make the acquaintance of the spirit of all evil soon enough, do what you will to prevent the introduction. In the name of humanity, then, do not urge on this intercourse.

The whole genus of comic almanacs belong in this category. I would admit a moderate viper—not an ultra one, perhaps—into a family of children, just as soon as I would a comic almanac, filled with pictures, miserably executed, representing men, and women, and children, in all the hideous aspects which a depraved imagination ever conceived. These pictures are not simply whimsical forms to be laughed at. They are something more. From them there proceeds to the mind of the child a certain *moral* influence, and often a potent one, too. They haunt him. They give a tone to his perceptions of other objects. They lend a color to the mind itself. They become a part of it.

Unless I greatly misjudge, the same may be said of a great portion of those anonymous communications which, at a certain season of the year, in many parts of the country, are sent under the name of Valentines. Without characterizing the practice itself of honoring St. Valentine, by playful, amorous epistles, I must protest against that class of these epistles that are prefaced by wretched and horrible caricatures. The worst feature of the case is, that these caricatures find their way generally into the

hands of mere boys and girls, who are of precisely that age at which such things are most deleterious.

These are but a few among a multitude of exhibitions of the grotesque, which are tolerated, it is to be feared, in too many families of refinement, of general good taste, and, in the main, of unexceptionable morals. The evils resulting from such exhibitions are underrated. It is forgotten, to too great an extent, that the taste of the child is unformed—that models which we esteem the worst have as powerful an influence, perhaps even more powerful, in forming that taste as those of a better class.

Christian parent! let me urge you to bring this subject home to your heart—to give it your earnest and devout consideration. The interests of your children, I am firmly persuaded, are intimately connected with it.

Original.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THIS is a solemn—a fearful question!

Have I exerted my influence for weal or woe—extended a helping hand, to save or ruin souls?

As a Christian parent, what have I done to redeem the pledge given, to train my children for God? Have I instructed for earth or heaven? Have I kept before their minds their dedication to God, and that I should violate this covenant if I assisted in placing anything before their minds which might supplant Him? Have I made the impression, Religion is the one thing needful—so that if they finally perish, it will not be owing to my unfaithfulness? Have I set such an example as they ought to follow, and my conscience approves, making the impression, The love of Christ is the main-spring of all my actions?

What have I done, as a son, daughter, brother, sister, friend? Have I recommended Religion? Have I tried to win souls to Christ, or aid them in their conflict with the world—the flesh—the devil?

What have I done as an old disciple? Have I been diligent in

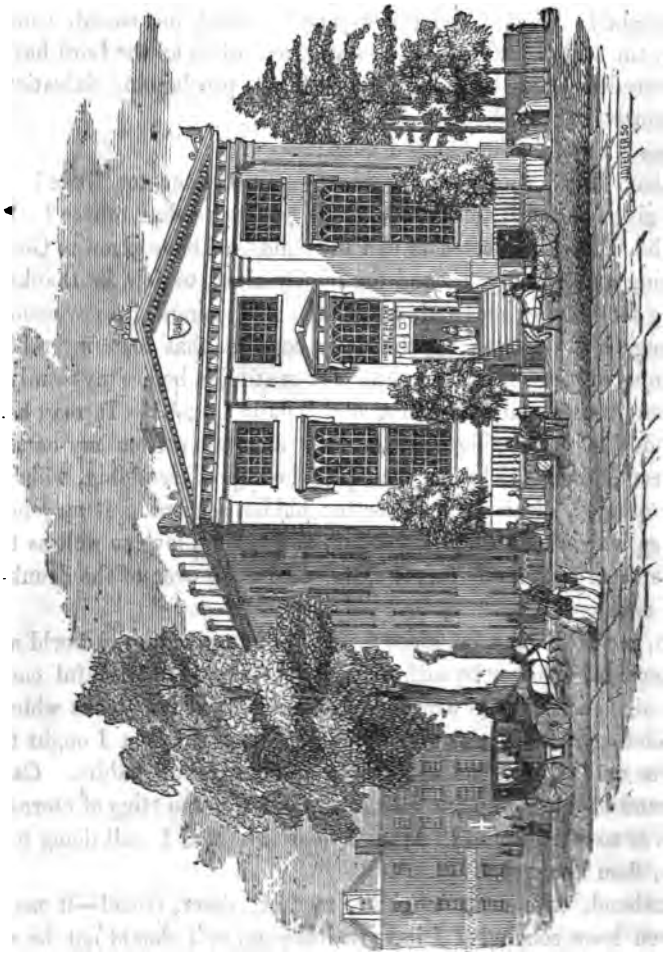
business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord? Have I labored as one who knows the value of salvation, and given of my property as I ought? Have I fed the hungry, clothed the naked, comforted the widow and fatherless—and, according as the Lord hath prospered me, aided the angel in his flight, proclaiming Salvation to a sin-bound world?

Alas! alas! What have I done!!!

I have loved the world too much—my Saviour too little! I have given occasion to say, What do you more than others? It may be, I have neglected to call the children I have given to God, morning and evening, around the family altar, to join in thanksgiving for mercies received, and seek the blessings of a covenant-keeping God. It may be, the daily bounties that load my table are enjoyed without one expression of gratitude, before my family, to Him from whom we receive our "daily bread." It may be, around this same table they have sat and taken from my hands (or been encouraged by my example) the cup of trembling, which, when quaffed, discloses too late the hidden serpent. It may be, the cup which I sip they may take; and taking, love so well as to pierce them with many sorrows, and seal them over to the drunkard's doom.

Ah, me! It may be, since I professed to give up the world as my portion, I have, by still adhering to some of its sinful customs, driven the rivets firmer and still firmer in the chains which are binding some to the wine-cup; and friends whom I ought to seek to save, I am thus confirming in intemperate habits. Can the hand of friendship extend the cup in which the sting of eternal death is so often found? Have I done it? Am I still doing it? Lord, thou knowest.

Husband, wife, son, daughter, mother, sister, friend—it may be, you have concluded I have no religion, or I should not be so indifferent about your salvation. Oh, seek it for yourselves. "Taste, and see that the Lord is good," and do not look at the stupid professor—for mine may be the fate of the barren fig-tree; I may be one of the foolish virgins! Blessed Spirit, help me to know myself—so to live that it may be said of me, "She hath done what she could—it is well done for eternity."



HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS, Thirtieth Street, near Fourth Avenue, New York.

The Home for the Friendless, of which the above is a view, originated with the Ladies connected with the American Moral Reform and Guardian Society, who have carried it through many difficulties, to its present successful completion. It is a noble monument of the devotion and perseverance of woman, when her energies are directed to the accomplishment of a great and glorious object; such as the "Home" is universally acknowledged to be.

Original.

REPORT OF THE BLOOMFIELD, ME., MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

FROM JUNE, 1848, TO JUNE, 1850.

ALTHOUGH clouds and darkness have been round about us, yet we feel here to set our "Ebenezer," and say, as did Samuel of old, hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Notwithstanding we have had afflictions and bereavements, and have felt at times to mourn our deficiencies as mothers, and our departures from the Throne of Grace, we have also had seasons of refreshing, as we hope and trust, from the goodness of God. Considering the obstacles in the way of our assembling, our meetings have been well attended. Our number being small, we have borne in mind the promise of our Saviour, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

When it has been practicable to present our children at our quarterly meetings for prayer and instruction, it has been a season of peculiar interest both to the mothers and children of this Association. We hope and desire that seed thus sown, will at some future time spring up and yield an abundant harvest. Two of the children of this Association have been made partakers of the Grace of Life. One has been consigned to our mother earth. Death has also diminished the number of mothers in our little circle. On the 14th day of March, 1849, Mrs. Mary S. W. Hathaway, wife of the Rev. George W. Hathaway, Pastor of the Congregational Church in this town, was removed by death from the church militant to join the church triumphant, in singing praises to the Redeemer forever—and to contemplate with gratitude the contrast between her condition now, and what it was during her pilgrimage in this wilderness of sin. She has gone through the tribulations of this life—she has arrived, doubtless, at "Zion's hill," "the flowery mount," sooner than she expected, and is enjoying, we trust, the delightful rest of heaven. She has left a husband and seven children, (the youngest about four weeks old at the time of her death) to mourn, and feel the loss of an affectionate wife, and a tender, faithful mother. She struggled hard,

while here, with toils and cares, and various trials. Parental anxiety imposed a heavy burden upon her heart. The responsibility of having young immortals committed to her charge, she deeply felt—and she strove to discharge this trust with persevering faithfulness; she was not only the affectionate, faithful, praying mother, but the needed and efficient helper of him with whom she was associated in the closest bonds. She sympathized in the responsibilities of her husband, and took much care upon herself, that he might be less interrupted in his office-work. She felt the deepest solicitude for the purity, peace, and prosperity of the church. Though unable to give her dying testimony in favor of religion, as her reason failed her in the closing scene; yet, she had manifested such regard for the Saviour—his truth and honor—the advancement of his cause, and the enlargement of Zion, as furnished satisfactory evidence that she was a child of God.

In the removal of Mrs. Hathaway, thus, in the meridian of life and usefulness, the Maternal Association in this place sustain a grievous loss. While we sympathize deeply with our Pastor and his family, in their sore bereavement, we mourn our own loss, in being deprived of the society of one to whom we have so long looked for counsel, and to whose prayers and exhortations we have so long listened.

This Association has existed sixteen years. One after another of its members, to whom we have looked as mothers in Israel, has been removed from this world of toil and conflict, to the mansions of rest; but in this removal, our heavenly Father has seen fit to deal with us as the sons of the prophets said to Elisha, in 2d Kings, 2d chap. 3d verse. She ever manifested a deep interest for the prosperity of this and all other Maternal Associations. She felt it important that the children should be taught the Scriptures at home, and that they should be brought to the quarterly meetings for further instruction. On the day of her death, which was the day of our quarterly meeting, she gave directions, with a great degree of interest, for her children to attend. And on Monday preceding her death, which occurred on Wednesday, conversing with a member, relative to the approaching meeting, she desired that her children might be remembered, and that she also might

have an interest in our prayers; saying, "It may be the last time." And we feel to request all praying mothers, particularly members of Maternal Associations, under whose observation these remarks may come, to remember her seven motherless children at the throne of grace. Her zeal for the cause of her Saviour was fervent and persevering. Although for several months previous to her death she was unable to attend public worship, yet she breathed forth the aspirations of her heart in hymns and portions of Scripture, sent by her to our weekly meetings.

The conversion of the youth was a subject she contemplated much, and of which she often spoke. The Missionary and Bible Societies, the cause of human freedom, and all the benevolent operations of the day, lay near her heart. She was unusually affable, and sympathized with all, from infancy to old age. But she is gone—

Her "languishing head is at rest,"
  Its thinking and aching are o'er;"
Her "quiet, immovable breast
  Is heaved by affliction no more."
Her "heart is no longer the seat
  Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceaseth to flutter and beat,—
  It never shall flutter again."

PAULINA PHILBRICK, *Secretary.*

"WHAT A CHANGE IN MY FAMILY!"—We have heard, says the Well-Spring, of an interesting conversion in a Pastor's Bible class in the Sabbath school. A man who had been a Universalist, and a violent opposer of his wife and family, in religious things, has for several months given the best evidence of being born again. "What a CHANGE in my family!" now exclaims the happy wife. "He now delights in studying the Bible, and has erected a family altar."

O, that an altar might be erected in every family where there is none. "What a CHANGE" would it at once produce in the household!

Original.

THE INFLUENCE OF YOUTH UPON THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY REV. H. C. FISH.

An impression too generally prevails among the young, that *at present* their influence is but little felt; and hence they the more readily yield to habits of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and vice. No doubt, in the aggregate, theirs is less than is the influence of those in the full activity of riper years. But that of this class is nevertheless far from trifling in character and extent—it is felt in the family and in the community. Let me address myself to my youthful readers, and beg them, for a moment, to consider the effects of their character and example upon the family circle. Your *parents* feel your influence. "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Ah, yes; and how often has the proverb been verified!

Who can estimate the degree to which parents are made happy or unhappy by their children? And let me remark, that it is never to so great an extent in any other period of life as during that under consideration—that of *youth*. Parents can patiently endure the petulance of infancy, and the perverseness of childhood; but they feel keenly and deeply the waywardness of youth. They love to behold the smiles of affection on the soft countenance of boyhood or girlhood; but they are *filled with joy* when the brow of *youth* is wreathed with the ornaments of innocence, virtue, and respect.

A child at this period of life exerts such an influence upon those who reared him, that he can make them well nigh completely wretched. Let the son of virtuous parents become dissipated, intemperate, prodigal, profane—let him eschew good society, and become the companion of fools—let him become rebellious toward his father and mother, and cast off personal restraint; and, in truth, they will feel

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

O, how miserable does he render the life of his mother, who pillowed his infant head, and of his father, who guided his first tottering steps! He is a viper to the bosom where he was sheltered and warmed, and *stings to the very soul!*

On the contrary, let him respect, love, and venerate his parents, as did the hero of ancient song, who bore his aged father upon his shoulders from the flames of the burning city; or a Solomon, who, though seated on the throne, arose to pay his filial obeisance to his *mother;* or, like Joseph, "who led into the palace of Pharaoh, and introduced to that king an aged man, in a simple dress, whom he delighted to own as *his father.*" Let him seek the companionship of the wise and the virtuous, and imitate their example, until he is esteemed and loved of all—how rich a source of happiness that son, to those who have nourished and protected him! They thank God for such a child, as he goes out and comes in before them, anticipating their wants, and seeking to do them good; or, if they know of his goodly deportment by the hearing of the ear—or his epistles indited from a heart throbbing with filial affection—their faces, though wrinkled with age, look young again, as did that of the old patriarch who heard of his son's glory in Egypt; and they descend the vale of life with increased cheerfulness and a firmer step. So sensible and controlling is your influence upon your parents.

It next terminates upon the *younger members* of the family, your brothers and sisters, if such you have. They are, naturally enough, looking to you for an example in almost everything. You are older and wiser than they. They are aware of it, and are shaping their conduct by yours.

How hallowed and salutary the example and demeanor of an amiable, obedient, pious youth upon the family group, even to the youngest of its members! And if, instead of such an example, they have placed before them the opposite, how difficult a task the training and guiding in the paths of virtue those who are younger in years! If you seek an illustration of the Scripture, that "one sinner destroyeth much good," go to the family that numbers among the children a depraved, vicious youth.

Say not, then, young man, young woman, "My influence is

but slightly felt at home, whatever be my course of conduct." It *is* felt, and in every branch of the household. You are giving character to others—enstamping the impress of your life on those of tender years, of whom you are the older brother or sister, and should be the guide—and rendering happy or unhappy those to whom you are indebted for your existence, and ten thousand benefits which you can never fully reciprocate.

Editorial.

HOME INFLUENCE.

A DYING father, whom we well knew and highly respected, anxiously inquired whether his absent son had arrived. He wished to see that son, before he bade a final adieu to his beloved family; "for," said he, "he stands greatly in need of *home influence*." The sentiment which this affectionate parent expressed made a deep impression upon our mind, and from personal experience and common observation, we believe that this home influence moulds the great mass of society, controlling the mind through all the varied changes of life.

The division of the human race into families—the uniting the branches by the most tender of all earthly ties—is one of the wise plans of our Creator; and, when implicitly acted upon, society becomes elevated, purified, and happy. But the least deviation from this order, brings blight and ruin, not only upon individuals and families, but upon whole communities. Infidelity and scepticism formerly, and in this day Fourierism and Socialism, unblushingly use arguments and satire against the solemn contract of marriage, and would propose, in its place, a connection less binding and sacred, and thus throw society back into a state of vice and brutality. They well know that matrimony, first celebrated in Eden, when God himself gave the bride, lies at the foundation of all morality, and is the very salt that preserves the virtue of society; and hence their unwearied efforts to undermine its influence.

We know, from our own experience, that the impressions of

right and wrong which our youth receive, under the influence of home, will never be eradicated from their minds. These blessings, to them, are immense, if the parents are faithful. A thought of the past has often served to call back the prodigal child, after years of folly, to cheer the evening of a parent's life with unspeakable comfort and happiness; while others, who with bursting hearts have received the sad tidings of the wanderer's death, perhaps on the stormy sea, or the battle-field, far away from home, have been filled with joy, at the recital of penitential feelings and tender regards felt for those dear parents.

All right training and sound morality commence at home. Obedience is here first enforced, from the motive, not of duty only, but of affection—a motive which is, by far, the strongest chain to bind society together. The government of a family is an embryo of that which a nation should be, if it would become a harmonious and prosperous people. The child that is obedient at home finds no difficulty to transfer the same duty to his preceptor at school, or to him under whom he is learning a profession or trade. The influence of his home has been preparatory to the carrying out of this important duty, and renders him, through life, one of the best of citizens; because, from those innate principles which were planted in him at the very dawning of reason, he reveres and respects the laws of his country; and, like the stern Roman of olden story, he would perish in the camp of his enemies, rather than forfeit his word, or tarnish the honor of his country.

But it is at home that the tenderest sympathies and the most useful affections of the heart are called forth. If the family is in health and prosperity, how is enjoyment heightened by each one being an equal participator, and where no one wishes to appropriate anything to himself alone! It is thus that we learn to suppress those feelings of covetousness, selfishness, and ambition which have filled the world with crime and blood.

But when adversity, affliction, or death first enters the family home, then, how do the springs of sympathy and keen sorrow burst forth, and unite, and bind yet closer, the several members together! Here we learn that even poverty and disappointment

may be alleviated. Here we see the means of improvement, by teaching us our dependence upon each other, and we can but admire the wisdom of Providence, in the institution of the family compact, while we feel how sad and lonely would be our condition in the world, were we isolated individuals, without the gushings of sympathy which our confidence in each other now entitles us to feel.

In making home influences of a right and lasting kind, of course much will depend upon the heads of the family. We often see some children eager to break away from the restraints of home; while others leave the scenes of their childhood with the keenest sorrow. Where parental authority has been sustained by wisdom and kindness instead of sourness and sternness, it unites the child to the place of his youth, and its effects upon the heart are lasting—inspiring the mind with the same kind and benevolent feelings—which seldom fail to gain him friends when abroad in the world, and thus facilitates his path to success and usefulness.

There may be decision without tyranny, and we may be fully obeyed, not from fear, but from a heart overflowing with love, if we commence the training early, and never insist upon any point unless it is reasonable—remembering the saying of the ancient philosopher, who, when his servant had offended him, said, "I would strike you if I were not angry."

Nothing can be more interesting to the parent's mind, when his children are scattered about in the world, than to receive from them their testimony of gratitude, that they had parents whose example and precept laid the foundation of their happiness and success; and there are few parents but may be so highly favored.

The affection and obedience which our Washington awarded to his mother have never been, and perhaps never can be surpassed. The principles in which that mother had educated him led him to obey her, when his inclination urged him to enter the British navy; and that act of self-denial has been amply rewarded, not only by the gift of the highest honors his country had to bestow, but in the feelings of admiration that burst from every liberal heart throughout the world.

But when we contemplate what effect the influence of home will have upon the eternal destiny of our offspring, we behold still a higher motive, why we should render the family abode everything to allure and guide our children to the religion of the cross. If we are faithful, we shall most strictly exclude everything, in conversation, books, or example, which would in the least weaken their struggles against vice and scepticism. It is recorded of Robert Burns, the poet, that when he gave up his family altar, the last restraint of a religious nature, which he had imbibed from the home of his youth, left him, and his career in dissipation and folly hastened the termination of a life which his countrymen valued, and which every son of genius deeply lamented. There is scarcely a doubt of it. Let the home influence be vicious—let the fountains of the soul be poisoned at home, or what is almost equivalent, let the parent fail to cast into those fountains the pure waters gushing from "Siloa's brook," and all the counter influences that may be exerted are inefficient and well nigh powerless.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. VIII.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

THE DOG-DAYS—SIRIUS—AND THE MILKY WAY.

Mamma. We will retire to the garden this evening, and as we last conversed upon the Solar System, we will now direct our attention to the appearance of the bright firmament, and if agreeable to your papa, make the fixed stars the subject of our remarks. The planets, you will remember, change their position in the heavens, while those heavenly bodies now under consideration remain apparently stationary, and do not, like spheres of the solar system, receive their light from the sun; but are themselves centres of other systems, far exceeding, both in magnitude and grandeur, that to which we belong.

Ellen. Papa, will you be so good as to explain to us why these

hot days are called the dog-days; and how it is, that the dog-star can in any degree be the means of causing the intense heat, at this season of the year?

Papa. I will readily comply with your request. It is true, these days are called dog-days, from the star bearing that name, but it has no more to do with being the cause of heat than a crop of potatoes or the fruitfulness of our pole-beans has with the age of the moon, when we plant them.

Sarah. Is not the name of this star Sirius, and is it not the brightest of all the fixed stars?

Papa. Sirius is the name given to it by the Egyptians; the same nearly as that by which they designated the Nile. Its appearance foretold to them the period of the rising of that river; for when this star was first seen of a morning, after its conjunction with the sun, the overflowing of the Nile immediately followed, and in their hieroglyphical manner of writing it was represented as a dog, the watcher or sentinel of the year, whose appearance regulated all their agricultural plans. It is the brightest of all the fixed stars, though that circumstance does not prove it to be the nearest.

John. I believe Virgil had the opinion that this star was not only the cause of heat, but also of pestilence, at this season of the year. His words are thus translated by one of our modern poets:

> ——"Parched was the grass, and blighted was the corn,
> Nor 'scap'd the beasts, for Sirius, from on high,
> With pestilential heat infects the sky."

Mamma. As great heat and drought for the most part prevail at this season; and as Sirius and the sun are in conjunction, and rise and set nearly at the same hour, we must acknowledge that there is some excuse for the prevailing prejudice.

Ellen. Then this star is not visible now, but only in the winter evenings.

Papa. It cannot be seen now, because of its proximity to the sun; but you remember how you admired its brilliancy last January, and I hope you have not forgotten what I then told you, of its supposed size and distance.

John. No, papa, I have not, for I felt so astonished at what

you said, that I noted down your remarks in my journal, and if you will allow me, I will read them.

Mamma. I am very glad to find that you were so interested in the observations we then made. It is the best way to fasten them on your mind, and by thus daily entering some additional remarks in your diary, you will increase your fund of knowledge, as well as strengthen and improve your memory. It will give me pleasure to hear the minutes you have on record concerning this remarkable star.

John. Its distance is computed to be twenty millions of miles; a distance so great that a *cannon ball*, which travels at the rate of nineteen miles in a minute, would be two millions of years in reaching it; while *sound*, which moves at the rate of thirteen miles a minute, would reach this star in not much less time than three millions of years; and *light*, which travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, would be more than three years in reaching this distant orb. Its size has been calculated to be nearly fourteen times larger than that of the sun; therefore, were we as near to *it* as we are to that luminary, it would appear to us with a disk three or four times larger, and yet there are millions of other stars very superior in size to Sirius.

Ellen. Is light supposed to possess a rapidity of motion greater than that of any other fluid?

Papa. Such is the prevailing idea. It occupies eight minutes of time in its journey from the sun; showing its progress to be nearly twelve millions of miles in a minute. So that, should the sun be suddenly annihilated, we should continue to see its light for nearly eight minutes afterward; and if all the stars in the heavens were suddenly blotted out, it would be years before they would be missed, as they would appear to be extinguished one by one, according to their several distances from our vision.

Sarah. The words of the poet Thomson are, I think, applicable to this subject; which, with your permission, I will recite:

——"So distant, says the sage, 't were not absurd
To think that beams set out at nature's birth,
Not yet arrived at this our foreign world;
Yet nothing's half so rapid as their flight."

Mamma. This is indeed a grand idea, and its truth is becom-

ing more apparent, by recent discoveries. But we will now turn our attention to the Galaxy, or Milky-way, which you may observe, as the darkness increases, is beaming upon us with a kind of streaming lustre.

Papa. This is a most wonderful zone; and as Milton expresses it, "*It is powdered with stars,*" spanning the heavens like a triumphal arch, erected by the Almighty, to court the observation of his intellectual creatures. But its width and brightness are not the same in all parts. If you turn your faces to the south, where the beautiful constellations of Scorpion and Sagittarius are so brilliant, you observe the Milky-way here is divided into two parts, which are continued upward until they are again united in the Swan, which you may now observe near the zenith.

John. I suppose this brilliant zone may be composed of an immense number of stars, whose apparent proximity gives the lucid appearance we now behold.

Mamma. This is the opinion now entertained—and Herschel, by his telescope, in several fields, not more than twice the breadth of the moon, has perceived more stars than we can discover, by the naked eye, in the whole firmament; and, to use the words of that great astronomer—"This belt is found to consist entirely of stars, scattered by millions, like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens."

Sarah. May not the Milky-way be regarded as one of the numerous nebulæ, or starry systems dispersed throughout space?

Papa. This is judged to be the case, and the discoveries with regard to these nebulæ are yet more startling and grand than any of the heavenly phenomena—which subject we must defer till another evening. We will at present close our conversation with the appeal of the poet Young, when he was contemplating the same sublime theme which has engaged our attention:

"Where ends the mighty building? Where begin
The suburbs of creation? Where the wall,
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence?—Nothing's strange abode.
Say, at what point in space Jehovah dropped
His slackened line, and laid his balance by,
Weighed worlds, and measured infinite, NO MORE."

GEMS OF POETRY.

DIVINE FORGIVENESS.

REMEMBER thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

THE SABBATH.

Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day;
* * * On this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God.

TIME.

Time is our master if we sleep,
Our servant if awake and at our post,
Faithful and true. If thou hast aught to do,—
If thou wouldst win thyself a name—be great,
Or good, or wise, or powerful,—then seize
The golden moments as they pass.
To-day!
The living moments of to-day are thine,
Nor thou nor angels know what lies beyond.

THE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

THE SUN AND CHARITY.

As the great sun, when he his influence
Shed on the frost-bound waters—the glad streams
Flow to the ray, that warbles as it flows.

Original.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONS AND THE THIEF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

LYCAS, a rich fisherman, owned a pond, which was large, quite deep, and, full of the finest fish. Low bushes encircled it, while reeds and rushes grew thickly around in the water near to the shore.

Phocion and Hylas, the fisherman's two sons, had, for three evenings in succession, let down their wicker baskets, furnished with bait, amid the reeds of the pond, and always at a spot where the fish were usually abundant; still, on each succeeding morning they had drawn them up empty.

"Brother," said Hylas, "all is not right in this business. We have always found fish enough here, and now, for these three days, we have not caught a single one. I suspect that some person snaps them away from us before we come, as the fox snaps away the bird that is caught in the snare of the hunter."

"I think so likewise, dear Hylas," replied Phocion. "But what can we do to prevent it? We do not know who is the thief."

"Ah, we will find him out!" said Hylas. "We will sink our wicker baskets in the reeds this evening, as usual; but about midnight we will steal quietly out to the pond, conceal ourselves in the bushes, and wait for the thief's approach. Only let him come! He will never desire to get our fish again!"

"Excellent, my brother!" said Phocion. "That will be the way!"

At evening they sank their baskets amid the reeds, drew their skiff, as usual, on land, concealed it behind the bushes, and returned homeward. About midnight they stole silently to the pond, hid themselves amid the adjacent bushes, and watched. Toward morning, as the stars began to fade away, Androgenes, a poor fisherman, crept softly toward the pond. Out of love for his sick wife he had sold all his goods, his boat and nets, in order to pay

an avaricious old woman, who was esteemed very skillful in the use of herbs, for the medicines which she had prepared for her—and he could now scarcely find bread. Impelled by want, he watched at evening, and saw where the young men let down their wicker baskets into the pond, and at early cock-crow robbed them of their contents, and sold the fish in the city, in order to procure for his wife and himself their daily food.

"Ah, I pity the man!" whispered Hylas, in his brother's ear. "He is so very poor, we will spare him."

"Yes, Hylas, we will spare him," answered Phocion, in a low voice. "I too am sorry for him; but let us only watch how he manages." They kept still.

Androgenes, with a basket upon his back, approached the edge of the pond, where the boat lay. He looked timidly around, unfastened it from the post to which it was tied, stepped into it, and endeavored to row through the thickly-grown reeds and rushes, out to the spot where the wicker baskets lay beneath the water. He labored and toiled until the sweat rolled in big drops from his brow. But he was too feeble; he was obliged to pause.

After a while, he renewed his efforts, pushing violently, with the oar, to force the boat through the reeds, when suddenly the oar slipped, and he fell backward into the water.

On seeing this, the young men hastened toward him. Androgenes lay struggling in the pond, and at last, with great difficulty, extricated his feet and limbs from the meshes of reeds and rushes which entangled them. Covered from head to foot with yellow mud, his face scratched by the sharp rushes, he was upon the point of swinging himself into the boat, when he suddenly perceived the fishermen upon the shore. Who can describe his terror? The oar and his hat, which had fallen from his head, and which he now held in his hand, he dropped in affright.

"Fear nothing, my good man!" said the brothers, kindly—"fear nothing from us. Be at ease. Cast your hat and the oar that lies near you, among the rushes, into the boat, and draw it to land. Trust to our promises; wade stoutly along."

"Do you in truth and in earnest forgive me, young men?" stammered the terrified Androgenes, after long hesitation. "Oh,

spare me! for alas! bitter poverty and need compelled me to resort to this disgraceful means."

"Fisherman," they replied with one voice, "you have nothing to fear."

"He at last suffered himself to be persuaded; and, wading onward, drew the boat to the shore. "Wait here, my friend," said the two brothers. "Since you need them, you shall have fish enough." They now stepped into the boat, and with their united strength, forced it stoutly onward through the tangled rushes, and raised their baskets from the pond. The poor fisherman's basket was soon filled with fish.

"Here, fisherman, is relief to your wants," they said, smiling, as they reached him the basket, while tears bedewed his pale cheeks, and a blush of shame covered his face; "but in future, come to us, and help us at our task, and you shall always receive your due share."

DISCONTENTED CHILDREN.

They are always unhappy, always troublesome, and never satisfied. There are some children in the world that nothing exactly suits. Their food is overdone or underdone—their clothes are too long or too small—their school is too strict or disorderly—the weather or their food is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; and so it is all the day long, and all the year round. They are never suited, always grumbling, pouting, or whining. We have seen such children. They remind us of cows that are turned into a field, where the clover is up to their eyes, and after trampling all over it, and filling their maws with the rich food, they turn their staring eyes to the next field, as if they would like to serve that in the same way.

So the discontented child looks this way and that way, in search of some fancied good, while the real cause of his discontent is within. Let him break up his idle habits, go to his books, or some useful employment, be industrious, do good, strive to make others happy, with a determination to make the best of every-

thing, and there will be some sunlight in the darkest fog, and a streak of light upon the darkest cloud.

Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things necessary shall be added. Here lies the secret of all discontent, absence of God in the soul.—GOLDEN RULE.

SELF-CONTROL.

SEEK to acquire a habit of self-control—a power over your feelings, which will enable you to be ever on your guard, and to repress the first emotions of passion. If possible to seal your lips in silence when the storm is rising, shut up your anger in your own bosom, and, like fire that wants air and vent, it will soon expire. Angry words often prove a fan to the spark; many persons, who in the beginning are but slightly displeased, talk themselves at length into a violent passion.

Never speak till you are cool; the man who can command his tongue will find no difficulty in governing his spirit. And when you do speak let it be in meekness; "a soft answer turneth away wrath." When you see others angry, let it be an admonition to you to be cool; thus you will receive the furious indiscretions of others, like a stone in a bed of moss, where it will lie quietly without rebounding.

THE FATHER'S PURCHASE—A DAUGHTER'S BLESSING.—A father, in writing on business to the Tract Society, mentions the gratifying fact that Doddridge's Rise and Progress, which he had been induced to purchase from a colporteur, was the means, in the hands of God, of the conversion of his daughter. Shortly after he purchased the book he was unable to find it. On inquiry, it was found in his daughter's chamber. Again he looked for it, and again it was in the same place. A few nights after, at midnight, the daughter went to her parents' bedside and requested them to pray for her. The burden of sin was soon removed, and she found the Saviour precious to her soul.

Editorial.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

HERE once lived a man whose name was Elijah. He was sometimes called Elijah the Tishbite. He dwelt in a country called Gilead. During his life there was a great dearth. There was neither rain nor dew for three years. All the fountains of water, the rivers and brooks dried up, until there was neither water nor grass for the beasts, nor water nor food for man. There was great distress throughout the country.

But Elijah was a man whom God greatly loved, and God took care of him. He told Elijah to go eastward, and hide himself by the brook Cherith. There was a brook of which he was to drink, while the other people were suffering for water. God told him, also, that he had commanded the ravens to feed him there. So he went and did as God had commanded him, and dwelt by the brook Cherith; and there the ravens (which were like our crows) brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. But after Elijah had been there a while the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in that land for so long a time. What, then, could Elijah do? He could not live without water. The ravens brought him only bread and meat, and he now had no water. Must he perish?

No, God had made another provision for him. And God told Elijah to go to a place called Zarephath, and dwell there; for there he had commanded a widow woman to sustain him. So Elijah arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gates of the city, behold the widow woman was there, gathering sticks; and Elijah asked her to fetch him a little water in a vessel, that he might drink; and when she was going to fetch the water, he called to her, and asked her to bring him a little bread, for he was hungry as well as thirsty. This poor widow had no bread nor cake; all that she had in her house was a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and she told Elijah that she was gathering those sticks, that she might go home and prepare the last meal for herself and son, that they might eat it and die. She knew not where she could get any more food, and she supposed she and her little son must starve to death.

But Elijah told her she need not fear, but go and make the cake, and make him a little cake first and bring it unto him; and after she had made one for him, then to make one for herself and son. Elijah told her the Lord would provide, for he had said that the barrel of meal should not waste, neither should the cruse of oil fail, until the Lord should send rain upon the face of the earth. And she went and did as Elijah had told her; and she, and Elijah, and her son had food to eat for many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. God supplied her with more than she gave the prophet, and kept her meal and oil increasing as fast as they were wanted.

By-and-by the son of this poor widow was taken very sick, and he died, and she thought that it was because Elijah had come to her house; and she called unto Elijah. And he took her son out of her lap, and carried him up into his chamber, where he slept, and laid him upon his own bed; and Elijah prayed to God. "And he stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again. And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah: and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah

said, See, thy son liveth. Then she knew that he was a man of God."

Elijah did a great many good things. And when he grew old he did not die as other men die. God took him up to heaven in a whirlwind, in a chariot of fire.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Elijah live?
By what name was he called?
What happened in his time?
How long did the drought last?
What did God do for Elijah?
Where did he tell him to go?
How was he fed?
What is a raven?
What food did the ravens bring to Elijah?
Did the brook last?
What did God command Elijah to do after the brook dried up?
Who was to feed him then?
Who did Elijah see when he came to the gate of the city?
What was she doing?
What did Elijah ask of her?
What reply did she make to him?
What was she gathering sticks for?
Did the widow comply with Elijah's request?
Did she have enough left for herself and son?
How long did the meal and oil last?
What happened to the son of the widow?
What did Elijah do with the son?
Was the child restored to life?
What did Elijah say when he gave the child to his mother?
Was Elijah a good man?
Did he die?
What finally became of Elijah?

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.—The devoted love of a mother to a wayward child, is the finest and noblest in the world.

Original.

LETTER TO A SON AT SEA.

L———, Vt., June 31, 1849.

TIME passes on, my dear son, and, with its flight, how sad the thought that the distance between us is constantly widening! How are you these days and nights? Are you a good boy? O, could I hear from you! Could I know anything how you are situated, what a relief! But perhaps not. Perhaps a knowledge of your real condition would only serve to enhance my anxiety. Is the "soul of song" still stirring within you? I often listen, as the moaning wind comes to us from the far-distant Pacific, and sometimes think there is borne on its wing the plaintive strain of your music. My spirit is hushed as, in fancy, I hear you, in your lone night-watch, touch the melancholy air of the "Soldier's Grave." I catch the sound of the soft, sad stanza:

"Far, far away, in distant lands now dwelling,
Where he in childhood sported 'neath the cot,
Where once he dwelt, a mother's heart is swelling
With grief that is not, cannot be forgot.
Mark ye the silent tear, that oft is stealing
From trembling eyelids, down that sister's cheek;
Mark ye the heaving bosom, oft revealing
A sorrow which no tongue can ever speak."

Ah, child! you can now make an application of these lines to your own dear mother and sisters. We mourn the absence of a son and brother with a grief almost as irrepressible as if we knew he was sleeping his "last sleep" in the deep of the ocean bed. Faint, indeed, seems the hope that we shall ever again greet him in the land of the living. Yet, after all, that hope we would not exchange for worlds. The God of my fathers preserve him not only from danger, but from temptation and sin—"bless the lad," and, in his own best time, restore him to the bosom of deeply anxious friends.

This, my dear E., is your mother's fiftieth birth-day anniversary—a very suitable eminence in the journey of life, from which

to take a survey of the past and the future. Half a century!—in prospect, how long!—in retrospect, but as yesterday; and yet a review, one by one, of the many changes through which I have been led, greatly lengthens its brevity. I know not what are my dear boy's present anticipations of the future; his past year's experience may have much changed his views of life; but as they were before he left home so bright and unclouded, O, should he live to reach the point of time his mother now occupies, they will have become strangely changed. At your age I found it very difficult to admit the assertion, that this beautiful world was a "wilderness," a "vale of tears." A common share of youthful trials were allotted me, (how trifling!) but the bright halo of hope always encircled the visions of the future. This, you know, would soon dissipate any cloud of disappointment that might lower upon my pathway. Onward and still onward the vision pointed. But, my dear son, I have long since learnt, what all must learn, sooner or later, that this vain world will not, cannot, impart to the mind permanent happiness. It answers well its design—a state of probation. We have in it many blessings and enjoyments; but when we seek in these our highest felicity, we are disappointed. This is as it should be. God claims our hearts. These given to him in true devotion, we are prepared to receive earthly good as blessings. But it is getting late—I will take a hasty look down life's declivity, which lies before me, and then bid you good night.

Ah! the "down-hill" of life! I would not that the way be *very* long. Often I sigh for that "better land;" but, at present, am not quite ready to depart. Will it be so always? It is natural, I know. Death is the king of terrors—perhaps I shall shrink at his near approach. But it seems to me there are but few objects for which I desire to sojourn here. I would like to live to be useful to my dear family, and to the world; to glorify God, and be better fitted for his more immediate presence. Until I learn that my far-off son is beyond the reach of prayer, I would like to live to pray for him. I would like to live to welcome him home once more, and to find him a devoted Christian. But our Heavenly Father knows what is best. Whether my journey on-

ward be longer or shorter, if it but end well, all will be well. "It is the evening," says a great divine, "that commends the day." I have much to do—my day is far spent—the close is near. May we be prepared to meet in heaven. Good night, my dear son. O! could I hear your kind reply, as formerly, "Good night, mother."

Your affectionate mother,

W. W. G——.

Selected.

LOST IN THE CHURCH.

It is a fearful thing to be lost amid the darkness of heathenism, far away from Sabbaths, and sanctuaries, and Bibles, and the sound of the church-going bell--so far beyond the farthest outskirts of Christendom, that rumor hath not carried there even the name of Jesus, or the word of salvation; but a deeper, darker woe is his who is lost in the church, and sits dead before minister and altar, on the seat hallowed by the late presence of the glorified pious, the Bible leaves beside him, marked with texts and tears. There are such in all churches—dead souls at the altar of the living God—lost souls at the Redeemer's feast and table. It was an Egyptian custom, at festal banquets to introduce a corpse, and seat it at the table, to remind the guests of their mortality. Its fleshless, skinny hand rested on the board, but moved not the viands; the glassy eyeballs fixed their dead stare upon the guests, but the light of life in which those eyes once swam was extinguished forever. In such a presence the festivities proceeded. In such a presence proceed often the festivities of Zion. I have seen the corpse, at the sacramental supper, stone dead amid the guests of Jesus. Not a tear on the cheek, not a quiver of the lip, when Jesus showed his wounds. The dull, dead, unlighted eye never sparkled, the bosom heaved not, the entombed tongue clove to the roof of its mouth, amid all the outbreak of a Saviour's love and tenderness! Do I speak in figure? I only give a Bible application, and alas! figures are inadequate to set forth the entire melancholy of the case.

Original.

CANZONET.

Words from Cowper. **Music by Th. HASTINGS.**

1. When all with - in is peace, . . . How
2. From morn to dew - y eve, ... With

3. It is con - tent of heart . . . Gives
4. Can make a win - try sky . . . Seem

Na-ture seems to smile; De - lights that nev - er cease, The
o - pen hand she showers Fresh blessings to de - ceive And

Na-ture power to please; The mind that feels no smart, En-
bright as smil-ing May; And evening's clo-sing eye As

live-long day be - guile, . . . The live-long day be - guile.
soothe the si - lent hours, . . . And soothe the si - lent hours.

li - vens all it sees, . . . En - li - vens all it sees:
peep of ear - ly day, . . . As peep of ear - ly day.

Editorial.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

(See the Engraving.)

A GREAT deal has been said and sung about the scenery, so surpassingly beautiful, of the Old World. But an English gentleman of rare taste, with whom we had the pleasure of an hour's acquaintance during the last autumn, declared to us, that although he had traveled all over Europe, he had never met with such a *variety* of charming scenery as on this side of the Atlantic. This man gave it as his deliberate opinion, that there could not be found in the whole world such a long succession of unrivaled views, combining, in the aggregate, all that is beautiful and grand in nature, as is presented to the eye of the traveler ascending the Hudson River.

We, too, are enthusiastic, whenever the scenery of the Hudson is mentioned. We are a little inclined, at this moment, now that we have so favorable a chance, to go into ecstasies over it. But we happen to recollect that many, and, very likely, most of our readers know something about the Hudson River, as well as we; and so we forbear.

And yet, at this season of the year, when so large a portion of those who ever go abroad at all, are holding communion with nature in her most beautiful retreats, we must say a word or two about a few specific points of attraction in American scenery.

Many of our readers, we doubt not, have, during the present season, seen Niagara for the first time. The moment when one first obtains a view of this indescribable cataract, and hears its solemn voice, is an epoch in his existence to be remembered with thrilling interest for a life-time. It was a pleasant morning in midsummer, when, in the company of some cherished friends, we arrived, some two years since, in the steamer Lady of the Lake, at Lewiston, distant some seven miles from the Falls. Long before sunrise, we ascended the steep bank of the Niagara River, and listened for the voice of the cataract. We then heard for the first

time the roar of that leviathan of waters. The stillness of night was scarce broken save by this unceasing sound. As it thus fell upon our ears, we seemed, in a peculiar sense, approaching the presence of God, and standing on holy ground.

The first distinct impression we had, when the American Fall burst upon our view, was one of disappointment. "Is this Niagara?" we involuntarily asked. "Is this the mighty cataract about which the world is so crazy?" The magnitude of the scenes, or rather the series of scenes, in connection with this place, is such that the mind cannot appreciate them at a glance. And, indeed, the mind cannot take cognizance of them at a glance. They need to be pondered, studied, analyzed. It is not until the beholder has gazed long and thoughtfully upon these sublime exhibitions of the power and greatness of God, that he can understand the beauties of Niagara.

One of the best modes of access to the Falls, from the east, is by Lake Ontario, though one should by all means go or return by the railroad. There are a great many charming places on this route. Lockport, a view of which is given in the steel engraving prefixed to this number, is worth visiting, as well on account of the beauties of the scenery adjacent to it, as for some curiosities in art, too rare and interesting to be passed by, unless from absolute necessity.

There are scores of places, within two or three hundred miles radius from New York, which abound in romantic and picturesque beauty, and which, nevertheless, are comparatively neglected. There is too great a tendency, on the part of a great majority of sight-seeing tourists, toward those points which have been rendered famous by the fashionable world. Of the many thousands who left the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Albany, during the present season, for some romantic nook or other, but a very small proportion, we venture to say, formed any acquaintance with the genius that presides over the Delaware Water Gap; and yet there are untold beauties clustering around this great chasm. One can spend days there, and still find new beauties in his rambles, to say nothing of those he has before discovered, which never weary the eye; and yet the Delaware Water Gap is only a few

hours' ride from New York—a ride, too, through a most beautiful section of country.

If the tourist will push his way into the heart of Berkshire county, in Massachusetts, and will consent to endure some fatigue in riding over a road not the smoothest, with a generous amount of walking, climbing, and scrambling, he will find one of the wildest gorges that this country produces, and in that gorge a cataract called BASH-BISH. Pray do not ask us, reader, to show our wisdom in interpreting that name. We are as ignorant as we can well be of its etymology. But this we know, that the falls which bear this somewhat unromantic and not especially musical name, are worth going a thousand miles to visit. It sets the blood coursing at a quicker pace in our veins, only to think of what a treat we had there. And yet how few there are who know this retreat even by name!

Then there are the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. Since we visited that spot, it has been a standing cause for wonder with us that so few persons who make the tour of Lower Canada, and who, perhaps, visit the battle-field near Quebec, and spend two or three days in that city, seeing what there is to be seen, ever drive out to the Falls of Montmorenci.

The beautiful landscapes which afford us so much pleasure, and which are accessible to us with so little difficulty—how grateful ought we to be for them. Reader, do our hearts beat strong with devout gratitude, as we gaze upon these scenes, and are our souls delighted with their loveliness? God might have made this world with fewer attractions, or, indeed, with none at all. He might have so constituted the human mind, that it would have experienced pain rather than pleasure, while gazing upon the picturesque in nature. Why is it otherwise? Why feel we sensations of delight so keenly, instead? Ah! it is because God is good, because he loves us, and desires to make us happy.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—It has been beautifully said of Washington, that "God caused him to be childless, in order that the nation might call him father."

Original.

EVILS OF INDECISION.

BY REV. ENOCH HUTCHINSON.

One evil resulting from indecision is, that it injures the mind. It is a natural consequence, that if we do not exercise our mental powers, they become enervated. As the body without exercise becomes weak and enfeebled, so the different powers of the mind soon become enfeebled without proper exercise. It is so with the power of choice—if we do not exert it, it will become weaker and weaker, until, perhaps, it will be difficult to decide upon anything. When we exercise this faculty, the judgment, some or all of the imaginative faculties, the will, the conscience, and some of the affections, are generally exercised also to some extent. If that upon which we decide is a moral consideration, of course some of the affections and other moral powers must be influenced. If the power of choice is not exercised, these faculties will not be exercised so much, and may, to a considerable extent, become enervated. The whole mind will thus be affected, will lose much of its energy, and be constantly vacillating. At one time the individual will determine to take one course, and the next moment resolve to take another; and, finally, lie down in indifference, and take neither course. True, we are not to perform actions without reflection. We must pause—we must examine the evidence on both sides—then decide according to that evidence, and go forward and perform. Frequently, the very reason why a person never decides upon an action, is, that he never looks at the evidence for or against performing it. Reflection is a stranger to him. He cultivates this habit of mental indolence, and then complains that he does not know what course to take. If one cultivate the habit of reflection, and of examining the evidence in all cases, for and against performing particular actions, he will soon be able, in most cases, to ascertain very soon the right course to pursue. But if he do not proceed in this way, he will soon have no decision of

character—he will have an unbalanced mind—he will neither decide one way or another. As soon as a particular course comes up before him, he will begin to doubt whether that is the best course, and then he will think that the opposite course is better, and then doubt respecting that. He does not commence an examination of evidence in the case; but his mind is filled with universal doubt. His mind is completely unbalanced; he is completely unmanned; he is a slave to his folly.

In most or all cases of this kind the individual is criminal. For there is criminality in neglecting to do what we ought, as well as in doing what we ought not to do. There is criminality in indifference—in indolence. There are many courses of action presented before us where indecision is very criminal; for instance, in reference to true piety—if we are not decided to seek for it, that indecision is very criminal, because the evidence of the truth of religion is before us, and if we do not examine that evidence with accuracy, so as to come to a decision, the fault is our own. If we form a wrong decision, before we have sufficiently examined, we shall be held responsible for all the consequences; or, if we remain undecided, when the evidence is before us, we must suffer the consequences.

Another evil of indecision is, that it unfits us for accomplishing any object, whether it relate to temporal or spiritual things. What can a person do in temporal things unless he have decision of character? He has a project before him. One of his neighbors says, it ought to be done in this way; another says that it should be done in that way. Among these conflicting opinions, the individual must decide upon some course, or his project will not be carried forward. If an individual is to erect an edifice, he must first count the cost, and see whether he shall be able to finish it. He must decide what will be the best course to pursue, and *pursue* it! He is not to proceed during a length of time, and then forsake his plan and adopt another; and then leave that and adopt another; and thus be continually vacillating between various opinions. If he take such a course, he will, in all probability, never complete his edifice; he will foolishly lose his property, and be ridiculed by his neighbors. So it is in reference to all tempo-

ral affairs—there must be decision of character. The merchant, and farmer, and mechanic must form their plans, and then carry them forward with vigor.

It is so in spiritual things. Unless there be decision of character, nothing will be accomplished. The sinner must examine the evidence in favor of becoming a Christian, and then decide, according to that evidence, whether it is best to seek to become a Christian; and if he determine that it will be best, he must then go forward in an unwavering manner, and use all the means in his power. If he do not thus go forward and exercise his power of choice, he will evidently injure his various powers of mind; so that he will not be so well prepared to succeed, even in temporal things. He is violating moral obligation, and will, if he persist, bring down the curse of God upon his soul.

Original.

A FAMILY RECORD.

BY REV. L. IVES HOADLY.

Some years since I received a letter from a gentleman of my acquaintance, stating that he had a young girl in his charge, without parents or friends, and inquiring if I would take her, and make a home for her in my family. No intimation was given whether she was a child of fortune or of want, nor of what character she was, only that she appeared sensible and promising. I replied, that I would meet him on a day I named, and would then, upon understanding the case, answer him fully what I would do. I met him accordingly, and found that the child was one on whom he, with some others, had taken pity in her extremity, and was seeking to rescue effectually from degradation and threatening ruin. Poor child! she knew not that she had any kindred whatever—father or mother, or brother or sister. She knew only that they who claimed to be her parents were not, and that having decoyed her from those with whom she once lived—whether her real

parents or not she cannot tell—they now retained her, and cared for her only to aid them in low begging, by which, for the most part, they got their living, such as it was.

On learning thus the condition of the child, I too was moved with compassion towards her, and concluded I would take her at a venture. It was our hope that after we should become acquainted with the child, and she come to be free with us, we should be able to help her recollection, and so learn something more satisfactorily about her birth and parentage. But no, we could learn nothing. And after time had passed on, and she had begun to spell and read, and even write some, and, of course, to know considerably more than she did at first, she could recall nothing, and seemed to know no more respecting her parentage than before. Indeed, we found her sad and sorrowful at the thought of her loneliness, and that she had not a birth-day to come round upon in the year, as other children had. It seemed unaccountable, and does even to this day, that such should be the case; but such it was; she knew neither the place nor the time of her birth, nor who were her parents; and she grieved and was sorrowful at the thought of her orphanage—her *utter* and *entire* orphanage. She clave to my family as composed of her friends, but she had no relatives—and no birth-day.

Seeing her unhappiness, and having already given her a name—for she had not even a *name* that she knew to be her *right* name—we concluded on giving her a birth-day. And what more suitable, thought we, and the child too, than the day of her coming into our family—a day crowning, as it seemed likely to do, her rescue from beggary, and putting her in the way, as she should grow up to womanhood, to become a respectable and useful member of society.

But why relate these circumstances respecting an unfortunate child? It is, then, by the statement of these facts, to set forth the importance, and illustrate the utility, of a *Family Book* or a *Record* for every family. Had there been a record of this child's family, very probably her birth and parentage, with her name, and the name or names of her friends, would have been preserved. And though every family, especially the low, and de-

graded, and ignorant, should not appreciate such a Record, yet might not the Record be of great service, even in families of the lowest order?

True, law and prevailing custom or usage secures, to some extent, the record of a few things in relation to most families. The Town-Clerk must be furnished with the fact of every marriage, for entry upon the Town Records; and in some communities, the birth of every child. The Ministers of Religion, also, generally keep a Record of Baptisms and Deaths among the people of their charge. But how desirable that every family should have a Record of its own. And if some heads of families are too illiterate to perform the simple work, let them, rather than fail of the Record, procure it to be made, from time to time, while they recollect the facts to be recorded, by some one competent to do the work. Better that the dates of the marriage only of the father and mother, and then of the births of their children, and the deaths of any that die, should be entered in the Family Bible, than that there should be no record at all. And yet this is not enough, nor all that should be recorded, especially when the heads of the family are well educated, and competent to keep a record of family events and scenes, such as is most desirable.

And besides the facts and dates already suggested as want more or less to be recorded in the Family Bible, let every family have a fuller Register, kept by one or the other of its social heads. Many are the incidents and scenes in every family, in the course of its existence as a family, which, though little thought of, perhaps, at the time of their passing, as having anything in them worthy of record, would yet, in after time, be gladly purchased, even at a high price, could they be recovered and brought to mind again, full and true to life as they were in actual occurrence. And the way to save them, that parents and children—perchance relatives and friends, and possibly the whole world at large—may have the pleasure and profit of reviewing them, is for the mother, or the father, or both, if they please, to keep the pen in use, and record them as they occur.

As to topics suitable for entry in a Family Record, were I to suggest a brief outline, I would mention, first, some little account

of the parties forming the social head of the household, their family descent, and any incidents they may judge worthy to be recorded, in the history of their acquaintance leading to their marriage. Then, I would have the record of their marriage, and of their commencement of housekeeping, or of married life, from which the Record, properly speaking, should more particularly date its beginning, as that of a separate new family. Following this opening, let it hence be continued as life flows on through all the increasing years of the newly wedded pair, including incidents and events touching themselves and their family—whether directly or indirectly—and forming, if nothing more, at least a little thread of its history, onward and forward, till it finally dies out, in the last surviving member. Particularly should the birth of children be noted with all the indications of peculiarity of character, and the various early developments of one kind and another, appearing in each, through all the years of childhood, youth, and riper years, up to the time of their own marriage and settlement in life. Intermingled, should be also the notice of many circumstances occurring in life—blessings and mercies—afflictions and trials—enterprises and labors—Providences and striking events—all and whatever may serve to make out a fuller character of the family.

Such, briefly, is the outline I would venture to suggest, as what should be the matter of a proper Family Record. And where, now, in all the world, is the intelligent, reflecting father or mother, or son or daughter, with whom it were necessary to prove to them the desirableness and the value, nay, the very great value of such a Record?

Logic.—A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit, for a young divine, a relative of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man should preach *better than I*, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach worse, I don't think *he's fit to preach at all.*"

Original.

THE PRISONED BIRD—A FABLE.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

A YELLOW-BIRD complained one day
That he was not contented—
That though he sang a cheerful lay,
His fate he oft lamented.

His loving mistress, Mary Jane,
Was at the time so near him,
That she could hear the bird complain,—
He meant that she should hear him.

"Why, Frank," she said, "'tis strange indeed!
You are my dearest treasure;
I give you every thing you need—
I always do, with pleasure.

You have a splendid palace here;
You're rich as Julius Cæsar,—
This whining, then, 'tis very clear,
Is quite unkind to me, sir.

What is it that disturbs you so?
Why sing you thus so sadly?
What can I do? Pray let me know;
I'll do it for you gladly."

In tender tones, the Bird replied,
"Those words, dear lady, grieve me;
I never once your love denied;
I feel it all, believe me.

I thank you for your tenderness,
And for this lordly dwelling;
Yet blame me not that keen distress
Within my breast is swelling.

One thing alone, my mistress dear—
Since you demand a reason—
Robs me of all my pleasure here—
My *palace* is my *prison*."

FEELING FOR THE PILLARS.—When Luther was at Coburg he wrote to a friend, "I was lately looking out of my window at night, and I saw the stars in the heavens, and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the great Builder had fixed this arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and the great arch stood firmly. There are some who are always feeling for the pillars, and longing to touch them; and because they cannot touch them, they stand trembling and fearing lest the heavens should fall. If they could only grasp the pillars, then the heavens would stand fast." Thus Luther illustrated the faith of his own soul, and wished to inspirit others with the same strong confidence in God.

Original.

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION

OF PUTNAM, OHIO, FOR 1849.

THERE are some periods, during life's eventful journey, when it seems peculiarly appropriate that we pause, and take a retrospective glance of the way over which we have passed. Mind is ever restless, and seeking change; well for us, is it then, that there *are* seasons when everything seems calling us to reflection. Such an occasion is the present, when, upon the fifteenth anniversary of our society, a few of us have met, parents and children, to review the year which has just closed. The recording angel has already made his last entry, and the books are sealed, never more to be opened, until used in judgment against us, at the last great day. How many opportunities of usefulness misimproved, of privileges slighted, are there recorded, we know not; but must not all of us have reason to fear, that the charges against us are many and great?

God's dealings with us have been, indeed, merciful. While many places in our land have, during the past summer, been visited by that inexplicable scourge, which has desolated hearts and homes, *we* have been passed by. How many family circles, who commenced the year with us, bright in their anticipations of the future, have been broken up! Parents have been taken from the little groups, who were looking to them for guidance and direction—or children have been called away, leaving mothers heart-broken and desolate. Ought not our hearts to overflow with gratitude, in view of God's goodness, and shall we not be stimulated to consecrate our spared lives more entirely to his service? Oh, that each of these precious children might, to-day, be induced to render a thank offering to their heavenly Father, and yield their hearts in willing subjection to His requirements. It would then, indeed, be to them a *happy new-year*—angels would rejoice, and saints on earth would be glad.

But though we have not been visited as, doubtless, many other

Associations have been, God has not failed to remind us that this was not our home, and that our children were but lent blessings, whom He might recall at any moment. The tears which were shed over little Frederic's grave—whose death was referred to, in our last report—were not yet dry, when another of our little band was called suddenly away. No one's prospects, for long life, were brighter than his; health glowed throughout his veins, and delineated itself upon his countenance. But the messenger came, and the fond endearments of parents and friends could detain him no longer.

Of the mothers, who compose this little circle, not one has been removed. Why, let us ask, has God so kindly dealt with us, and what has been our progress during the year now closed? As it regards our meetings, I feel that we cannot, in justice, say we have really advanced. The average attendance has been even less than the previous year—sometimes but four, three, and even one, have come to the place of prayer. Some have never, during the year, met with us; and of the younger mothers in our church, not one has been induced to unite with us in prayer, for the precious souls so recently committed to them. Why is it thus? Ought our worldly cares to deter us from so important an object, or the plea of forgetfulness ever be urged? It would tend much to increase the interest of our meetings, could each sister, with a heart warm in this glorious cause, be present, and lend her aid in its exercises.

Who, of the dear children are to-day better prepared for heaven than they were when the year commenced; and if not *better*, must we not think of them as farther from that home of purity and blessedness? Each year, as it comes and goes, brings to them new snares and increasing temptations. Have we not reason to fear, then, that even the little ones, whose hearts are now susceptible to every good impression, will, ere long, be found willing slaves of sin, unless those hearts become now purified in the blood of a Saviour? And whose influence over them is so great as that of the mother? Oh, then, let us be faithful, for great, indeed, will be our reward.

Had we been taken away, as so many mothers have been, during

the past year, would there not have been a pang in dying, on account of our unfaithfulness to these precious immortals, even though we could almost hear the melodies of heaven; and, what think you would be the message transmitted to us to-day, could those mothers speak to us from the eternal world? Would there be a regret on the part of any one that she spent so much time in impressing heavenly truths upon the minds of those from whom she was so suddenly separated? Would she not rather urge us to be instant in season and out of season—suffering no opportunity to pass by unimproved. And how many of these precious gems are scattered daily in our pathway? We should find them, had we the spirit of that desolate mother—of whom, doubtless, we have all read—who, while performing the most trivial of a mother's duties, washing, clothing, and feeding her little ones, breathed a fervent prayer to heaven, that they might be washed in a Saviour's blood, clothed in the robe of His righteousness, and ever fed with the bread of heaven. Thus she followed them, in their progress through life, and was rewarded by seeing them all become faithful servants of that God in whom she had so long trusted.

Is not this blessing within the reach of every one of us; and are we not guilty if we fail to secure it? True, as a trial of faith, it may be delayed, but we have the promise of the blessing, if we are indeed faithful. And what more welcome plaudit could we wish to receive, were we called suddenly from our labors here, than that blessed assurance from our heavenly Father, "She hath done what she could."

SARAH A. GUTHRIE, *Secretary.*

THE WAY OF A HAPPY LIFE.

LAY nothing too much to heart; desire nothing too eagerly; rejoice not excessively, nor grieve too much for disasters; be not violently bent on any design, nor let any worldly cause hinder you from taking care of your soul; and remember that it is necessary to be a Christian (that is, to govern one's self by motives of Christianity)in the most common actions of civil life.

Original.

PROMISE KEEPING.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"FATHER," said Robert, "it is nearly sunset, and you know, sir, that you promised to go with me to the village this evening. Mother is all ready to go."

Mr. Gale laid down his newspaper, in a manner which indicated some displeasure at being disturbed by the address of his son. He was deeply interested in the speech of a political friend, and he was by no means inclined to leave it unfinished. He remembered his promise; but he was tempted to excuse himself from keeping it, as he had often done before, to the disappointment and grief of his boy. Robert saw what was passing in his father's mind, and his clouded countenance too plainly showed that he expected another disappointment. Fortunately the expression of his countenance attracted his father's notice, and led him to resolve to keep his promise. His keeping it was, thus, not the result of principle, but an impulse of sympathy.

The party were soon on their way to the village. The road leading thence was a very pleasant one; Robert pointed out to his parents the beautiful objects which came into view as they passed along. The great pleasure which he manifested led his father to regret that he had not more frequently gratified his son, by conforming to his wishes, especially when he had promised to do so.

"Robert seems very happy," said he to his wife, as the boy

ran on before them, and turned, as if to induce them to move more rapidly.

"Yes, he is always very happy when he can have the company of his father," replied Mrs. Gale. "I wish you could give him a little more of your time."

"I wish I could."

This was not spoken in a very confident tone; for he had more than a suspicion, that it was owing to his want of inclination rather than want of time that he did not give his son more of his society.

"Would it not be well for you not to promise to go anywhere with him, unless you are sure you will have time to do it?"

"Perhaps it would."

"The effect on his feelings of being disappointed so often, must be, at least, undesirable; and I am afraid it has already led him to be less careful in fulfilling his promises than he should be."

"Indeed!"

Mr. Gale uttered this word in a tone of surprise. He well knew that he had no right to use that tone. What else could he expect? Should not the son follow the example of his father? Mr. G. was a business man, and prided himself upon his promptness in performing all his engagements. His promise for a sum of money was regarded, by all who knew him, as good as the money. The promise would certainly be kept. He wished to form his son to the same habits. He seemed surprised that he had done anything adapted to form habits of an opposite character.

After a silence of some moments, he asked his wife: "What reason have you to suppose that Robert is careless in regard to his promises?"

"I overheard him engaged in an altercation with one of the boys, the other day. When he was charged with not keeping his promises, he replied by saying, 'Well, my father does not keep all his promises.' He seemed to think he was right if he could plead the example of his father."

"I must be more careful," said Mr. Gale. It was easier for

him to say "I must be more careful," than to change the habit he had formed.

When they reached the village, they called at the house of an intimate friend. After some conversation had passed between Mr. Gale and Mr. Hall, the latter turned to Robert, and said, with a smile, "Robert, you forgot to bring me that book."

Robert blushed, but made no reply.

"What book do you allude to?"

"The one you recommended to me, when I was at your house last week. It was out then, and Robert promised to get it, and bring it to me; but he forgot it, I presume. Little folks have a great many things of their own to think of."

"They ought not to forget their promises," said Mr. G. gravely. Robert looked at his father, who shrewdly guessed what was passing in the boy's mind. Robert soon left the room, at the call of one of Mr. Hall's boys.

"This business of managing boys," said Mr. Gale, "is a difficult one. One hardly knows what to do sometimes. My boy is a pretty good boy; I have no reason to think that he is ever guilty of deception; but I am afraid he is careless about his promises."

"Have you been careful about your promises to him?"

"I do not know as I have been quite as particular in that respect as I might have been."

"I always make it an object to impress my children with the importance of keeping promises. If I make a promise to them, I always keep it, no matter how great may be the inconvenience of so doing."

"I am particular in all business matters."

"I know you are. I have admired that trait in your character, but I sometimes fear that you do not estimate rightly the business of educating children. Next to the care of our own souls, the care of our children is the most important thing that claims our attention."

"At this moment Robert and Andrew entered the room.

"Father," said Robert, "may I go to the forge with Andrew? We will return in a few minutes."

"Not to night, my son."

"I have never seen it, and I should like to go very much."

"We have but little time to spare now. To-morrow I will go with you myself, and show you how they make iron." Robert retired with a disappointed, incredulous expression of countenance.

When Mr. Gale rose to depart, Mr. Hall begged leave to request him to remember the promise he had just made to his son.

Original.

BOYS IN SMALL VILLAGES.

BY REV. MORRISON HUGGINS.

Boys who are brought up in villages are peculiarly exposed to ruin. Parents sometimes remove to more retired country places, for the sake of their children. But all cannot do this, and it becomes a question with them of deep solicitude, "What can I do to save my children from destruction?" But a day since, as I saw an infant, an only son, in its mother's arms, I could not avoid thus early to raise the voice of warning, and urge her prayerfully to remember, that it would be more difficult to bring him up right than all her other children. Oh! that mothers over the land, especially mothers in villages, would remember this! Dangers are thicker around the village youths than on a quiet farm in the country. For wickedness is spread fearfully by example, and where numbers are collected together, unless there are powerful counteracting influences, men become corrupt, and youth especially suffer.

In every village there are some who are profane and unprincipled, and the youth are specially exposed to their influence. There are tippling-shops, places of gathering, and drunkenness; and Sabbath-breaking and profaneness are fearfully common. In this school the village boy takes his first lessons in vice. If he is suffered to saunter from his home on the Sabbath, he sees the canal-boat, the stage or railroad car, and they teach him the lesson, through

awakened curiosity of Sabbath desecration. If he walk the streets, his ear becomes familiar with oaths and blasphemies, and his mind with images of obscenity, from the utterances of the vile. And active business men, whom he will learn to respect, are busy, not in the service of Christ, but to secure the world's wealth and honor. How can he be rescued from ruin? Let especially *mothers* cherish a deep and abiding sense of the danger to which their sons are exposed. Let them begin early to preoccupy their minds with sentiments of virtue and religion. Let them daily take them alone, and weep over them in the closet. Let them secure an influence over them, and *keep it*, by manifested solicitude, and by strictly enforcing obedience. Let them always know where their children are, especially evenings. Let them understand that they are not to spend their evenings in the streets. Let them follow them by day, frequently to the day-school, and see what is done for them, and what they are doing there. Let them interest their teachers, by conversing with them on their welfare. Let them keep them employed in study, or in learning a trade, or in some constant business, that the adversary, who always "finds something for idle hands to do," may not lead them into vice.

The danger to village boys is fearful. A young man, now in the ministry, expressed to the writer a wonder that he had escaped the ruin which his companions experienced. Many of them became intemperate and vicious; but he was saved, a miracle of grace. While many of them lay in the loathed grave of the drunkard and debauchee, he now is permitted to stand in the pulpit, and preach the gospel. What mother would not weep at the grave of a son fallen with the vices of youth? What mother would not mourn for a son gone to a hopeless eternity? How many village boys are hurrying to destruction? Mothers cannot have too great anxiety for the welfare of their sons. They must pray for them, watch over them, and they may enjoy the unspeakable satisfaction of feeling that they have become Christians, and have entered the narrow way of life.

These warnings, in reference to the danger of boys in small villages, are applicable, in many instances, to larger towns. It is said of one of the fairest and largest villages in Western New

York, that there never was so hardened and wicked a class of young men and boys in it as now. And a minister in the city of New-York, in a recent discourse to young men, observed, that were it not for the influx from the country, in consequence of vice there would be no young men left in the city in a few years.

Oh, what can be done for the youth of our land! Shall the mass be a prayerless generation? There are fewer young men and lads members of the churches than in former times. Conversions among them are becoming less frequent. Unless more of them are brought into the fold of Christ, who shall be the officers in the churches? Who will fill our pulpits? Who will go on errands of mercy to the heathen? Who are to sustain an influence in favor of Christianity in responsible posts in the State? Who will cast in the leaven of righteousness into our legislation? I had a son, but he is not. The Saviour, to whom he was dedicated, in his infantile days took him to himself. I mourn that he is not here, yet when I see what dangers would "stand thick in all his path," I rejoice that he is in heaven. He is safe, but those darling ones yet spared to accord with parental desires, will furrow the cheek with sorrow, unless *mothers* besiege the throne of mercy for their sons; and seeking divine guidance, watch them with the anxiety with which they would watch for a sick child, until they are gathered into the fold of Christ. If God has blessed you with sons, rejoice with trembling, especially if you dwell amid the pestilent influences of a thickly populated town or village, and redouble your diligence for their salvation. Their destiny for time and eternity even, will soon be sealed, and your solicitude and efforts avail no more.

Signs of True Grace.—If we can as heartily pray against sin, for the avoiding of displeasure, as against judgment when we have displeased, there is true grace in the soul. And if we have not labored against our sins, in vain do we pray against their punishment.

Original.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. SCUDDER, MADRAS, INDIA.

[The following extracts of a letter from this venerable missionary will be read with interest. It was addressed to Miss MARY SEWELL, Secretary of the Juvenile Missionary Society, Madison, N. J. We take pleasure in laying it before our readers. It is dated March 8th, 1850.]

* * * * Probably my young friends will like to know something of the *customs* of this people. I will tell you of some of them. Their domestic customs are very different from ours. The men and women never eat together. The husband first eats, then the wife. The wife first waits upon the husband. After she has cooked the rice, she brings a brass plate, if the family are possessors of one, or if not, a piece of a plantain leaf, and puts it down on the mat before him. She then bails out the rice, and places it upon it, and afterward pours the curry on the rice. This being done, the husband proceeds to mix up the curry with the rice with his hands, and puts them into his mouth. He never uses a knife and fork, as is customary with us. The curry of which I have spoken, is a sauce of a yellow color, owing to the munchel, a yellow root, which they put into it. This, with onions, kottamaly seeds, mustard, serakum, pepper, &c., constitute the ingredients of the curry. Some add to these glue or melted butter, and cocoa-nut milk. I do not mean the water of the cocoa-nut. This (except in the very young cocoa-nut, which is a most delicious beverage) is never used. The milk is squeezed from the *meat* of the cocoa-nut after it has been reduced to a pulp, by means of an indented circular iron, which they use for this purpose. After he has eaten, the wife brings water to him, to wash his hands. This being done, she supplies him with vettalay, poakku, shell-lime and tobacco, which he puts into his mouth as his dessert. The vettalay is a very spicy leaf. Why they use poakku I do not know. It is a nut, which they cut into small pieces. It has not much taste. Sometimes the wife hands her husband a cigar. This people, I am sorry to say, are great smokers and chewers—filthy practices—of which I hope that you my dear chil-

dren, will never be guilty. In Ceylon it is customary for the females to smoke. Frequently after the husband has smoken for a while, he hands the cigar to his wife. She then puts it into her mouth and smokes. Several years ago, one of the schoolmasters in Ceylon became a Christian. After he had partaken of the Lord's Supper, his wife considered him to be so defiled that she would not put his cigar into her mouth for a month afterward. She, however, has since become a Christian. I spoke just now of the plantain leaf. This leaf is sometimes six feet long, and in some places a foot and a half wide. It is an unbroken leaf, with a large stem running through the middle of it. It is one of the handsomest of leaves. They may tear enough pieces from a single leaf to serve the place of a dozen plates. When quite young it is very soft, and is an excellent application to surfaces which have been blistered. When this people eat, they do not use tables and chairs. They sit down on mats, and double their legs under them, as do our friends the tailors, in America, when they sew. This is the way in which the natives, as a general thing, sit in our churches. It is not common to have benches or pews for them. Carpenters and other tradesmen also sit down on either a board, or on the ground, or on their legs, when they work. It would divert you much to see their manœuvering. If a carpenter, for instance, wants to make a little peg, he will take a small piece of board, and place it in an erect position between his feet, the soles of which are turned inward, so as to press upon the board. He then takes his chisel in one hand and his mallet in the other, and cuts off a small piece. Afterward, he holds the piece in one hand, and while he shapes it with his chisel with the other, he steadies it by pressing it against his great toe. The blacksmiths, with the exception of those who use the sledge-hammer, sit as do the carpenters while they hammer the iron. I wish you could see them at work, with their simple apparatus. They have small anvils, which they place in a hole made in a log of wood, and which is buried in the ground. They do not use such bellows as you see in America. Their's consists of two leathern bags, about a foot wide, and a foot and a half long, each having a nozzle at one end; the other end is left open to admit the air. When

they wish to blow the fire, they extend these bags, to let in the air. They then close them by means of the thumb, on one side, and the fingers on the other, and press them down toward the nozzle of the bellows, which forces the air through them into the fire. I should have said before, that the nozzle of the bellows passes through a small semicircular mound of dried mud. I mentioned that the natives do not use tables and chairs in their houses. Neither do they, as a general thing, use bedsteads. They have no beds. They sleep on mats, which are spread down on the floor. Sometimes they use a cotton bolster for their heads. More generally their pillows are hard boards, which they put under the mat. In addition to cooking, the females have to prepare the rice for this purpose, by taking it out of the husk. This they do by beating it in a wooden mortar, about two feet high. The pestle which they use to pound it is about five feet long and made of wood, with an iron rim around the lower part of it. Three women can work at one of these mortars at the same time. Of course, they have to be very skillful in the use of the pestle, so as not to interfere with each other's operations. Sometimes, while thus engaged, the children, who are generally at play near their mothers, put their hands on the edge of the mortar. In such cases, when the pestle happens to strike the edge, their fingers are taken off in a moment.

* * * * * * * *

I want you all, my precious children, to give your hearts to Christ. This is the first great thing. You must be lost forever if you do not do this. And who of you think about becoming missionaries? I have heard that my dear son Samuel, who would perhaps have joined me in the missionary work year after next, is dead. Is there no one among you who will, by-and-by, take his place? I want you to have this letter read in as many other Sabbath-schools as you can. I do not know whether a little book, entitled, "TALES FOR LITTLE READERS," has been published by the American Tract Society. If it has, I hope you will get it, and read it. It has many pictures in it, and much about the heathen. Go on, my dear children, in your good work. I want you to grow up, if God is pleased to spare you all, with one thought of

importance, and this is, that you will give *one-tenth* of all you earn for charitable purposes. If any of you have not given your heart to the Saviour, as I just begged of you, do this right away. I wish you would read my tract, "KNOCKING AT THE DOOR," published by the American Tract Society. The Lord bless you, my dear children.

Very affectionately,

J. SCUDDER.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. IX.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

THE NEBULÆ, DOUBLE AND CHANGEABLE STARS.

Ellen. I believe papa promised, at our last conversation upon the stars, to tell us next about the nebulæ, or those misty appearances of light which we see in various parts of the heavens.

Mamma. These phenomena afford us the most gigantic ideas of the immense area of creation. Upward of two thousand of these lucid beds have been discovered, and many of them, doubtless, containing more stars than we observe in the sky, even including the milky-way.

Papa. These nebulæ partake of various forms, and differ in brightness, giving proofs of the operation of mind, in the formation and position of matter.

Sarah. Have not these cloudy spots, generally, been proved by powerful glasses, to be multitudes of stars, whose distances cause them to have these hazy appearances?

Papa. In most of them, the telescope shows this to be the case, but there are many which the strongest lens cannot resolve into stars; and some suppose they may be strata of light or gaseous matter, which is in process of consolidation, and from which future worlds, by the power of the Creator, will emanate.

John. I think you said, papa, that those nebulæ are of various forms, and exhibit various degrees of light or brightness.

Papa. Yes, some of them are comparatively bright; others so obscure, as to render it difficult to detect them. Some appear to be round, some oval, others of a long, elliptic shape; some exhibit an annular form, like luminous rings, and others are like ellipses, with dark spaces in their centres; but the greater number approximate to a roundish form.

Mamma. Some astronomers have calculated the number of stars in the milky-way to be upward of ten millions, and then reckoning the twenty thousand nebulæ, each containing as many, and we have the amazing sum of more than twenty thousand millions of stars, within the reach of telescopic view; and Professor Mitchell fearlessly asserts that the day never will come, when the centre of the universe will be found by man. Taking this view of the heavens, we see a mighty plan, rising in magnitude by the same principles of progress and growth, as we behold in the more minute works of Creation. Systems are collected into clusters; these are arranged into firmaments, and even those distant firmaments appear to be connected with each other, and not strewn about in the regions of space, as if done by the hand of an undesigning or unskillful agency.

Sarah. There appears, then, to be no part of nature unoccupied; and the old proverb, that "Nature abhors a vacuum," is literally true.

Papa. The farther we pry into the regions of space, the number of the starry host appear to multiply, and the limits of creation to extend and widen. Coleridge remarks, "It is surely not impossible, that to some infinitely superior being the whole universe may appear as one plain, the distance between planet and planet being only as pores in a grain of sand; and the spaces between system and system no greater than the interval between one grain and a grain adjacent."

John. Do not the nebulæ, of which we have been conversing, change their form and appearance?

Papa. One of these phenomena is so enormous that it sustains an angle of 10′ That, supposing it to be at the distance of a star of the eighth magnitude, its size must be at least more than three millions of times that of the sun. Its shape has undergone

such visible changes that the surmise is not improbable, that here we have the germ of millions of worlds, to be evolved in future ages, where life, beauty, and intelligence are destined to play their various phases.

Ellen. Are any of these nebulæ visible to the naked eye?

Papa. Yes, several. There is one in the girdle of Andromeda, the oldest known, and also the nearest, which has often been mistaken for a comet, and, on account of its beauty, has been styled the queen of nebulæ. Another immense phenomenon of this nature is seen in the sword of Orion; which, by reason of its great distance, was never resolved into stars, until viewed through the mighty instrument, lately made and erected at his own expense, by Lord Ross, in Ireland, which is now enriching the world by its numerous and startling discoveries in the heavenly regions.

Sarah. You have mentioned, papa, that some of the nebulæ may be matter, from which new worlds may be emanating, by the power of the Almighty. I wish to ask, if any of the stars noted by former astronomers are now missing in the great fabric of nature.

Papa. Since the face of the heavens was first studied, upward of a dozen stars, whose places were laid down upon the maps of ancient philosophers, have disappeared, while several new ones have been discovered. Some of them have, for a time, shone forth with great effulgence, and then gradually disappeared. Formerly seven stars were numbered in the Pleiades, but now the naked eye discerns but six. And besides the disappearance of stars, there are some that vary in their degree of brightness. One of the most remarkable of these is Algol, in the head of Medusa, which changes from the second to the fourth magnitude in the course of a little less than three days.

Ellen. Please tell us, papa, how this wonderful phenomenon can be accounted for?

Papa. Some have supposed that vast portions of the surfaces of these stars are covered with large dark spots, which, during the diurnal rotation of the orb, present themselves under various angles, and thus produce a gradual variation in its brilliancy. Sir Isaac Newton thought that the sudden blaze of some stars may

have been occasioned by the falling of a comet into them, by which means they would be enabled to cast a prodigious light for a while; after which they would gradually return to their former state.

John. I think I have read, that many of the stars appear to be double, and even triple. Am I correct?

Papa. This is, indeed, a fact. Castor, one of the twin stars in Gemini, is a remarkable instance of it. But those double and triple bodies are now generally supposed to be occasioned by the proximity of certain stars to each other, which, by reason of their distance, appear to us to form but one sphere. But, upon close observation, it is found that these stars move around each other, giving us the grand idea of system moving around system, central suns carrying with them all their relative planets. Another remarkable discovery is, that several of the double stars, or binary systems, are found to emit rays of different colors. In such instances, the larger star is usually of a violet or orange hue, while the other appears to be either blue or green. Isolated stars, of a color almost as deep as blood, occur in many parts of the heavens, but no green or blue star, of any decided hue, has, we believe, ever been noticed, unassociated with a companion brighter than itself.

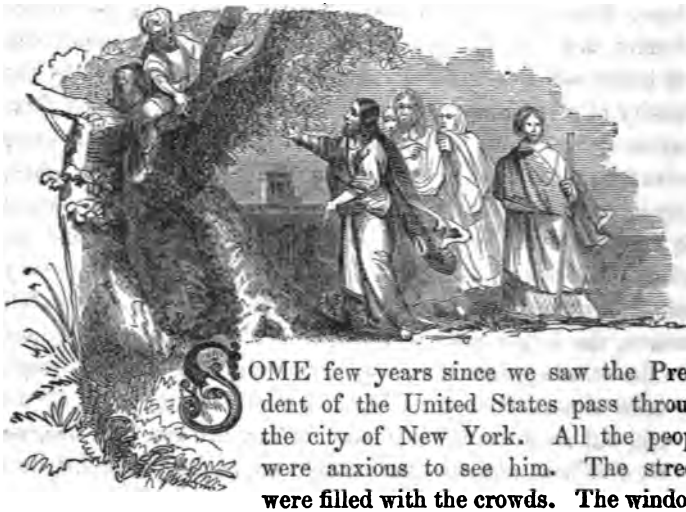
Mamma. These facts give us a sublime idea of the great beauty which exists among the works of the Creator. Not only the flowers and the wing of an insect are adorned, as it were, by the penciling of the Deity, but even worlds and systems partake of the same pleasing variety; perhaps to call forth the admiration of intellectual beings.

Papa. I hope, my dear children, you will always feel it to be both a duty and a privilege to search into and consider the works of the Creator. To render the study of the stars still more interesting, I intend, as soon as I have opportunity, to take you to the observatory, where you will view some of these heavenly bodies under a telescopic appearance, and your admiration will be yet further increased. As it is growing late, we must now close this interesting conversation, and I hope we shall retire with feelings of profound reverence and adoration to that great and good Being whose sublime works we have been contemplating.

Editorial.

ZACCHEUS.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.



SOME few years since we saw the President of the United States pass through the city of New York. All the people were anxious to see him. The streets were filled with the crowds. The windows and doors of the dwelling-houses and stores were thronged with spectators, and many were seen climbing up the posts, and into the trees, to see him. All were curious to see the President of the United States, because they had heard so much about him, and thought he was a great man. Perhaps some of our readers may have seen such a crowd of people turn out to see some great man, or to witness some great event.

So it was when our Saviour was on earth. As he went about doing good, from place to place, the people heard of him, and by-and-by all the villages and cities throughout the country heard of his fame, and were very anxious to see him.

It so happened, on one of our Saviour's journeys, he passed through a city called Jericho, where there lived a man whose name was Zaccheus. Now Zaccheus was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich. He had heard of the Saviour, and he sought to see Jesus, who he was, and could not for the press,

because he was of small stature. And he ran before the crowd of people, and climbed up into a sycamore-tree, to see him; for he was to pass that way. And when Jesus came to the tree, he looked up, and saw him in the tree, and said unto him, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down: for to-day I must abide at thy house." And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully. And when the people saw it, they all murmured, saying, that he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man, by false accusation, I restore him four-fold." And Jesus said unto him, "This day is salvation come to this house." It is said Zaccheus was rich. Why this is mentioned we do not know, unless it is because rich people love their money *so much.* Few we know are converted. Our Saviour said not many rich men loved him. And when Zaccheus sought to see him, it was noticed, because the great multitude who gathered around the Saviour were poor. But our Saviour loves the rich and poor alike, when they repent of their sins and seek him. Zaccheus was a great sinner; he had probably got much of his money by hard oppression and injustice. But when he became a Christian, he was sorry for his wickedness, and offered to restore what he had wrongfully taken away from his fellow-men. And this was good evidence of his sincere love for his Saviour. It was what Jesus would require of him. When Jesus told Zaccheus he must go and stay with him, he knew Zaccheus was a Christian, and that he would receive him joyfully. The people around complained because Jesus should go and stay with a man who had been so great a sinner. But he showed he was a good man by his willingness to return four-fold for all he had wrongfully taken away from others.

Another evidence of Zaccheus's love for Jesus, was his immediately obeying the Saviour when he called him from the tree. He did not wait to make excuses, he even made haste and came down to meet Jesus.

Children show their love to their parents by cheerful obedience. Children sometimes are very slow and unwilling in

their obedience; this is wrong; it shows a want of love for their parents. So the Saviour loves those who cheerfully obey him. It was a great blessing to Zaccheus and his family to have the Saviour go home with him, and stay at his house. So it will be with all who willingly receive him; and especially they that seek him early; they shall find him! He will guide them and protect them in this life, and take them to himself in the life to come.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Zaccheus live?
What is said of Zaccheus?
How did he get his riches?
Why did he seek to see Jesus?
Why did he get into the tree?
What did Jesus do when he came to the tree?
What did Zaccheus do when Jesus called him?
What did the people say when Jesus went with him?
What was the condition of the people who followed Jesus?
Does the Saviour make any difference between the rich and poor?
What evidence did Zaccheus give of his repentance, for having got his wealth wrongfully?
What other evidence did he give of his love to Jesus?
Is cheerful obedience the best evidence of love?
What encouragement has the Saviour given to those who seek him early?

True Affection.—Whenever I see a new-married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, I consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves; either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEOPNEUSTY; OR, THE PLENARY INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By S. R. L. Gaussen, Professor of Theology, in Geneva, Switzerland. New York: John S. Taylor.

We are glad to see a new edition of this much approved treatise in the field. When it first appeared, it was welcomed by the great majority of evangelical Christians, of different denominations, in this country; and, we cannot doubt, that this edition, issued, in respect of its mechanical execution, in very commendable style, will be equally well received.

A SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC; containing new and improved Rules for the Application of Numbers. AN ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC; containing extensive Exercises for the Slate. By C. Tracy, A. M., Principal of a Classical Institute, New York. Philadelphia; Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

It is seldom that we dare express an opinion of any new candidate for popular favor, in the shape of an elementary school-book, for the reason that we do not often find time to examine such books critically, and we are not willing to pronounce upon their merits at all without such an examination. But we have taken the pains to look with more than our usual care at these books of Mr. Tracy, and we are satisfied that they are worthy the confidence of teachers and others interested in education.

SHANTY THE BLACKSMITH; a Tale of Other Times. By Mrs. Sherwood. New York; John S. Taylor.

A very readable story, with a very excellent moral. It ought to be introduced into Sunday-school Libraries and extensively circulated among the little folks.

NEW YORK, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. By E. Porter Belden. New York; Prall, Lewis & Co.

This is a sketch, entirely reliable, we should think, of the past history, present condition, and future prospects of the empire city. Added to it, and bound up with the volume, are numerous advertisements of different houses doing business in the city. As a miniature history, no less than as a medium for advertising, this book must be a valuable one.

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY; with a Biographical Sketch and Portrait of the Author. Vol. I. New York; John S. Taylor.

For those who admire the style of this well-known author—and the number is by no means small—this volume will be a treat. The portrait is true to the life, and admirably executed.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. Compiled by Rev. Daniel Smith. With an Introduction, by Rev. D. W. Clark, A. M. New York; Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry street.

Anecdotes have always been found useful in making truth plain to the understanding. The volume before us is a good collection, gathered from various sources, and arranged under appropriate heads. We commend the work to ministers, teachers, and heads of families, as a book worthy of their attention.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE. By Ingram Cobden, A. M. New York; Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau street.

This excellent Bible, which is being published in numbers, is rich in illustrations, with a beautiful, clear type. The neat, compact manner in which it is published, will tend to increase a love for reading the Sacred Scriptures.

THE CHRISTIAN ALMANAC. The American Tract Society have issued the Christian Almanac for 1851.

Like its predecessors, it is filled with the choicest reading matter, and brought out in a style of unparalleled beauty and richness. We hope it may have a sale commensurate with its worth and excellence.

New Music.—MARK H. NEWMAN, of this city, has just published in sheet form, arranged for the piano-forte, "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION." Poetry by Geo. P. Morris; music by W. B. Bradbury The music was composed for our friend F. H. Nash, Esq., and first sung by him at the Broadway Tabernacle. Both the poetry and the music are of the highest order.

Sunday-School Books.—We have received from J. C. MEEKS, Agent of the Am. S. S. Union, 147 Nassau street, the following Books, recently published by the Union:

GRACE DERMOTT; or, How to Lighten Heavy Burdens.—198 pages.

STORIES FOR SCHOOL BOYS.—150 pages.

ROSA'S CHILDHOOD; or, the Influence of Principle.—107 pages.

KMNYO; being an account of the life, conversion, and peaceful death of a native African of the Bassa tribe.—90 pages.

These books are equal in interest to any of those issued by the Union; which, to most minds, will be considered a sufficient recommendation. We are partial to the books published by the S. S. Union, for two reasons: 1. They are always written in a lively, interesting vein, and convey to the mind of the reader important truths. 2. They are purely and thoroughly evangelical, and yet so free from any sectarian bias as to be acceptable to all real Christians. The Am. S. S. Union is accomplishing much for the cause of Christ, through its missionaries and Sunday-school books; and most heartily do we bid them God speed in their great and glorious work.

Original.

THE OLDEST.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

WHAT blessed results may flow from an early and judicious sowing of the seeds of virtue, and truth, and holiness, in the young mind! I say *early*, for the soil becomes more unfavorable for the germination the longer it is neglected. I say *judicious*, for it is with the human mind as it is with the field of the farmer—it is

not always in a condition to receive the seed, and to impart to it the necessary nourishment.

A striking illustration, both of this faithfulness and judgment, in the case of one providentially called to perform the part of a mother to her younger sisters, now occurs to me.

Four children were left without a parent, when the oldest, Laura E——, was only fifteen years of age. The father of these children was not professedly pious, though he was a moral man, and exemplary in all his habits. The mother, whom God called from her family after her partner had been dead only two years, was a warm-hearted disciple of Christ, whose religion shone brightly in all her walk and conversation. On her death-bed, although she was calm and tranquil, she did not give up her children without a severe and protracted struggle. I have often heard her oldest daughter describe the scene. The dying one, when she knew her end was near, embraced them all, again and again. "How can I leave you, my darling ones?" she said. "What will become of my children?" She surrendered them, however, at last—gave them up, with many prayers and tears, into the hands of him to whose embrace her spirit soon flew away.

Laura devoted herself, after the exit of her mother, entirely to the care and education of her younger sisters. Then it was that the garden of her soul exhibited, fair, blooming, fruitful, the plants which had sprung from the seeds early sown there. It was several years after the event which placed her in this responsible position that I first became acquainted with the family; and, at that time, from one of the younger sisters, I learned many interesting particulars respecting the manner in which Laura discharged her duties as a mother. This girl's communications were spontaneous. There was no art about them. What she said welled up from her heart, as waters from an overflowing spring.

One day I met her alone. There was a tear in her eye. "What is the matter, Anna?" I asked. "Why do you feel so sad? What has happened?"

"I am not sad," she replied.

"Then why have you been weeping? What is the meaning of those tears?"

She did not know. She was sure she was not unhappy. It was true. There are other tears than those of sadness and grief.

"Dear Laura has been talking so good to us!" she said. And then she wept afresh.

It seemed that the three sisters and their foster-mother were sitting under a tree in the front yard. The oldest had been conversing, in a cheerful strain, with her sisters, while they, with hearts full of affection, were crowning her with flowers, and calling her their May Queen.

"Dear sisters," said the oldest, let me tell you a story about one who was crowned a great many years ago."

They were prepared to listen to the story. Even Caroline, the youngest, was eager to hear it. It is always thus with children. Why do not all parents, and others who are intimately connected with their education, see this, and act accordingly?

Then the eldest told the tale of the sufferings of Christ—how he was crowned with thorns—how the sharp points of the thorns were thrust into his head, so that the blood flowed down his face; and how he continued to suffer insult and pain, until he was nailed to the cross. After she had finished this tale, and while her sisters were bathed in tears, she told them that Christ suffered and died for us, so that we might believe in him, and have our sins pardoned, and be saved.

"But, my dear, said I, "is not all this in the catechism? You have heard it before; how came you to be so much touched by what your sister said?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, "sister Laura did not tell the story as it is in the catechism. She never talks to us in that way. Jesus Christ never seemed so dear to me before. He is *my* Saviour. I never thought of that till to-day."

Thus was the seed sown in these young minds. It sprung up. In after years the plants that grew from it budded and blossomed. Those three sisters are now all rejoicing, with the oldest, in the hope of eternal life.

By faith we enjoy God; by love we enjoy our neighbors; and by patience we enjoy ourselves.

Original.

MATERNAL CONCERTS.

BY REV. E. D. KINNEY.

All Christians profess to believe in the efficacy of prayer; and all Christian parents are in the almost daily practice of praying for their children. The more sensible parents feel the worth of souls, the greater is their anxiety for the salvation of their own offspring, and the more abundant and more ardent will be their prayers in their behalf. But the great difficulty with most Christians is, that the things which are seen and temporal, crowd out from the mind eternal realities and the soul's value, to such an extent that they but seldom catch a glimpse of the danger of the impenitent, and the importance of salvation. It is very desirable, therefore, that the worth of the soul should often be impressed on the Christian mind generally, and especially on the mind of Christian parents. One important means of accomplishing this object is concerts of prayer, for the conversion of individuals, or classes. I propose here to make some remarks on Maternal Concerts.

What I mean by maternal concerts, is, for the Christian mothers in one neighborhood, or, if the church is small, in the same church, to agree upon an hour, daily, when they will, in ordinary circumstances, leave all worldly matters, and spend some fifteen or thirty minutes in their closets, praying for each and all the children whose mothers enter into this agreement. Where this concert embraces a half dozen or more families, the best way is to make a list of the children, to spread out before the mothers, when they are thus praying.

The object of the concert is the conversion, sanctification, and salvation of these particular children. The mothers will see, at once, that this object is of vast importance, embracing the immortal interests of never-dying souls.

USE OF MATERNAL CONCERTS.

1. It will bring to the mind of these mothers, for some minutes, at least once every day, the truth that they have immortal souls

committed to their charge, whose eternal welfare depends very much on their conduct, and instructions, and prayers. Whatever may be the occupation of their minds and hands during other parts of the day, when the concert hour arrives, the gate of worldliness is at once shut down, and eternal scenes take possession of the mind; and, under ordinary circumstances, they will flee to the closet, to lay the burden of their souls at the foot of the cross. As their eye runs over the list of names, which demand their most fervent and importunate prayers, they cannot help feeling that theirs is a charge which might fill and almost crush an angel's heart. How will this daily concert-hour prevent stupidity, and formality, and worldliness! How will it keep before their minds the vast weight of responsibility which rests upon them, and stimulate them to active and energetic efforts for the salvation of those for whom they are daily praying!

2. This concert will not only fix in the minds of these pious mothers a sense of the value of souls, but it will secure "*praying breath*" DAILY for these children of the Church. Who can estimate the value of such breath? Like a cloud of incense it will rise before the mercy-seat, and, through the merits of our all-prevalent Advocate, call down rich blessings on our consecrated offspring.

3. This concert leads the strong to assist in bearing the burdens of the weak. While some mothers, owing to a variety of circumstances, are weak in the Christian graces, and small in holy attainments, others are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. While some mothers pray but little, and that feebly, for their own and other's children, others offer the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous, which availeth much. Thus, all the children, whose mothers are united in this concert, are remembered and prayed for, by some pious mothers, whose faith "wrestles and conquers" in prayer.

4. This concert can claim the promise, that where "*two or three are agreed*, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them." Here are several Christian mothers, who are agreed in praying for the conversion of their respective children. Now, though the praying breath of *one* will not be spent in vain, yet one is more likely to faint, if alone, than when supported by

others. It was in answer to united prayer, that Peter, and, afterwards, Paul and Silas, were released from prison. Mothers may feel specially encouraged to pray for their children, when they know that other maternal hearts beat in unison with theirs, and are praying for the same blessing.

Examples are not wanting, where maternal daily concerts have brought down a quick return of rich blessings on children, and husbands too. It is nearly a quarter of a century since the writer was the happy witness of the good effects of such a concert. Three pious mothers agreed to retire at 11 o'clock, A. M., each day, to pray for all the members of their respective families. Only a few weeks elapsed before several of the young people of these families were inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Now, these mothers cried to God with earnest wrestling, that their children might not only be convicted but truly converted. Like Jacob, they wrestled and prevailed. In a short time, one after another of them was born into the kingdom of heaven. In about a year from the time this maternal concert commenced, one of these mothers saw all her adult children (four sons) and her husband, become the happy subjects of divine grace; and another, the widow of a deceased deacon, saw all her children over fourteen years old, (three daughters,) professing an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In view of these considerations, will not the pious mothers, all over the land, form little maternal concerts, and thus try the strength of *united prayer*, for the children whom God has entrusted to them? Do you feel anxious for the salvation of your children? and have you long been praying for their conversion? And is your faith too small to prevail? Unite your prayers and faith with others, who are in similar circumstances, that they may cast their prayers and faith into the same scale, and it may preponderate in your favor. Can any Christian mother, who has unconverted children, neglect to make an effort to get up a maternal concert in her neighborhood? What if your efforts to sustain a female prayer-meeting have failed, *this* may succeed. Give it a thorough trial. The salvation of the priceless souls of your dear children may depend upon it. Think of it. Try it.

Original.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH BOSTON BAPTIST MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL, 1850.

TIME, in its rapid flight, has borne us along through another year, and our custom as well as our inclinations bid us look back and recount the various changes through which we have passed during its fleeting months.

No previous year of our associated existence seems to have been so replete with important events as the one we are now contemplating. Mercies and afflictions have been mingled in the cup of which we have drank. The past year has been a picture of light and shade, clouds and sunshine. It is with gratitude that we record the fact, that no mother connected with us has been removed from the scene of her earthly labors since our last report, and we have been gratified at the reception of six new members, making our present number thirty-two.

The attendance at our meetings has been uniform, and an increased interest in the important objects of our Association has of late been manifested by a majority of our members. May this fact humble, at the same time encourage us to renew our feeble efforts, to sustain our meetings, and to arouse mothers to a sense of their great responsibilities to the dear children committed to their trust.

It is with deep sorrow that we are compelled to state, that the ranks of our juvenile members have been invaded by the fell destroyer, and three of its number have been laid away in the silent tomb. Two of these were the children of our much esteemed sisters——. It was our privilege to be acquainted with the disposition and character of these dear departed ones; and it becomes us to notice their death, in this our Annual Report. These children enjoyed from their earliest infancy the wise and judicious training of pious parents; and the seeds of instruction thus early sown watered by prayers and tears, we have reason to believe took deep root in their hearts, and the tender germ of piety just

began to disclose itself to the gaze of fond and loving parents, when, alas! the spoiler came, and with his ruthless scythe mowed them down, to wither and return to their native dust. Their punctual attendance at our quarterly meetings; their promptness in reciting lessons in Scripture, and their correct deportment, failed not to win our love, and secure our lasting respect. Our hearts were drawn out after these loved ones, and we can say truthfully, that we regard their death as a personal loss. Death came to the eldest in the form of a dire calamity, but to the other the commissioned angel bore her on softest pinions up to the bosom of her Father and her God. "Pleasant and lovely were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." Whilst we mourn with these afflicted parents, we would rejoice that death cannot rob the soul of immortality, or drag the spirit from its home in the skies; and we delight to contemplate the upward flight of these freed spirits, and their triumphant entrance into bliss. We would extend our heartfelt sympathies to these our sorrowing friends; also, to our sister M——, and B——, who have been called to part with one of their children, within a few past months, and we would endeavor to point them each to that Source whence all comfort and consolation flow. May they be enabled to pierce through the dark clouds which have enshrouded them, and behold the blessed Saviour declaring, in sweet accents, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let your sorrow be turned to joy, at the thought of their glory, their bliss, their exaltation! They no longer need your shielding arms, your tender care, your pleadings at the mercy seat. The Saviour takes them, and leads them into the green pastures and beside the still waters of his love. He enfolds them in his arms; he carries them in his bosom and they are secure from all the corrupting and debasing influence of earth. A few years only will elapse ere you will meet them n their heavenly home, and with them spend an eternity in explorig the wonders of our Father's house, and the glories of his kingdm. The husband of our former beloved secretary, Mrs. D——, as been removed by death, since our last report, and she is lef to mourn in lonely widowhood. Let us not forget to remembher in our sympathies and prayers.

Whilst we were smitten with grief at our afflictions, our hearts were made glad at the outpouring of God's Spirit amongst us; and we are happy to know, that a large number of those who shared in this good work are members of this Association. They were children of many prayers, many tears, and many expostulations; and the eye still wet with the tear of sorrow wept tears of joy at the repenting sinner. Seven of this youthful number have been baptized, and united with the Church, and others are ready to follow their Saviour in the holy ordinance of baptism.

We would, in view of these signal blessings, call upon our souls, and all that is within us, to bless and praise His holy name. Let us, as a company of mothers, be encouraged by these manifestations of divine love and power, to renew our exertions for the spiritual good of our children. Other precious ones have we, who have no hope in Christ; let us labor and pray for them, that they also may be brought into the fold of the Redeemer. Through the persevering efforts of our librarian, a sum has been raised, by which our library has been enriched by the addition of about thirty volumes, and we cannot forbear expressing the hope that the careful perusal of these books, with the Divine blessing, will enlighten our minds with regard to our maternal obligations and duties.

In closing our report, we would earnestly solicit of our beloved members their uniform attendance at our meetings, and their hearty co-operation in all our feeble endeavors; and may we send up one united and fervent petition to the throne of grace, that God would enable us, by imparting unto us wisdom and strength from above, to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; that both parents and children may be prepared for usefulness here, and at last for an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

D. S. MONKS, *Secretary.*

South Boston, April, 1850.

REMEMBER, that every one is the maker of his own character, and is he not also the arbiter of his own fortune?

Original.

THE MOTHER'S EARLY INFLUENCE.

BY REV. JAMES GARLAND HANKER, D. D.

The agency of the mother acts on the earliest periods of rational life. The mother is the first object of the infant's knowledge, affection, and reverence. Its first objects of observation are her eye and voice, her tears and smiles, her caresses and reproofs. From these the immortal learner receives its earliest lesson; and thus it receives the impress of a mother's image. Imperceptibly, and almost of necessity, it imbibes the feelings, the passions, and expressions of that mother, if she be wise in exerting her influence. Mothers, therefore, above all other human agents, hold in their hands the momentous trust of moulding the intellect and the heart of all successive generations. Mothers! this is a talent of God's committal to you, and you can never wrap it in a napkin nor bury it in the earth with impunity.

How startling the thought, that the babe, lying in its mother's arms, is silently, yet potently, receiving the great outlines which are to form the character of the future man or woman! Eternal life or eternal death may be breathed on the earliest accents from the maternal lips. The pious mother may be ever exerting an agency, which, under God, may raise her child to heaven's glory; and the mother, without God, though not positively and directly irreligious, as the world judges, may be wielding an agency which is sending her helpless babe to endless perdition.

If all women were the Christians they ought to be, how quickly would the world be filled with the knowledge of God, and of his son Jesus Christ. The coming generation might live in a new earth, and celebrate the final triumphs of the cross. It was when the sons of God married the daughters of men, that the world was so quickly deluged with crime. But as they give their earliest impressions in favor of the world, and nurture their children in the principles, maxims, and fashions of the world, they defer the

time of Jesus reigning, from the river to the ends of the earth, just so much longer. O, when will they consider! When will they awake to the worth of the soul, and to the immensity of eternity!

In the domestic circle, woman's influence is immensely great. It is God's economy that it should be so. In civilized and Christian lands, the wife and mother is the presiding spirit in the family circle. Her influence, of whatever kind it may be, spreads over the whole, and takes deep hold upon the sentiments, the interests, and the hearts of the little community. Not easily do children forget their mother. "To trample on her authority, to thwart her wishes, to sport with her tears, and to grieve her spirit, must always cause many a pang on the part of her offspring. Before her influence can be annihilated the ties of nature must be sundered, and the last amiable sensibility be obliterated from the heart." So that the order and moral habits, the piety and happiness of families, are more emphatically under the control of females than of the males. The husband is called abroad, and his efforts are engrossed away from home, while the wife is imparting character to all about her at home—and this will run on, in splendid or dark lines, after our world is burned up, and the sun and stars are gone out. It rests with the mother, whether religion shall enter the family or be debarred; whether the blessing of the Lord shall be there, as it is in the habitation of the just—or whether the curse of the Lord shall be there, as it is in the house of the wicked.

PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN.

It is a pity that the portraits of children are not more frequently taken. In them only, we find pure, unadulterated expression—we mean, such an expression as is indicative of disposition, and not caricatured, distorted, or exaggerated by any passion. It would be curious to keep such a gallery of children's pictures, and compare them, in after life, with the originals, when ambition, avarice, disappointment, or malice, have warped the features into the mirror of the distempered mind. The portrait

n is sure to be insipid, unless the artist represents him in the attitude and under the agency of some great and powerful passion. The portrait of a child is not a hard, dead, lifeless sort of a thing; a child will, and must, have animation. Not even the most dull of all sign painters could help making a child's countenance reflect the natural tenor of its mind. They have not learned to conceal emotion; dissimulation is a virtue or a vice, for which we are indebted to our experience.

Editorial.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

How much do we hear of the good and bad management of children, and how frequently is the remark sounded in our ears: "If those children were mine, they should be under very different management!" Nor is there any circumstance which strikes us more forcibly, nor is, perhaps, less frequent, than the different conduct of the rising generation, with which we so often come in contact, both at home and abroad.

In classifying the different habits of the young, we have designated them as, *wild children*, *forward children*, *spoiled children*, and *well-behaved children*. As to their being *wild*, this is an ingredient woven into the very nature of youth; nor ought its outward burst of feeling to be discouraged and condemned, although it may be regulated and confined within certain harmless limits.

By a forward child is generally meant one whose conduct is void of modest and retiring habits. For instance, a stripling of this stamp will seat himself in the best chair in the room, ask rude questions, follow us into forbidden apartments, and keep his cap or hat on his head in the house. But these peculiarities, we should remember, are but the embryo of what will be the prevailing qualities of the future man, and they may often be so managed and checked as to render the adult age of such an one more useful than if he had never possessed those habits and propensities which we then deemed troublesome and impertinent.

Spoiled children are the effects of an unwise indulgence, result-

ing from a depth of affection, and a want of firmness sufficient to deny the child what it desires. We have known mothers, who, when they have lost a beloved one, have grown lax in their training of those left to them, and while writhing under the sorrows occasioned by the bereavement, never dared to cross them, and thus suffered them to grow up without any kind of wholesome discipline—thus, making the very providence of God the means of evil, instead of a blessing, in the family circle.

We have often been pained, when in the company of such children, to see how completely the parent has lost all authority, and have felt truly sad, when, at the same time, we well knew how the hearts of such parents were pierced with vexation and shame, to have the conduct of their offspring thus exposed—tacitly charging them as not faithful, or as incompetent to the trust which God had committed to them.

We have known children, when around the breakfast table, dip their fingers in the coffee, insist upon being served first, and that from the best dishes, wipe their hands upon the dresses of the ladies sitting next to them; and when admonition, scolding, and persuasion were useless, had to be removed from the room, amidst the most appalling shrieks, and the terrible conflict of hands and feet, as the only means by which peace and comfort could be restored.

The great object in the training of children should be the strict enforcement of a willing obedience, resulting from the conviction that it is a duty enjoined by the Creator, as also a pleasure, always to accede to the wishes of the parent. In maintaining this position, firmness and perseverance are two of the most essential requisites. When we deny our children any single thing, neither their tears, nor our weakness, should ever allow us to recede; for if once we are deficient here, it will be in vain to expect a full and prompt obedience hereafter. They have then discovered our frailty, they almost doubt our veracity, and feel less respect for our authority. Yea, they even begin to nourish doubts about the truths of the family Bible, whose admonitions they hear daily read, and the embodying of which they naturally expect to behold in the conduct of parents and guardians.

Many children may be termed *spoiled*, for want of proper confidence in their parents. The child cannot confide in us, if our word, in his past experience, has not been binding; nor can it think we are sincere in our reproofs, when the same faults have been passed by without notice. This confidence should be reciprocal. We should aim to have our offspring commit to us their wishes, their joys, and their sorrows. They should ever be taught to regard us as their best and truest guides, and it is no humiliation if we mingle ourselves with them in their childish sports, as we shall then have an opportunity of discovering their tempers; and a thousand incidents will arise whereby we shall get many valuable hints, to assist us in their future training.

The well-behaved child is but the copy of, or the stereotype of, the judicious parent's training. A nod, or the mere raising of the finger, is sufficient to secure the most prompt obedience from a wise and firm parent. Frequent scolding, vexatious and irritating language, always fail to secure either the love or the obedience of the child.

We have seen not a few practical illustrations of good management of children, in their willing conformity to their parent's will, when they have grown to manhood; and have known mothers, when bereaved of their partners, who have found in their children all that support and aid which they then so greatly needed. Nor is there any sight more ennobling to human nature than when children are thus enabled to repay a moiety of that debt they owe to those who, under God, are the authors of their being.

History records of a certain Roman matron—when her rich friend had been portraying before her, her casket of jewels, with the pride of her aristocratic station—she then asked her more humble friend to oblige her with a sight of her own glittering treasure. This mother introduced to her, her three noble sons, who had now become useful citizens in the commonwealth, and said, "*these are my jewels!*" If a heathen mother could thus rejoice that she was the possessor of such treasures, how much greater and more exalted may be the feelings of a Christian mother, who polishes her jewels here that they may shine in the Redeemer's crown through everlasting ages!

The Psalmist tells us, that children are the heritage of the Lord, and happy is that man who has his quiver full of them. The wise man says, speaking of the honorable mother, that her children rise up and call her blessed. It is a beautiful sight, to see parents receiving a reciprocity of love and duty, when they are descending this vale of tears; and the presence and conduct of children cheer the evening of life, enlivened by a well-grounded hope that all will be united in the world beyond the grave.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ADDISON has remarked, that there was nothing in history which interested and affected him more deeply than the conduct of eminent persons in a dying hour. "If I were a maker of books," says Montaine, "I would compile a register, with comments on various deaths; for he who should teach men to die, would teach them to live." There are few who cannot sympathize with these sentiments, for every reflective mind will linger around the dying bed:

"Death only is the fate which none can miss."

In the course of a ministry of nearly twenty years, it has been often my privilege to stand by the bedside of the dying, and to witness scenes, both of remorse and of triumph, which no pen can adequately describe. One scene of joy, where the king of terrors was transformed into a smiling angel of mercy, I will endeavor, though it must be faintly, to portray.

It was a beautiful afternoon in August, when I entered a rural dwelling adorned with all the comforts and refinements of abundant competence, to call upon a lady who for several months had been sinking in a decline. I had often, during the progress of her lingering disease, visited her, and prayed at her bedside. A glance of the eye, as I entered the room, assured me that this was my last call, for she was evidently dying. She was reposing, pil-

lowed upon her bed, with an unnatural lustre in her dying eye, and with cheek and brow of almost marble whiteness. The windows of the room were open, and a gentle summer breeze breathed softly over the fragrant flowers and shrubs, which with their luxuriant verdure partially veiled the light of the sun, and threw, in beautiful tracery upon the bed, the shadow of twig, and leaf, and blossom. It was a silent summer's day. There was not even a sigh in the zephyrs which wafted grateful odors over the dying bed; and not a sound could be heard, save the plaintive notes of the birds, nestling in the abundant foliage with which the dwelling was almost embowered.

Every voice in which nature speaks is in harmony with those scenes of decay and death to which all nature is consigned. The song of the bird, the chirp of the insect, the murmur of the stream, the sighing of the wind, are all plaintive in their character. Nature is pensive in all her utterances. The swelling and dying tones of the Æolian harp seem to be the musical expression of the Author of nature in view of these scenes of time.

The husband and the children of the young wife and mother were gathered around the dying bed. The beauty of youth was still spread over those features upon which the pallor of death was fast passing. I had often been struck with the fluent, melodious, and accurate diction, with which my dying friend could give utterance to all the emotions of her heart, and the peculiar richness of all the intonations of her voice. As I entered the room she raised her eyes, and extending her hand to me, with the sweetest smile, exclaimed, "You have come to see me die." And then, with a renewed smile of almost preternatural peace and loveliness, she added, "It is a very pleasant thing—*a very pleasant thing to die*. And when, after my spirit has passed away, you hereafter speak to my children of their departed mother, I hope that you will always speak with a smiling countenance and in cheerful tones, that they may have pleasurable ideas associated with my death; for it is a pleasant thing, a very pleasant thing to die."

She was gently breathing, with no pain and no agitation. Her mind was as calm, clear, and vigorous as ever. Though she spoke in tones soft and subdued, every word she uttered came from her

lips with the utmost distinctness and precision. Turning her eye to her husband, whose hand she held, she remarked, "I know perfectly well that I am dying. I feel the peculiar separation which is taking place between the body and the spirit. My sensations are such as cannot be mistaken. I have never experienced such before; no language can describe them. But I am fast going. I shall soon be gone. Farewell, farewell!" and her eye was fixed, and nothing remained but the lifeless clay.

This was indeed falling asleep in Jesus. She had chosen the Saviour for her friend in early life. She had been cheered by those consolations which piety alone can give, through all the trials of her earthly lot. And when the dying hour came, faith disarmed the king of terrors, and enabled her to exclaim, "O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?" Who, in view of such scenes as these, will not breathe the prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

Original.

LITTLE CLARA; OR, AN UNKIND TEMPER.

"Come, sister dear! now for a race, just from here to the grave-yard; won't you?—do!" eagerly exclaimed little Clara Cooper to her sister Rosa, who stood moping by. "No I wont, neither! Clara," she said, petulently, turning from the little girl, and walking slowly down the garden walk. Clara turned, and went into the house.

"How cross I have been!" thought Rosa, as she looked after the little girl. "I shall not do so again!" she said—feeling almost inclined to call her sister back—"but I won't mind this once."

Rosa and Clara Cooper were sisters. They had kind parents and friends, and were about as happy as little girls generally are. But sometimes the spirit of Cain would creep in, and then, O, what a change! The once happy little girls were changed to crying, pouting, and, not unfrequently, fighting images of sin.

On the morning in question, however, Rosa's dissatisfaction arose from being told to go into the garden and play, instead of being in her mother's way—who was particularly engaged. While in the garden, her mother's voice roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen. She ran hastily in, and found her father standing, with an open letter in his hand. "Here is a letter from Aunt Mary," said her father, "and she wants you and Mary to come and stay your vacation with her and grandmother. So, if you are good girls, you are to go to-morrow. What do you think of that?" "O, thank you, dear father," she said quickly—"but is not Clara going?" "No, my dear," said her mother. "She is too young to leave me for so long a time." The heavy cloud which had spread itself over Rosa's brow was now quickly dispersed, and she went up to find her twin-sister Mary, to impart to her the joyful news; and was quite disappointed, to find that she already knew it, and had gone of an errand for her mother. "Mother, may I not help you to do something, then?" she said—entering the room in which her mother was sitting. "No, my daughter; but I would advise you to go and select what toys you would like to take with you; and look after Clara, that she don't get into mischief; that you can do for me."

Rosa left the room, and repaired to the closet which was the receptacle for their toys of every description. There she found Clara busily engaged in dressing a doll. They soon were engaged in putting up some of their things in a tin box, which their father had given them; and telling each other of their various plans of amusement. Pretty soon, however, Clara espied a doll in the box, which she considered her own personal property, and she did not feel inclined to part with it for any length of time. "You must not have Margaret," she said, seizing hold of the doll—"I want her." "But I will," said Rosa, trying to get it from her. Loud and angry words here ensued; when Rosa, endeavoring to get it from her by main force, fastened her teeth firmly in the delicate arm of the little girl, thereby inflicting a painful wound.

A violent scream from Clara soon brought their mother to her side. "O, fie, my child!" she said, as Clara held up the wounded arm, where the print of her sister's teeth showed very plainly.

"Give that toy to your sister, and go to your room, Rosa," she said, gravely, as she saw that Rosa still held on to the ill-gotten doll. Silently and tearfully Rosa obeyed. When left to herself, Rosa reflected on what she had done twice in the space of a few hours. She had acted unkindly towards her little sister. Twice had she given way to her evil temper; and O, how painful it was to think of; she had wounded her sister, and had grieved her kind mother; and she wept bitter tears of repentance and sorrow, as she thought of her fault. Her mother soon after entered, and sat by her side.

"My daughter," she said, after a short pause, taking her by the hand, "you have grieved me very much to-day." "Yes, mother, I know that I have, but I am very sorry for it."

Her mother spoke earnestly to her, of the sin of giving way to such passions, and drew a touching picture of the history of Cain and Abel, and ended by saying—"Suppose God should see fit to take from you your little sister, how you would feel, when you thought of how you had treated her! And now let us pray for forgiveness of our heavenly father" she added, as they knelt—and it was a beautiful sight, to see that mother and daughter thus engaged. She prayed earnestly, that God would remove from that young mind all hateful passions, and fill her soul with the love of the Saviour. She prayed for them during their absence from her, and prayed that the society of pious relatives might be blest to them. She arose with tearful eyes, and embracing her child, left the room. And Rosa earnestly resolved, that she would pray against her evil temper. The words of her mother still rung in her ear—"Suppose Clara should die!"—but it was too dreadful to think of—and she turned from the thought with horror. Little did she think how soon it was to come to pass. On the morrow she bid adieu to her mother, brothers, and sisters. "Don't forget to pray to God, my love," said her mother, as she clasped her to her heart.

She was soon seated in the chaise, beside her sister and father, and, after a few hours' drive, arrived at their first stopping place. "Is that grandma's house?" eagerly asked Mary of her father, as they drove up to the inn. "No, that is a tavern," her father said. "You will not see your grandma until to-night. Now we

are to go in a steamboat," he said, smiling, as he lifted them out, and led them in. They wondered at the many strange faces which they saw, and the curious things which were scattered around the room into which their father led them.

"Only see, Rosa," said Mary, "what a funny clock!" "Yes, and look at those fowls swimming in this river," said Rosa, alluding to a flock of ducks, which were swimming in a pond, not far from the window. They soon got interested in watching the movements of the ducks, as they paddled around the pond. Pretty soon their father called for them, and they embarked on board of a pretty little boat, and the rest of the afternoon was passed in admiring the scenery and the different places which they passed in rapid succession. About sundown the boat arrived, and they were soon seated beside their father, in a comfortable York-wagon, which their kind aunt had sent for them. After a few minutes' ride, they arrived at the residence of their relatives. They were received at the door by their aunt Mary, who led them in to see their grandma.

"This is Rosa, is it not?" she said, taking her kindly by the hand; and that is Mary." "Well, how you have grown, since last I saw you!" said aunt Mary, taking her namesake on her knee. For a few moments they felt shy and uncomfortable, and had it not been for the presence of their father they would have felt still worse; but in a short time even this wore off, and they were very sorry when the time came for them to retire for the night. Next day they bid farewell to their father, who was to return home.

"Be good girls, and don't teaze your grandmother," were his parting words, as he left them to return home. For a few days they were delighted with the novelty of things around them, and soon a letter came from home. O, how eagerly every line was read, as it bore kind messages of love from all, even from Clara, who had seemed to forget entirely the last day's occurrence. "Dear Clara, how I love her!" exclaimed Rosa, as she read again and again her artless words. Three weeks had now passed, and they had become quite attached to their aunt and grandmother, and numerous other things around, even to the old house-dog Pom

pey, with whom they had had many a good romp. One morning, however, as they were sitting sewing with their aunt, a letter was handed to her, which proved to be from her brother, requesting her to send the children home as soon as possible, on account of the illness of their youngest sister, who he feared could not live. With sad hearts they heard the news, and soon they were all equipped for the journey. Nothing now interested them; they thought only of their beloved Clara; and yet they little knew the sad sight that awaited them.

They arrived at home, and almost their first inquiry was after their little sister. "O, Mary, Clara is dead!" exclaimed their eldest brother, bursting into a flood of tears. They rushed up stairs. It was too true. There lay the lifeless body of their dear little sister, who had but just surrendered up her pure spirit to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." O, what were Rosa's feelings as she gazed on the cold corpse of her sister! What would she not have given to call back the smile to those sunken features, and the light to those once merry eyes, which were now, alas! closed forever! That dread scourge, scarlet fever, so well known in our southern cities, had entered that family, and struck down its brightest member. A sad family it was now; every body missed little Clara. She was the pet of everybody, and everybody loved her. Her toys lay all around. The half-dressed doll, that had caused Rosa so much pain, lay there; but she could not bear the sight of it. Little Clara was buried the day after; and as Rosa gazed for the last time on her changed features, she resolved, by God's help, to endeavor to subdue her evil temper. Rosa is now a woman, and we trust that she has an interest in the all-atoning blood of the blessed Jesus; yet she says, that the recollection of her little sister has never failed to bring to her mind the most painful remembrance of her evil temper. Should not this simple sketch learn children, whether young or old, boys or girls, to

> "Let love through all their actions run,
> And every word be mild."

It certainly should, if they wish to save themselves the pain that Rosa felt.

LOIS.

Original.

A HOME SCENE.

Her olive plants, both fresh and fair,
Were clustering round a mother's chair,
When blushing spring filled all the air
With fragrance.

Though gazing with intense delight,
On budding charms of varied light,
Such beauty nowhere met her sight
As Anna's.

"This rounded, soft, and tender arm,
For me," she said, "hath many a charm,
And fails not father's heart to warm,
My sweet one.

"That dimpled, fair, and chubby cheek,
More lovely still from week to week,
To any heart would surely speak,
My darling.

"While, melting in your clear blue eyes,
A nobler, richer beauty lies,
As struggling thought begins to rise,
My jewel."

But Fancy gently whispered here,
"We'll lose the darling soon, I fear,
Because she is to us so dear,
My mother.

"For well you know the Lord above,
Although his heart is filled with love,
No idol with us can approve,
Dear mother."

"Its meed of love teach us, O Lord,
To this dear lambkin to award,
Our hearts still guided by thy word,
Our Father.

"If years to her on earth are given,
O, may she soothe sad hearts, when riven!
And guide the wand'rer back to heaven,
Dear Father.

"And then, when toils on earth are o'er,
Before thee, on a happier shore,
May we all meet to part no more,
Blest Saviour."

K. R. G.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. X.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

THE MOON.

Papa. As the moon is shining beautifully clear, and the evening is calm and warm, we will spend an hour in the garden, and fill up the time in conversing about the planet which has been so often justly styled the queen of night.

Ellen. I am glad this is to be our subject, as I am anxious to know all I can about this orb, which I have often heard called a secondary planet, though I know not why. Will you be kind enough, pa, to tell us?

Papa. Secondary planets are those which revolve about their primaries—such as the moon, and the satellites of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus; so called, because, besides their rotation round the sun, they have another secondary motion—making a circuit round the larger planets, as the moon does, which completes her revolution round the earth in one lunar month.

John. Has not the moon been an object of idolatrous worship?

Papa. Greatly so among the ancients, and is so even now among some people. You will find some allusion to this subject in Job, 31st chap. 26th and 27th verses. Also, in Deut., 17th chap. 3d verse. Temples have been raised to this planet, under the name of Diana, Hecate, and Ashtaroth. You will find in the book of the Acts, in the 19th chapter, where the people, in their madness against Paul, cried out for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It was in this city where one of the greatest temples perhaps ever erected was built for her worship. This deity the Romans thought presided over the birth of children.

Mamma. By reason of the moon being so much nearer to us than any other planet, its great convenience to navigators, its usefulness in the measurement of time, and the great discoveries

made upon it, it is an object of exciting interest. Its distance, in round numbers, is about two hundred thousand miles; so that a man who has sailed eight times round the world, has been a journey as far as if he had travelled to this luminary.

John. We hear of the moon being a crescent, horned and gibbous. Will you explain these terms, pa?

Papa. The moon is a crescent, or horned, when new. The former word is derived from the latin, *cresco*, to grow, as she is then increasing in size the further she recedes from the sun. Then, when she is past the full, the middle appears to extend beyond the lower and upper parts, and she is then called gibbous, from a Greek word, to bend or swell.

Ellen. The moon, I suppose, pa, is a dark body, although it appears so brilliant to us?

Papa. This is most clearly proved by an eclipse of that body; which, as I have before told you, is occasioned by the earth coming in between the sun and moon, and thus preventing the beams of the former falling upon the latter. Or, in otherwords, the earth's shadow intercepts the solar rays, and thus deprives the moon of its brilliancy, which could not be the case if this planet shone by its own natural light.

Sarah. Well, this is a decisive proof that the moon shines by a borrowed light; and I suppose that the curve the earth's shadow often makes in a lunar eclipse, proves the earth to be round, as a sphere only could produce such an effect.

Mamma. This also is correct. Another fact proved by eclipses, is, that the darkness which occurred at the crucifixion was supernatural; for the moon was then nearly full, and consequently could not occasion an eclipse of the sun, as such a phenomenon could only take place at the time of a new moon, when the sun and moon are in conjunction.

Ellen. Can you tell us, pa, why it is we see some parts of the moon's face much darker than others?

Papa. This is supposed to be occasioned because those parts of its surface are of a nature not to reflect the light of the sun so strongly as others; or, they may be the effect of the shadows cast by lofty mountains.

Sarah. You have mentioned the great use of this planet in the art of navigation. Will you tell us, pa, why it is so?

Papa. There are several stars of the first magnitude lying in or near the moon's path, which she passes in her monthly circuit; and when in conjunction with any one of them, the mariner, by his instruments and the nautical tables he has with him, can always ascertain his longitude.

John. Is not the moon the smallest of the heavenly bodies, although she appears so large to us?

Mamma. It is the smallest of the planets. Her diameter is not twenty-two hundred miles, her surface is thirteen times less than that of the earth, and her bulk forty-nine times smaller. But then she is four hundred times nearer to us than the sun, and it is this, in connection with her great usefulness, which has surrounded her with so much interest. You remember the lines of Homer, translated by Pope, which, for their highly wrought poetic description, are said to have no equal. They are as follows:

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep, serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospects rise:
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

Ellen. The days and seasons in the moon must, I suppose, be different from what we here experience?

Papa. There can be but one day and night in this planet during the period of a month, as it revolves once upon its own axis exactly in the same time it moves round the earth. This is evident, from her always presenting the same side to us.

Sarah. Should there be inhabitants in the moon, must not the earth, to them, appear a sublime object?

Mamma. As the moon turns upon her axis only as she moves round the earth, one half of its inhabitants never see our planet, unless they travel to the opposite hemisphere. This, we may suppose, they would do, were it only to view so sublime a spectacle; for it is certain, that from the moon the earth must appear ten times larger than any other body in the universe.

John. Does not the earth, then, act as a moon, reflecting the light of the sun to the lunar regions?

Papa. Certainly it does, and goes through all the same phases as we behold in the moon. That side of the planet which is turned toward the earth may be said to have no darkness, the reflected light of the earth shining upon it with extraordinary splendor, when the sun is absent. The other side of the moon has, alternately, a fortnight's light and a fortnight's darkness.

Sarah. I should think the moon must present a very interesting aspect, through a good telescope.

Mamma. No planet more so. We perceive extensive valleys, shelving rocks, and long ridges of mountains; elevations rising to a great height, while circular hollows, more than three miles deep, seem to be excavated in the plains lying beneath them. Astronomers seem to think there are neither seas nor clouds, and it is very much doubted whether there be an atmosphere analogous to ours.

Ellen. Is it true, pa, that the surface of the moon shows evident marks of volcanic eruptions?

Papa. Many astronomers assert that to be a fact, and one half of this planet, from its physical appearance, seems as if it had suffered from some internal combustion.

Sarah. This view of the moon does not strengthen the idea that it may be the abode of sensitive beings.

Mamma. No, it does not, and, for the present, this must remain a secret; yet we cannot tell what future discoveries may bring to light. Erections eighty feet high, were there such upon this planet, would be discovered by our present powerful glasses. The celebrated astronomer Schroeter conjectures the existence of something like a great city on the east side of the moon, an extensive canal in another place, and elsewhere fields of vegetation.

John. Has not the moon an effect upon the weather, and is it not the chief cause of the tides?

Mamma. Without doubt this planet, in some measure, causes changes in the atmosphere, although we can, as yet, come to no certain philosophical conclusions how far this influence may extend. Superstition, ignorance, and fear have attributed to this planet agencies, both good and evil, which do not belong to it. But, as it regards the phenomena of the tides, they are mainly occasioned by this orb, and this will form a most instructive theme for our next conversation. We will conclude the present one with the expressive language of Addison:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Selected.

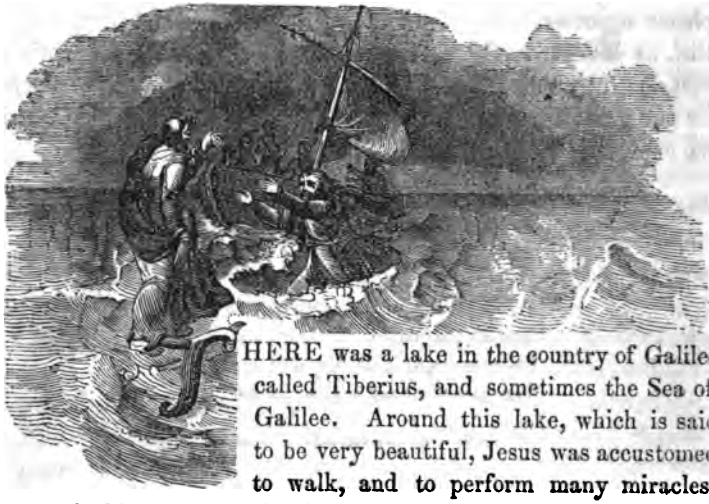
ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In February, 1839, on the day of Fasting for Colleges, a parent sent a request to a neighboring church, that his son, who was a member of a New England College, might be made a special subject of prayer. That youth, then thoughtless, is now one of the most promising and useful ministers in our land. Who shall say that his extensive and beneficial influence is not the result of the prayers offered by that church, in compliance with the wish of that anxious father? Who shall estimate, then, the value of these solemn days of supplication for our literary institutions? How many parents have been gladdened by the consequences which have flowed from the observance of these days! How many churches have been supplied with faithful pastors, by reason of these public entreaties for the conversion of collegiate students!

Editorial.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.



THERE was a lake in the country of Galilee called Tiberius, and sometimes the Sea of Galilee. Around this lake, which is said to be very beautiful, Jesus was accustomed to walk, and to perform many miracles. Around this sea were the famous cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, where Jesus did so many of his mighty works. Here was the coast of Magdala, and the land of Gennesaret, where Jesus went about doing good. Here, on this lake, which was about nine miles long and five or six broad, the people were accustomed to sail in their "little ships," and catch fish. Jesus sometimes got into these boats, and talked to the people. Sometimes a storm would arise, and the wind would blow, and toss about these "little ships," and the men were afraid of being drowned in the deep water. Jesus once rebuked a storm, when the disciples thought the ship would sink.

The picture which we have given you here represents one of their little ships in a storm. It was in the night, as they were crossing this lake, there came on a great wind, and the ship was tossed about by the waves.

Now Jesus had sent his disciples across the lake; and when

they had gone, he went up into a mountain, by himself, to pray; and when the evening was come he was there alone. But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with the waves, and the disciples were afraid of sinking. But Jesus knew where they were, and knew their danger. So, in the night he went to them, walking on the sea.

And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, it is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. They knew no man could walk on the sea, and no wonder they were afraid of so strange a sight—for they did not know it was Jesus. But when he spoke unto them, and told them to be of good cheer, and to be not afraid, for it was he; Peter, who was in the ship, answered, and said to him, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." And Jesus said "Come." Peter thought it would be safe for him to go to Jesus, especially when he had invited him to come, and he thought right. So Peter undertook to go to Jesus, on the water. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw how the wind blew, and how high the waves rolled, he was afraid; and as he began to fear, he began to sink. Then he cried out, saying, "Lord, save me." And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said, "O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Now, if Peter had only kept his eye on Jesus, instead of looking at the boisterous sea, and walked straight on, Jesus would not have let him sank in the water; it would have made no difference how hard the wind blew, or how high the waves rolled—Jesus would have saved him. And this is the reason why he said to Peter, "O, thou of little faith." Peter ought to have gone straight on to the arms of Jesus, when he called him. So they returned to the ship, and the wind ceased to blow. And they that were in the ship came to Jesus, and worshipped him, for they knew that he was the Son of God.

Now let all the children learn, when Jesus invites, they are to go directly to him. They must not doubt his willingness to save them. Notwithstanding Peter doubted, and Jesus left him to sink, yet when he called on Jesus, he stretched forth his arms

and saved him. So he will do to all who would go to him. Yes, he will meet them a great way off, and take them to his arms. He will hear them, when they call upon him for help. And when they are called to pass through the deep waters, he will go with them, and finally take them to his everlasting home.

QUESTIONS.

What lake is there in the country of Galilee?
By what names is it called?
Is it said to be a beautiful lake? How large is it?
What did Jesus do around this lake?
What cities were there?
What did they do with their little ship on this lake?
Did the disciples use these boats?
What happened when the disciples were crossing the lake?
Were the disciples afraid?
What did Jesus do?
How did the disciples feel when they saw Jesus walking on the sea?
What did they say it was?
Were they afraid?
What did Jesus say unto them?
What did Peter answer him?
What did Jesus say to Peter?
Did Peter go to Jesus?
What did Peter say when he began to sink?
What did Jesus do? Why did Peter begin to sink?
What did Jesus say of Peter's faith?
Would he have sunk if he had trusted in Jesus?
What happened when they came to the ship?
What did the men in the ship do?
Did this act of Jesus, in stilling the sea, show that he was the Son of God?

GOOD REMEDIES.—For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

FORTY years ago, on the mountains of Western Massachusetts, a mother with eight children, five of them under the age of fourteen, was left to trust in the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless. She called them around her regularly, and led them in *family worship*; and often at the dead of night her low voice was heard calling on her heavenly Father to have mercy upon them. Before the youngest had reached the age of 21, all except one son had hope in Christ. That son, early in life, left the family to learn a trade; but on becoming of age, he found himself amid the outpouring of the Spirit; the sound of his mother's voice at midnight, when he slept in the chamber with her, reached his heart. He, too, found peace in Christ, and has long been a pillar in the church and superintendent of the Sabbath-school in a new settlement. The mother still lives in peace and quiet, waiting till her change come; her children are supposed to be all yet living, handing down her influence to the third generation, and willing to aid their mother; but she has a competence of this world's goods. Such is the history of a praying widow and her children for forty years.

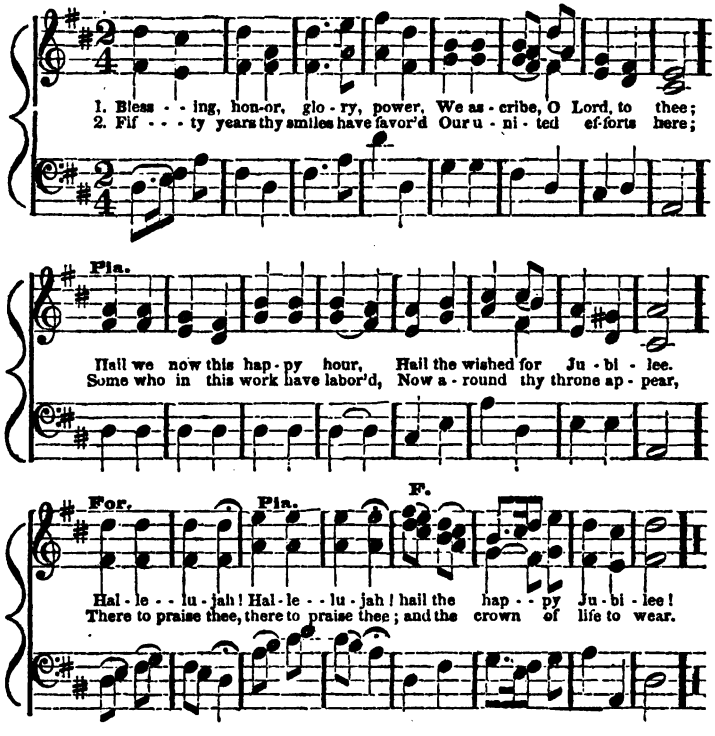
WHAT THE LITTLE EYES SAW.—John Condor, afterwards D.D., was born at Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, June 3d, 1714. His grandfather, Richard Condor, kissed him, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Who knows what sad days these little eyes are likely to see?" things wearing at that time a threatening aspect, relative to Dissenters. Dr. Condor remarked, upon mentioning the above circumstance, "These eyes have, for more than sixty years, seen nothing but goodness and mercy follow me and the Churches of Christ, even to this day." His epitaph was:

I have sinned.
I have repented. I have trusted.
I have loved. I rest.
I shall rise.
And, through the grace of Christ,
However unworthy,
I shall reign.

Original.

JUBILEE HYMN.

Words and Music by Rev. Dr. COPE, Penryn, Cornwall, England.



3. Yet thou hast supplied their places—
Still we see a goodly throng;
Many smiling, happy faces
Hail the day with joyful song,
And their voices, cheerfully, the notes prolong.

4. From thy glorious throne exalted,
Bless this numerous youthful band;
In thy Holy Word instructed,
Led by thy propitious hand,
May they ever love, and follow thy command.

5. Bless thy people here collected,
Ministers and Teachers too;
May they by thy grace protected,
Keep the heavenly land in view,
And in glory, all thy love and care review.

6. Here, by solemn dedication,
We devote ourselves to thee;
Listen to our supplication,
Grant us, Lord, prosperity,
Bless, O bless us—on this happy Jubilee.

Original.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAM SMITH.

THE strength of a mother's affection is well known. We need not say how much every child owes to maternal watchfulness and care. We need not go back to the early years of life, and bid memory recall the anxious hours that have been spent in watching over the helplessness of infancy, in expostulating with the waywardness of childhood, in observing the progress of youth, as it advances toward maturity. A mother's love seldom grows cold—so seldom, that she who forgets her child is considered an anomoly, unworthy to occupy that social position and rank which her name indicates.

But it is when maternal affection is hallowed by piety and prayer, that it possesses the greatest value, and secures for its object the greatest blessings. Without this, it loses most of its power; and that which it retains is more likely to be detrimental than advantageous to the mind over which it is exercised. There are mothers who never pray, and they, too, have influence; but it is an influence that is far more likely to be employed in fixing the young thoughts upon worldliness and vanity, than upon those spiritual concerns and duties that are of the highest moment to the soul. Even such a mother may profess to be willing that her child should be saved; but not standing herself upon the high vantage-ground of piety and prayer; not having herself experienced the renovation of the life within; not being herself a guide in the path of Christian obligation and hope, the influence of her counsels, even when they advert to duty, must be greatly circumscribed and weakened, by her practical refusal to walk in the way of duty herself. Such a mother cannot labor with the earnestness of one who has known both the bitterness of the displeasure of God and the joy of his love. It is the pious mother who has felt all this, and who is, therefore, alone truly qualified to labor for the everlasting interests of her child, because she alone can put a

proper estimate upon those interests. It is her privilege to understand something of the value of the soul, and the nature and extent of the malady with which it is afflicted. She has discovered the earliest signs of its alienation from God, and watched, with increasing and trembling concern, their gradual and progressive development. The soul is possessed, she knows, of evil dispositions—of passions that, if unrestrained and allowed to have their own way, will destroy its peace, both for time and eternity. She is persuaded, too, that there is a plan of recovery. She has tested and proved its efficacy. And she is conscious that there is a power mightier than hers—an influence that can prevail over the temptations of the world; over the force of passion; over the inconsideration of youth; over the natural love of what is evil, and the natural aversion from what is good. And now, impressed with these considerations, we see the pious mother busy at her task. The work which God has given her to do; that which she regards as the most important of all, is the work of educating a soul for heaven. And, in the prosecution of this work, she endeavors to fix the conviction of duty upon the mind and heart, by her instructions and example. And then she sanctifies her work by prayer. She sows the precious seed, and calls upon the Lord of the harvest to take care of it, and cause it to grow into holy and abiding principles of faith and action.

But what is the purport of those supplications which the praying mother offers to Christ? It is, *that he would cure the malady of the soul*, and restore it to spiritual soundness and health. The first conviction, then, which leads to such a prayer, is, that the soul is distempered.

We sometimes hear and read about the innocence of childhood. Now, in a certain qualified and comparative sense, the phrase is not objectionable. Childhood may be innocent of the known and wilful violation of the laws of God. It may be innocent of any intention to avoid what is right, and to do what is wrong; for there is a period in childhood when the difference between good and evil is not discerned. There is, also, in childhood a beautiful simplicity, a freedom from arrogance, a comparative love of what is pure, that removes it far from the insincerity, and pride, and

corruption, which too often betray themselves during the progress and amid the temptations of after years. There was, indeed, a touching and eloquent propriety in the act of our Saviour, when he placed a little child in the midst of his disciples, as an emblem of that humility and simplicity of character which were essential to their entrance into the kingdom of heaven. But to say that childhood is innocent in such a sense as to possess no moral incapacity for the joys and employments of duty, and so as not to need the intervention of Christ, for its recovery, is to deny that all men are by nature dead in trespasses and sins.

Again: the supplications of the praying mother are *an acknowledgement that without the assistance and blessing of the Divine Spirit all other means must fail.* "Lord help me," was the petition of the mother of Canaan. And does not the Christian mother feel that there is no other help, after she has labored long and faithfully to remove the moral distemper that afflicts the child of her affections? How often does a wayward and disobedient temper betray itself, notwithstanding all her exertions! How often are her pious admonitions and counsels disregarded! How many are the signs that mere human effort, although stimulated by the warmest affection, and by a becoming regard for the interests at stake, cannot do the work! Hence, the reliance upon Christ for aid. Hence, the prayer that implores his intervention. Would that there were more of this feeling of dependence, this placing the work of conversion in the hands of Christ. Too much reliance, we fear, is often placed upon mere inculcation, as if the work of the soul's recovery were of man, and not of God.

One of the elements of the Christian mother's prayer—that prayer which receives an answer—is a strong faith. Such a faith will consider every discouragement as an additional reason for perseverance. The want of success in the endeavor to lead the soul to Christ, will only increase the urgency of petition. Human appliances may fail, but the power of divine truth is exhaustless, and may prevail, even in cases that are beyond the reach of the ordinary means. And when we speak of the ordinary means, we allude to the Spirit's influence, among the rest. There is an ordinary influence which accompanies Christian fidelity in the work of

human conversion, and which often accomplishes the end in view. Take the child who is carefully instructed from his early years. Imperceptibly, and yet surely, may the divine Spirit go along with those instructions, writing them indelibly upon the mind. In this case, the work of moulding the character, of reforming it after the model of the gospel, is constantly progressive; so that we often hear of persons who cannot point out the day or the hour of their conversion. So long as they have had any moral consciousness, they are sensible of having loved and feared God.

But there are other cases in which fidelity is not thus rewarded. Owing to some peculiarity in the moral constitution of the child, or from some other reason, the truth does not exercise the power which it ought. The child grows up, and youth fades away into manhood, and there is no evidence of conversion. And then the difficulty is increased, by his being thrown out upon the busy world, mid the strifes of men; where the din of business, or the raging surges of human passion, or the noise of ambition, contending for renown, is so apt to dazzle and fill the mind with what is earthly and fading. At this crisis, scarcely anything appears to be left for the praying mother but prayer. She has been sowing the good seed, but the enemy has been busy, at the same time, sowing tares, and there is danger that in so genial a soil as the human heart, they may prevail over all the good impressions of early life. And yet she despairs not. Her faith brings her to the mercy seat. There she pleads the promises of God. She pleads her own earnest desires. She pleads the value of the soul. She prays that some chord of memory, that some spring of the mind may be touched, which shall revive the past—the days of childhood and early youth—and bring up, with resistless power, the recollection of maternal faithfulness and love. She believes that divine grace may so control and guide the thoughts; she believes that the seed of truth, which now lies apparently dead, beneath the surface of indifference and unbelief, may still possess vitality, which needs only to be stimulated and encouraged by a life-giving impulse from on high, in order to spring up, and grow, and ripen into fruit.

Prayer accepted, is not always immediately answered. Differ-

ent causes may intervene. It may be a trial of faith. Or the favorable opportunity may not have arrived. Many, thus tried, would faint and despair, and perhaps charge God with unkindness, in not answering prayer at once. But a strong faith continues to plead, knowing that God has his own reasons for delay.

Such a faith—the prayer of such a faith—is very likely to secure its object. It appeals to the strong sympathies of Him who is all benevolence. It is earnest, confident, full of strong hope. Do we question whether such prayer is heard? Do we question whether God, in answer to it, often puts in operation all the extraordinary agency that can be made to bear upon the human mind, consistently with its freedom and accountability? Ask, rather, whether God reigns? Whether he is true to his promises? Whether he has power to change, by some master touch, the current of the mind's thoughts, and the heart's feelings? By one of those mysterious spiritual laws, of which we know nothing, we have reason to believe that the power of such prayer is felt; that it often turns the destiny, and changes all the prospects of the soul. To doubt this, is to limit the agency of the divine Spirit; it is to confine that agency to the methods that lie within the circle of our own vision. We can understand how the Spirit may operate, at the very moment when the mother is addressing truth to the mind of the child. We see an appropriate and sufficient medium in the tearful eye of that mother, in her trembling voice, in the swell of the soul's emotions, visible in every feature, and in her whole manner. But we cannot understand how prayer can effect its object when that object is removed far away from these outward tokens of maternal tenderness and concern. But if *we* cannot understand this, God can. He has not made us familiar with the mode of operation of all his laws. Nor is it more incomprehensible that the Spirit should thus descend upon the heart, in answer to prayer, than that it should descend at all; and the same God who pours out his transforming grace, may pour it out when and where he pleases. Yes, we believe that a mother's prayer has often saved her child. We believe it is often a bright cloud of mercy, that hovers above and around him, leading him on to various thoughts, and, in the hour of temptation, throwing a light upon

his path, and a restraining influence around the struggling and wayward passions of his heart.

What is the blessing which the prayer of maternal faith and piety implores? The greatest blessing which the praying mother can ask for her child, is, that Christ would terminate the reign of evil in the soul; that he would cast out those dispositions which separate the soul from God.

And is there enough of such prayer? Is it as urgent as the case demands? Who blames the importunity of that mother, who prayed, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." And are the workings of sin less to be deplored? Are its consequences less to be dreaded? And where is help to be found else than in Christ?

We would say a word to those who have such mothers. Think of the lively concern with which they regard your welfare, and of the affecting manner in which it is expressed. Think of the wrestling of the soul with God on your behalf. Perhaps that mother is no longer on the earth. And what was her last prayer? It was, that God might save her child. Oh, is there anything that deserves to be remembered in such a prayer? Is there anything to touch the heart? Is there anything to move the feelings? Is there anything to prompt the soul to walk in the path of duty? Then disappoint it not. When you are tempted to sin, think of it. Let it be the golden chain that binds you to heaven—the voice that bids you seek an immortal and unfading crown.

Original.

THE SHOES AND THE TWO DOLLARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEBEL—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A YOUNG Englishman, of from eighteen to twenty years of age, who was pursuing his studies in Lausanne, walked out one day in the environs of the city, with professor Durand, who went by the name of the "student's friend."

While walking onward together, Durand endeavoring to lead the conversation to serious subjects, they saw a pair of muddy

shoes lying by the road side, belonging, as they supposed, to some peasant, laboring in an adjacent field.

The young man turned to the professor, with the words, "Let us play the man a trick! We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind the bushes yonder, to watch him, and enjoy his embarrassment, when he finds that they are gone."

"My dear friend," replied the professor, "we should never make ourselves merry at the expense of the poor. You are wealthy, and, therefore, able to procure, both for yourself and for this poor man, a far higher pleasure. Place a dollar in each shoe, and then we will conceal ourselves. The student obeyed, and both withdrew behind the neighboring bushes, through which they could conveniently observe the movements of the man, and hear his exclamations of joy and astonishment.

The peasant had soon finished his work, and now walked across the field to the road side, where he had left his coat and his shoes. While he was drawing on his coat, he slipped his right foot into one of his shoes; he felt something hard therein, stooped down, and found the dollar. Wonder and astonishment were painted upon his face; he looked at the dollar, turned it over and over, and gazed at it again and again. He now glanced around on every side, but he saw no one. He then put the dollar in his pocket, and began to draw on the other shoe; but how great was his amazement, on finding a second dollar.

Overcome by his emotions, he fell upon his knees, raised his eyes toward heaven, and exclaimed:—"Oh, Lord, my God! it is true, then, that thou dost not forsake those who trust in thee. Thou knewest that my children had no bread, that my wife was lying sick, and that I looked around in vain for help and succor. Oh, heavenly Father, thou hast sent me this aid, by some benevolent hand, that my needs might be relieved. Ah, may my soul recognize thy merciful kindness, and may I manifest my gratitude to thee for my life long! But do thou, great Recompenser of all good deeds, bless with thy richest blessings, the instrument of thy benevolence and compassion!"

The young man stood silent, lost in deep emotion, and his eyes were filled with tears. "Well," said Durand, "are you not

now better pleased than you would have been, if you had hidden the poor man's shoes?"

"Ah, my excellent and dear professor," replied the young man, "you have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget; and I now feel the true worth and meaning of the words, which, until this day, I have never rightly understood. 'To give is better than to receive.' We should never approach the poor, except with the wish to benefit them."

Observe.—It is very fortunate for young people, when they have at their side an upright friend, such as professor Durand was to the young Englishman, to warn them from that which is evil, and admonish them, on the other hand, to that which is good. But suppose, dear reader, thou hadst no visible companion with thee—lo! thy conscience will, in all cases, do thee this service, if thou will but regard its voice, and follow its counsel.

Observe.—It is a source of true gratification and delight to be able to be a helper and benefactor to the truly needy and suffering, especially when unseen and unobserved; and thus to become an instrument, in the hands of God, for the relief and happiness of our fellow-men.

Observe.—Genuine confidence in God, at prayer and labor, will never be put to shame. He often appears, before we are prepared, and showers his bounties upon us, unexpectedly. But a heart that trusts in Him, is grateful also, when it has been blessed with the divine aid, and does not act like those nine lepers, who, when cleansed of their leprosy, returned not to give glory to God, but forgot their helper and physician.

NOVEL READING.—A writer in the American Messenger makes the following just and weighty objections to novel-reading:—

1. Novel-reading produces undue mental excitement. 2. Novel-reading enfeebles the mental powers. 3. The novel-reader is apt to imbibe erroneous and corrupt sentiments. 4. Novel-reading tends to unfit one for a happy and useful life. 5. The practice of novel-reading unfits one for the duties of religion.

Original.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Oh, where is Heaven, where angels dwell?
That goal of man's desire!
That land of love! Can any tell?
For, moved by hope's mysterious spell,
All to that world aspire.

Is it above the stars so bright—
Some planet, all alone—
Suspended in eternal light?
Where suns, and moons, and day, and night,
And changes are unknown?

Or, is it in some sphere above,
Where sun's unclouded shine?
And will the soul forever rove,
Where orbs on orbs, reflected, move,
'Mid scenes and joys divine?

Oh! where is Heaven? I wonder not,
That man should turn his eye
Above, to that etherial spot—
So calm, so bright, without a blot—
And think it in the sky!

I wonder not, the soul oppress'd,
With earth's polluting things,
Should, like a bird who seeks her nest,
Fly to some happier, holier rest,
And upward stretch her wings.

Maulmain, India, January 19, 1850.

To Remove the Smell of Paint.—In the room which is to be purified strew some hay, slightly moistened. The hay is to be sprinkled with chloride of lime, and left for some hours, taking care to keep the room closed. The decomposing action of the carbonic acid in the air causes the chlorine to exude from the chloride of lime, which being diffused in the room, destroys the smell of paint.

Original.

THE SABBATH AND THE FAMILY.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THAT was a happy thought of one of our great American divines, to apply to the expression, *Laws of Nature*, that more scriptural and descriptive expression, *Ordinances of Heaven.* Some of these ordinances are applicable to the material, others to the moral world. Among the former may be reckoned the laws of gravitation and ascension; among the latter are comprehended all those laws or ordinances which relate to the moral being of the intelligent creatures of God. In a world composed of beings, whose nature is compounded of body and spirit, the ordinance of the family constitution is a necessary law. Equally necessary to the well-being of man is the ordinance of the SABBATH. It was "made for man." Here then we have two institutions, both necessary and beautiful, having their origin in the bosom of God; their synchronism with Creation itself; their objects parallel through all time; their period the end of all things earthly. On each of these ordinances is stamped the image of divine wisdom and benevolence; admirable means, adapted to a worthy and glorious end: love endeavoring to train the soul for a higher and holier sphere. In the well-ordered, sanctified family of earth we behold a type of the "whole family in heaven," of which God is the adored Father, and all beatified saints the affectionate and adoring children—united together by the golden bond of love, and bound to the mediatorial throne by the ties of an imperishable faith. In the institution of the Sabbath, and especially in its holy observance, we contemplate a current type of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and of the holy employments of heaven. Thus, even the sweetness, the beauty, the blessedness of the celestial state, are drawn down into the shadowy vale of our mortal existence, by the heart of faith, which loves to antedate the triumphs of glory, and honor the pledges of a covenanting God

in advance, by opening the soul to that fulness of joy, which springs from his presence.

The foundation of all true happiness, whether of earth or heaven, is laid in the knowledge of God. For as the higher life of the soul is the main thing to be sought—the interior spiritual existence being the chief proposal of heaven, in its scheme for the redemption of man, it becomes our first duty to study the Eternal, to acquire "that which may be known of God," though Infinity has unfathomable depths, not to be sounded by our line. "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." The business of a "candidate for eternity" is to be "increasing in the knowledge of God." Here he is met by the institution of the Sabbath, which shed its benignant light on the morning of creation, hallowing Paradise itself, and inspiring into the bosom of man a certain gladdening hope of the future. So, also, it meets every child of mortality, in lands blessed with the light of Christianity, at the threshold of his existence, and offers to conduct him to glory. This, indeed, is the blessed light which

"Streams from the depths of ages on mankind."

What multitudes of the just and holy, now radiant in other spheres, have rejoiced to walk in that light! "I," saith Jehovah, "gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might KNOW that I am the Lord that sanctify them." Ezek. 20 : 12. Again, we hear the heavenly injunction, uttered with imposing solemnity: "HALLOW my Sabbaths, and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may KNOW that I am the Lord your God." But how could this command be obeyed without the kindred institution of the family, which is the constituted school of virtue, piety, and preparation for heaven? Little do we appreciate our mercies; we, to whom the Sabbath is a birthright; on whose cradled infancy it shed its precious, primal blessings; whose ears first caught those soft accents from maternal lips, echoing the voice of God: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," followed by that other admonition: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." We were thus watched, instructed, prayed for, wept over, that we might

know God; and knowing, love him with all our heart, and mind, and might.

This was in the bosom of the family, and chiefly on the Sabbath. What tender recollections arise in the mind of one born to such an inheritance as this. How can we forget the authoritative paternal injunctions; the scarcely less powerful example of meek-eyed piety, as expressed in maternal deportment; the morning devotions; the early lessons; the sacred stillness of the day diffusing a mysterious charm over all; then, at the appointed hour, the church-going bell ringing out its cheerful tones, to call us to the house of God, or, perchance, giving forth its solemn toll for the dead;* these are impressive reminiscences, linking the Sabbath and the family in sweet and cordial union, while they remind us of the sanctity of the one and the preciousness of the other. Who would seek to impair the moral force of such a union? Infidelity attempted it, and drenched a nation in blood. Atheism sealed and sanctioned it with a deeper curse, and the gates of hell flew open to receive its victims. Never was that law, "settled in heaven forever," "Evil shall SLAY the wicked," more fearfully executed, than on the regicides, the fratricides, and parricides of France, who, in that long paroxysm of voluntary insanity, at the close of the last century, sought to abolish the Sabbath, and to divorce the very rite of marriage itself from the humanity which it guarded. What a train of woes unutterable followed that explosion of human depravity! The vibrations of that tremendous shock are felt to this hour. "That abrogation of the Sabbath," says Chancellor Walworth, "was accompanied by a general corruption of morals, and even by the breaking up of the conjugal relation, under a law allowing an unlimited divorce, at the mere will of the parties; when, as the Abbe Gregoire states, upwards of twenty thousand divorces were registered in the short space of eighteen months, and those in the city of Paris were nearly equal to the number of marriages."

Now, see the Pilgrim Puritans, keeping the Sabbath in the very

* The old church bell had this inscription:—

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave I summon all."

sight of the shore, on which they would not land until the sacred hours were passed. And so they taught their families. And thus a conservative influence acted and re-acted between these two institutions, consolidating the interests of society on an impregnable basis, and opening the way for the introduction of those higher blessings, which are linked with the eternal destiny of the soul. [Some further thoughts on this subject will be presented in a future number.]

Original.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

FEW young men are sensible of the benefits of a sister's influence. They find it pleasant, to be sure, to have a sister at home, to visit with them; to entertain company; to do their sewing; to write them, when away from home, and to greet them when they return. But they do not realize how much their own character and success in life are affected by the influence of this affectionate sister. This influence is felt by the student, at the academy and college; by the clerk in the store; the mechanic in the shop; stimulating him to be industrious, and to aspire after excellency; keeping him from bad habits and vile companions. This kind, sisterly influence is a good Spirit, always present to the young man, wherever he goes, and saying to him, "*Be a man*—be a man, my brother!" "Do not this, for it is wrong!" "Do not this, for it is mean!" "Go not there, for it is the way of Death!"

There are a thousand *little improprieties*, to say nothing of vices and crimes, from which the bare thought of a sister, who loves him, is sufficient to deter a brother. A distinguished professor in one of our colleges used to tell the students, that it was a very good rule, to keep their rooms in such a condition that they would never be ashamed to have a sister look in upon them. Many young men in college, have I known, who were, apparently, saved from vice by the letters and good influence of a sister. I have in my mind one lad of sixteen, whom the officers in college

had given up, as also his parents and friends. But the boy was a favorite of the elder sister. She loved her brother, and *would not despair of him*. She interceded with the college officers, who permitted him to return. The brother saw the solicitude, the faith of his lovely sister, and, for *her sake*, he roused himself, and was saved.

I pity the young man who has no sister; for he not only loses the enjoyment of her society, but is without one of the best influences that go to form his character, and make him a man. Many good men, great men, and strong men, are indebted, not only to a mother, but to a sister, for their goodness, greatness, and strength.

These thoughts have been suggested by reading, lately, a letter of one of these sisters to a younger brother, who was not vicious, but rather unsteady, and fickle-minded; and, soon after this letter was written, started for California. He got sick, however, returned to V——t, and is now contented and steady. As there is no danger that the eye of the brother or sister will ever fall on these lines, I will make a short extract from the letter.

"I have just heard from you, by the way of G——, and I wish to ask you a question or two. Are you a little unsteady? Say, sir! 'Rather wild,' I hear you say. Now mind what I tell you: See that your wild oats are all sown before spring, if you are going to New York, to study law. You know your sister thinks a great deal of you, and would be sadly grieved to hear any unfavorable acounts of you. Set your standard high—high above bad company, bad practices, and everything that is calculated to lead you astray. Pursue the straight and narrow path—the path of honor and virtue, and strive to be great, by being *good*. And now, my youngest, my best beloved brother, may the hearts of those who love you be made glad, by seeing you, not only an eminent man, in the profession you have chosen, but an upright, honorable, and useful man. Again I say, shun bad company as you would the poisonous viper, whose sting is death!"

What earnestness, good nature, affection, and eloquence, are in this sister's words. That young, thoughtless brother, as he wandered to California, for gold, did not realize how much better than gold is such a sister's love. How many

young men have such sisters saved from the path of vice and shame! Young man, if you have a sister, be thankful; and in your prosperity, do not forget this sister, that will rejoice in your prosperity, and sympathize in your affliction.

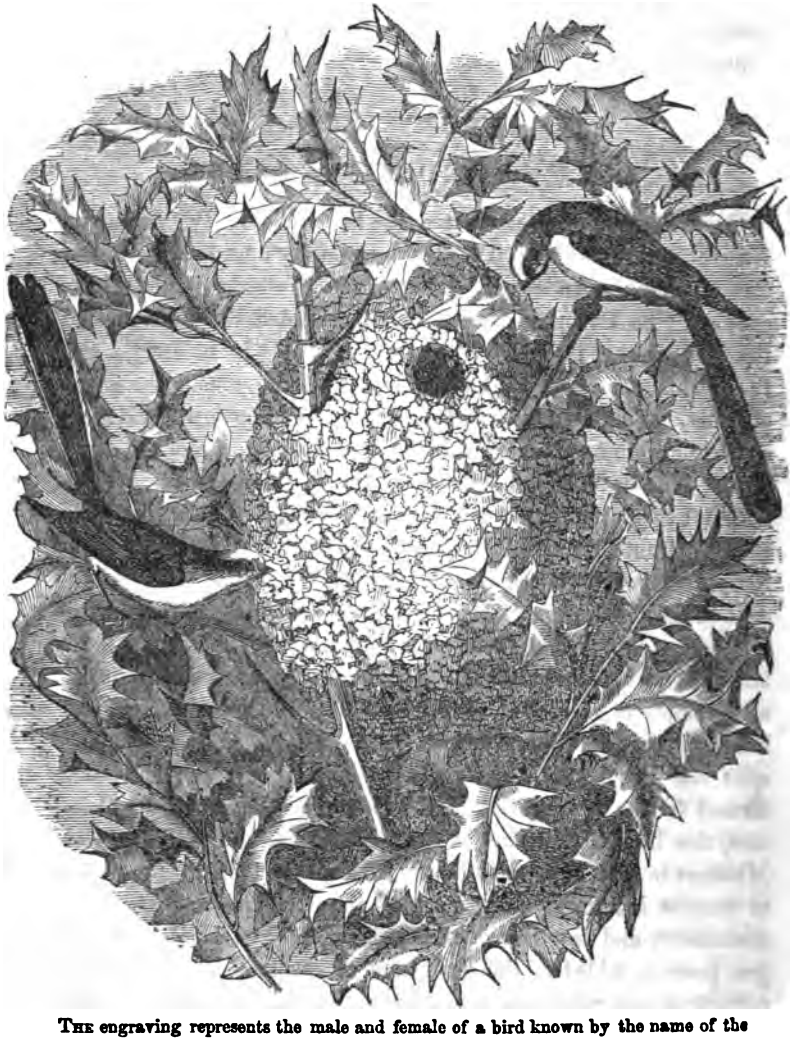
Wardsboro', Vt., 1850. J. T.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no Humboldt had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveller had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Brahmapootra was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of the countries. No Sir William Jones had arisen, to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no Carey or Morrison, no Martyn or Judson, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages, which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there was neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish Missions in Southern India, and the Moravian Missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact, the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge, and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable. What wonders have been accomplished, under God, during the last century! In these days of steam and lightning, who can predict what may be accomplished in another century!

Original.

THE BOTTLE TITMOUSE AND ITS NEST.



The engraving represents the male and female of a bird known by the name of the Bottle Titmouse, with the nest, which they have ingeniously built. This bird is a native of the South, and is commonly found in low, moist situations. It is called in the technical language of the ornithologist, the Parus Caudatus. It lays from twelve to eighteen eggs, which are spotted, with rust color at the larger end.

Original.

THE FILIAL RELATION.

BY REV. ANSEL D. EDDY, D.D.

WHAT scene so beautiful, so dear, as home? The warm outgoings of parental love hallow it, and its brightest gems are its infant playfulness, its filial devotion, its youthful promise and prospect. How little do the young, though full of life and pleasure, realize what is involved in home, or how much of its happiness depends upon them; what treasures they here possess, and how tributary they may become to its perpetual enjoyment. To our young readers, we would say, the richness, the pleasure, the adornment of home, rest eminently on you. Indeed, the domestic scene is hardly a home without you. Without you, the family is not there; the forming elements of society are not known; but with you rises the brightest prospect which cheers and stimulates the efforts and best hopes of man. In you the parental existence is wrapped up, and by you the choicest affections of humanity are called forth.

From the unconscious months of infancy, slipt away on the bosom of maternal tenderness—alike ignorant of the pains and watchings, the tears and cares you caused—you awake to the realities and joys of home, and your heart is drawn, by the very necessities of your nature, to father and mother, these affectionate guardians which God has given you, and never can you appreciate their feelings and your own obligations, till you shall rise to the same relation which they now hold to you. Here is your first relation. Your first consciousness is of parental goodness. Here arise the first imperious claims upon you, and here are the most sacred duties imposed, claims acknowledged, and duties discharged, which will alike honor and make happy your parents, and prepare you for usefulness in the wider circles of life and the scenes of another world. It is in the family that the State is formed, and the materials of the Church constructed. It is the family, in its filial relations, which the first command, with *promise*, respects.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

You are to cherish charity towards all mankind—that charity which thinketh no evil and would do good to all; but there are still affections more tender and strong, consistent with this, which rise far superior, and come nearer home to you, and while their private claims are infinitely strong, they entrench not at all on the social system, and abridge not at all your offices of kindness to others. "Heaven has adapted the vividness of our affections to our power of being beneficial; the love being most lively in these moral connections, in which the opportunities of usefulness are most frequent, and capable of being most accurately applied, in relation to the peculiar wants of him who is to be benefitted." And no relation has God made so near, so tender, so affectionate, and on which so much depends, of usefulness and happiness:

> "Who framed the whole, the whole to bless,
> On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
> So, from the first, eternal order ran,
> And creature linked to creature—man to man."

The first duty of life is filial obedience. That obedience which is prompted by love, and secured by sincerest gratitude. You are cast from the hand of your Creator on parental care, the most helpless and dependent of all creatures, and implicit obedience is the dictate of your nature and necessity. Your life is on yielding to parental authority, and the first waywardness of your fallen nature requires its salutary control, and it is filial wisdom, as well as duty, to honor its dictates. What arises from necessity, we would have secured by your cheerful yielding from the promptings of love, respect, and confidence. We would not have filial affection and respect as *duties* to be urged upon you, as the securities of obedience, but as a part of your very nature, nursed into exercise as the necessary pledge of filial submission and the honor of parental government. Where these are unknown, we shall in vain urge motives to obedience: on such a heart there can be no sympathies left to arouse and direct.

This filial obedience demands an early regard for parental

pleasure. There is no virtue in yielding to absolute force, or in compliance, where resistance would violate the prescribed rules of domestic order: but there is virtue and a charm, in foreseeing and finding delight in acting according to parental pleasure, and allaying anxiety, by withholding all desire for the indulgence which a parent's heart would deny. The most perfect and beautiful illustration of filial obedience is that example, "which leaves not the parent the power to know that it is required to govern—which, by anticipated obedience, takes away the prerogative to command."

Learn parental pleasure, and meet it unexpressed. Never tax the utmost limit of indulgence, nor labor to widen the bounds of gratification. Restrict your desiring to what parental wisdom and love would confer, and make it your highest happiness to carry out the purposes and pleasure they would dictate; thus you give dignity to yourself, and honor those from whom you sprung. Want of filial obedience is evidence that you neither love, respect, nor value either father or mother—evinces utter destitution of natural and moral principle—and you roam from home like the brute, from whom the very attachment of instinct has died away, and you cast back reproach and contempt upon the spot where you were nurtured. You disgrace your origin, declaring that it has no virtue or dignity to respect; rather that you have neither wisdom nor virtue remaining.

We have in view, not alone the filial obedience of the nursery, but that of higher character, which is consistent with parental being and parental memory. There is something truly lovely and kind in that young man, starting from his father's home, and the tender movings of maternal love, and carrying with him profound respect for parental authority. He goes to build a home of his own—not like the prisoner that has fled control—not so much from choice as from duty. Hesitancy and tears mark his way, and he often returns, with gratitude and affection, to share afresh a mother's love, and receive anew a father's counsel. And she who is most happy in new-found attachments, hastening in vacant pleasure from home and the last parental embrace, is unfit to be a wife, and unworthy of a friend.

re are no redeeming virtues in those who carry not to their ts' graves love and respect for their authority, and who e not the memory of their pleasure to live and reign over them, when they are gone to the tomb. The age in which you live demands respect for the duties now urged upon you. Many would turn from the wisdom and experience of age to attempt a new and nobler course than their fathers trod. They presume on a loftier spirit of enterprize, more skill and energy, with hopes of speedy success. And what but failure and ruin have followed? Rather respect and value mature wisdom, and profit by the experience of others. Ever regard parental authority, and walk in paths which your fathers have successfully pursued. In all your ways, though in distant and in dignified elevation from the parental home, look back, again and again, and all that is generous, virtuous, and noble in you, will be strengthened by grateful recollections of the spot where its foundations were laid. Honor thy father and thy mother, by owning their commanding influence, to your graves; and when you are no more, filial veneration and love shall adorn the sepulchre of your rest.

Selected.

THE MAGIC OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WHAT a good thing is a Sunday-school in a bad neighborhood! It is like a gas-light in some dangerous corner—it makes darkness visible. It is a "Washing and Ironing Society,"—it makes the people clean and tidy. It is a "Mechanics' Institute,"—it draws out the mind of the people. It is a "Society for the reformation of manners,"—producing a more thorough change than could be effected by a thousand laws. It is a "Society for keeping holy the Sabbath day," which, by a certain indefinable charm, draws men from the abodes of sin to the house of the Lord. It is a "Society for securing the salvation of souls,"—the great usefulness of which will never be known until the final reckoning day. Think of this, dear reader, and try to place a good Sunday-school in every bad neighborhood.

Original.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

(See the Engraving.)

It is no part of our duty, doubtless, as an humble assistant in the conduct of a magazine for the family, to lead the reader far into the wilderness of political economy. But there are some phases of this science which have much to do with Christian ethics—so much, indeed, that they come legitimately within the scope of our work, and we can scarcely be excused for not taking notice of them. No one of ordinary observation, and with a heart not shut up in the iron case of selfishness, can fail to see, when his attention is directed to this point, that there is something wrong in that part of the social machinery which regulates the relative duties of the employer and the employed. He who shuts his eyes and ears to the actual, and lives in an ideal world—he only looks upon this machinery as in good working order. The truth is—and he is wisest who perceives the truth, methinks—that among the working classes, those who earn their daily bread by the labor of their hands, there is a vast amount of suffering, to say nothing of crime, resulting apparently from the insufficiency of their wages.

It is not claimed that these evils are as severe on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. But it needs no superior shrewdness to see that they exist among us, and that they frequently assume a formidable aspect. Passing by other departments of manual toil, it is plain enough that there is something wrong in those which are usually filled by females. The evils complained of stare upon us more sternly in the city than in the country. We come in closer contact with them here. Here, indeed, one must be afflicted with mental *opthalmia* of the worst type not to discover them. Hood's well known "Song of the Shirt," though written for the realm of Old England, sad and humiliating as the admission may be, is sung with tears by many a pale seamstress

in the garrets of the richest and proudest city on this side of the Atlantic. People may theorize as they will, this is a stern truth. Let me sketch a picture—a picture that has many an original not a hundred rods from the spot where I am writing.

It is night. A lamp is burning, far too dimly, in an upper room, scantily furnished with such articles only as stern necessity demands. Upon a table in this chamber is a basket, generously filled with material for the seamstress, and leaning upon that table, with her work suspended for a moment, is the seamstress herself. Poor girl! she deserves to be remunerated. With a physical constitution, frail at the first, and now wasted by long protracted labor, at seasonable and unseasonable hours, she is still plying her needle. She has stopped for a moment only because her eyes refuse longer to lend their aid without rest.

Would you know the history of that young woman? Would you learn the secret of her intense and ruinous application to the contents of the work-basket? The family of which she is a member were once in affluent circumstances. But the wheel of fortune brought them down on one of its arms, and it never raised them again. They became poor—poor, but honest, industrious, virtuous, and pious. The father, broken-hearted and weary of the world, soon went down to the grave, and left a widow, with several children, of whom the seamstress is the eldest. Poverty stared the stricken family in the face; for when the conscientious debtor, who now sleeps in death, was forced to suspend his business, he yielded all to his creditors. He did not, as he might have done, and as thousands do, with a criminal evasion of the laws of men, and a strange insensibility to the dictates of conscience and the teachings of the gospel—he did not, for his own advantage, seize upon the fragments of his estate, when he saw it breaking in pieces. He preferred poverty to any compromise with honesty and uprightness. He chose the approbation of his God to future worldly ease and comfort. They, the mother and the daughter, acquiesced in the decision which rendered them poor. But when the father was struck down by the hand of death, there came a question of fearful interest to the minds of the mother and daughter: "What can be done to save the family

from want?" Various schemes were canvassed. Many, which would have been feasible enough but for the utter absence of money to commence with, had to be abandoned as beyond their reach. They were driven, at last, suffice it to say, into that immense army of laborers who get their living, such as it is, by plain sewing. The daughter had more strength and better health than her mother. She went resolutely, hopefully, almost ambitiously to work. She had been accustomed to the use of the needle, and was much better qualified for her new task than thousands who labor in the same department.

But with what pecuniary success suppose you she prosecuted her work? Using the utmost diligence for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, she was never able to realize fifty cents per day, and frequently not more than twenty-five or thirty. The mother earned even less than this sum. How, from the meagre pittance resulting from the combined earnings of these two females, were they and two children besides to be supported!

"But is it possible that honest and patient industry is so poorly rewarded?" Most certainly. The facts are accessible to all. "Yet surely it must be a mistake, that those once blessed with pecuniary competence, are ever reduced so low." It is not a mistake. A multitude of originals, sufficiently like to be recognized, might be found here, within the sound of a single church-bell. Is it misdirected sympathy, then; is it mock humanity, or romantic sentimentalism, to say and insist that the seamstress is too poorly paid? Is it any wonder that philanthropists, with their eye on the social evils—alas, what a train of them! resulting from the manifest inadequacy of the earnings of this and other classes of operatives, should look around for a new social machine, or at least for a new wheel or two for the old machine? I have no sympathy with the main features in the system of the Socialists, and think the system not only unsound, but positively pernicious in the light of Christian morality. Yet I look upon the increasing spirit of inquiry in relation to the proper remedy for these evils, as no strange phenomenon; and I would that the heart of every philanthropist had room enough in it for the wants and the woes of the poorer classes, and especially the wants and the woes of those who live by the needle.

Editorial.

MARTHA AND MARY.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

LITTLE way from the city of Jerusalem was a pretty village, called Bethany. It was built on the side of a green hill, and planted with beautiful trees. Here lived two sisters, named Martha and Mary. They had a brother named Lazarus, whom Jesus raised from the dead. It is probable they lived in plain style, compared with their richer neighbors, from the fact that Jesus made it one of his resting places. You have often been told that Jesus was poor; he became poor for our sake. When on earth he went about doing good, but he did not ride in a splendid coach or carriage; he went on foot. He traveled over the mountains and hills of Judea on foot. He sometimes became wearied, but he was not invited at some rich man's house, and offered a couch on which to rest his wearied limbs. Once, when wearied, he stopped and sat on a well, and talked with a poor woman, who had come there to draw water.

One day, as he was going through Bethany, he called at the house of Martha and Mary. They had, no doubt, seen him many times before, for they were glad to see him. It is said that Martha received him into her house, because she probably met him at the door, and it is very likely that Martha not only paid Jesus

great attention, but had listened to his words—for it is said that she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.—(It was the custom of ancient disciples to sit at the feet of their teachers.)—To sit at Jesus' feet means to be taught of him, to receive instruction from his lips. But it seems, after the usual ceremony of entering the house was over, Martha was very anxious to attend to the care of her house—and perhaps she was preparing the best table she could for so dignified a guest—while Mary sat down with Jesus, and listened to his precious words of instruction. Mary thought of nothing so much as to talk with Jesus about the salvation of her soul. Mary meant not only to treat her Saviour with respect, but she meant to improve the time for her good. I have no doubt Martha intended to show great respect for Jesus, but she took a different way to show it. She went into her kitchen, to prepare for him something to eat. Jesus, no doubt, needed food, and she was working in her kitchen, preparing for him a good meal. But Martha found she could not do all the work alone, for it is not probable they had any servant, and she wondered why Mary did not come to help her. She was cumbered about much serving—that is, she was very busy, and perhaps became somewhat impatient. At length she went into the room where Mary was sitting with Jesus, and said to him, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me!" This looks a little like scolding, and we should think Martha was not in the best humor about her work. Perhaps things did not go on to please her, and as she was over-anxious to get a good dinner, she became irritable.

However, Jesus answered her in a beautiful way. He said unto her, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful—and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. How kindly Jesus addressed her—"Martha, Martha!—he repeated her name in a pleasant and affectionate manner, to calm her mind, and to draw her thoughts to the great object of her salvation. She was distracted by worldly objects, which were of no importance, compared with Jesus' conversation about the things

which concerned the great salvation. He told Martha, one thing is needful—that is religion, the love of Christ. This is better than all things else. This should be attended to *first*—it should not be neglected, for food, or raiment, or wealth, or anything. It is needful for our happiness, from day to day. It is needful for our happiness through life. We cannot do without it, when we come to die. But Mary was wise. She had chosen that good part. That is, she had become a Christian, and loved to sit at the feet of Jesus, and talk about religion more than anything else. Jesus also said that this religion should never be taken from her. She had chosen to be a Christian, and had given up her time to the service of God, and God would keep her as his child.

Who would not love to sit and talk with Jesus? When on earth, he would sit down on the stone or grass, and talk with the people, and persuade them to become Christians. He delighted to take little children in his arms, and bless them. And, though he now lives in heaven, and we cannot see him with these bodily eyes, yet we may converse with him. We may read his kind words. We may pray unto him and he will hear us, and he will love us, and bless us as he did Mary. Let us remember, then, that in the midst of all our wordly cares and troubles, we must not neglect or forget to talk with Jesus. We must one day die, and all that is needful to prepare us for death, is to be a friend of Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the village where Martha and Mary lived?

Was it called a pleasant village?

Had Martha and Mary a brother?

What was his name?

What did Jesus do for him?

Was Jesus accustomed to visit Martha and Mary?

How did they receive Jesus?

What did Mary do?

What is meant by sitting at the feet of Jesus?

Why did Mary sit at the feet of Jesus?

What did Martha do?
Was Martha a worldly woman?
Is there any evidence that she was not a Christian?
What did Martha say to Jesus because Mary did not help her?
Was Martha's complaint to Jesus kind?
What reply did Jesus make to Martha?
Why did he repeat her name?
What did he say Mary hath chosen?
What did Jesus mean by one thing needful?
What by the good part?
What is religion?
Why is it necessary?

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. XI.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

TIDES, WATERSPOUTS, AND WHIRLPOOLS.

Papa. I believe at our last conversation it was decided to have the subject of tides our theme for this evening; a phenomenon that greatly puzzled the ancients. Aristotle expressed himself almost willing to throw himself into the ocean, and recede with the retiring waves, if that would divulge to him the secret of their periodical rising and falling.

John. When, and by whom, was the true theory of the tides first discovered?

Mamma. Kepler was the first who ascertained that this motion of the waters was occasioned by the attraction of the moon, but the great Newton reduced this subject to a perfect system, and unhesitatingly attributed the tides to the influence of both the sun and moon.

Ellen. Then the sun, as well as the moon, is the cause of this phenomenon.

Papa. The sun does not raise the tides, its only effect is to increase or diminish them when elevated by the moon. The tides are highest when both luminaries are in the equator, and the moon is at the least distance from the earth. This takes place at the two equinoxes.

Sarah. Are the tides always equal, pa, as well as constant?

Papa. No, they are not. They are greatest when the moon is either in conjunction with or opposition to the sun, that is, when she is either full or new. The tides are least when the moon is in quadrature, that is, when she is about one week, or three weeks old. This increase and diminution designate the spring and the neap tides.

John. Do the tides rise at the same time every day?

Papa. They do not. They occur fifty minutes later every day, because it is twenty-four hours and fifty minutes before the same meridian of the earth returns beneath the moon. So that we have two tides in about twenty-five hours. If the moon was stationary, they would return in twenty-four hours, but the moon having advanced onward, it takes the earth fifty minutes longer to bring the same meridian under the moon.

Ellen. We often hear of the ebb and flow of the tide. Will you explain that, pa?

Papa. The sea is observed to flow in one direction for a certain time. This motion lasts about six hours. This is called the flow. It then appears to rest about one quarter of an hour. After this seeming pause, it begins to ebb, or retire back in the opposite direction. This regular alternate motion of the sea constitutes the ebb and flow of the tides.

Sarah. Do not the wind and other objects affect the regularity and height of the tides?

Mamma. The wind has a great effect upon them, either retarding or raising them higher than usual. Continents and the lofty banks of rivers, stop them by their resistance. The ordinary tide in the Gulf of Hamburgh is from six to eight feet high, but a strong wind will sometimes raise it to twenty feet. In the Bay of Fundy, actual observation has proved that tides rise at some points to the enormous height of seventy feet.

John. Are there not some seas that appear to have little or no tides?

Papa. In the Mediterranean and the Baltic seas, the tides are said to be small, and in some places scarcely perceptible. This is caused by the general confinement of that inland branch of the ocean by the Straits of Gibralter, which prevents the full action of the tidal wave, either in its rising, or recession.

Ellen. I believe the inland lakes have no tides, have they, pa?

Papa. They have none; for the moon acting upon every part of these inland waters thus diminishes the gravity of the whole, or in other words, when she is vertical she attracts every part alike, and by rendering all the waters equally light, no part can be raised higher than another part.

Mamma. In this wonderful restless motion of the great body of water with which our globe is surrounded, we behold the wisdom of the Deity, which should excite our love and admiration. Were it not for this continual rolling of the liquid element, the waters might become stagnant, and be the great fountains of contagion and death. How fully verified is the truth of Scripture in this as well as in all other works of the Creator, in the sentiment which tells us "He has made nothing in vain."

Sarah. Next to the tides, I think, papa, the waterspouts are the most wonderful things, and notwithstanding all that I have heard or read of them, there is a mystery about them yet unexplained. Can you give us some information concerning them?

Papa. These are strange products in nature, and at present are but imperfectly understood. They are thought to be the effects of a whirlwind occasioning a difference in the temperature of the atmosphere, creating a space into which the clouds saturated with rain, descend. A singular fact connected with them is, that lightning frequently issues from them, particularly when they break, but thunder is never heard.

John. How do they appear, papa, when they commence?

Papa. They seem to form upon the surface of the sea, the waters of which, after whirling about for a long time, rise up in the form of a cone to a cloud, which appears to meet it. They then drive themselves onward, apparently drawing up the water;

at last the cloud seems to break off short, and the waters fall again into the sea.

Ellen. Are these phenomena attended with danger to mariners?

Mamma. Very much so; and to prevent coming in contact with them, the sailors discharge a cannon-ball at them, that they may burst when at a sufficient distance not to hazard the destruction of the ship.

John. Are these dangerous things, papa, ever seen upon land?

Papa. Sometimes they are. History mentions one in England in 1792, which swept away numerous buildings and greatly terrified the inhabitants; for the flood rose near the market-house where it occurred, six feet in depth, and the event to this day, in painted letters on the buildings in the vicinity where the catastrophe was experienced, is recorded.

John. If I should live to be a man I do not think I should like to be a sailor, there are so many dangers upon the sea.

Papa. If it should appear to be the duty of any one of you to cross the sea, I hope no timid fears would prevent you. If all were of your mind, the commerce of the world would be at an end; want and barbarism would destroy the human race, and the gospel would never reach the heathen.

Sarah. We have mentioned some of the dangers to be encountered on the ocean, but I have often thought that to be drawn into some of those terrific whirlpools of which we read, is a destruction more fearful than any we have mentioned.

Mamma. Whirlpools are dreadful things to encounter, but there are not many lives lost by them, their situation being pretty well known, and their location avoided.

Ellen. What are the ancient Scylla and Charybdis, of Virgil, papa?

Papa. Scylla, my son, is a dangerous rock on the coast of Calabria, two hundred feet in height; and opposite to this rock, on the coast of Sicily, is the gulf called Charybdis. The poet has, by the license of his art, related of this vortex tales and frightful scenes, the mere fiction of his imagination. The most fearful whirlpool known is the *Maelstroom*, on the coast of Norway. Ships have been swallowed up by it, and sea monsters,

when drawn within its influence, have been heard to utter their groans of terror, conscious of their coming destruction.

John. I think Goldsmith relates the death of a celebrated diver, who was drowned in this gulf.

Mamma. You may inform us how that awful event occurred, and as it is growing late, that relation must conclude our conversation for the present.

John. The king, it is said, threw a purse of gold into the vortex; the diver plunged immediately in, and soon returned with the purse in his hand, which he said, had lodged on a ledge of rock, and thus facilitated his obtaining it. With difficulty, he was prevailed on to venture his life again, to recover a golden bell, which, if he brought out, he would be further rewarded with a purse of money more valuable than the first. He paid his life for his temerity and love for gold; for, plunging into the boiling cauldron, he was dashed to pieces by the rocks, and seen no more.

THE PRAYER OF CORNELIUS.

BY REV. CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

WHAT are we to gather in respect to prayer from the case of Cornelius? May we not hope that there are thousands in heathen lands, who do pray with the faith and sincerity of Cornelius; and, like him, are accepted of God? In lands where the gospel shines, prayer, in order to be acceptable, must be offered in the name, and in the faith of Jesus Christ. To this, there is no exception, unless it be in those cases where the mind is darkened through unintentional ignorance or prejudice. But, in heathen countries, where the name of Jesus is unknown, prayer, in his name or in reliance upon him, is not to be expected. And yet, the "*spirit* of faith" may exist, we hope—those dispositions of the heart which *would* embrace a Redeemer, were a Redeemer revealed. Cornelius embraced the Saviour *when* he was offered to him: and prayer, ascending from any soul, and every soul

which would embrace him, wherever it exists, in the heathen world, must be acceptable to God.

Let this thought comfort us in those dark and gloomy hours which every Christian experiences, when pondering upon the state of the heathen world. There are there, indeed, thousands and tens of thousands of altars erected to Moloch and to the host of heaven. Yet, may we not hope that there are other altars here and there—not a few in the aggregate—where prayer, according to the dim light of nature, is offered, and is acceptable to God?

But were there a thousand more such altars than we have reason to believe there are, our efforts to extend the full blessings of the gospel to them should not be lessened. Rather should Christians, who appreciate the blessings of a throne of grace, increase their exertions in behalf of those who dwell in pagan lands.

O'er the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze.
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine—thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

Bible History of Prayer.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.—During an earthquake that occurred a few years since in the South, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, and at the same time, surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length, one of them, addressing the old lady, said, "Mother ———, are you not afraid?"

"No," said the mother in Israel; "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world."

That mother in Israel still lives in Mississippi, an ornament to the Presbyterian Church.—*Presbyterian.*

Editorial.

THE CITY OF GAZA.

GAZA is a principal city in ancient Geography, and was one of the five *satrapies* of the Philistines.

It was situated about twelve miles from the Mediterranean, which sea is called by Moses the Great Sea. It is said to have been built upon an artificial mount, strongly walled around. Alexander the Great destroyed it, but it was afterward rebuilt, and ransacked by Antiochus, the king of Syria.

In the time of the Maccabees, it was a strong and flourishing city, but was again destroyed by Alexander Janneus, the king of the Jews. Remains of its ancient grandeur appear in the pillars of Parian marble which are found in different parts of its streets.

On the top of the hill, at the northeast corner of the town, are the ruins of large arches sunk low in the earth, as also other foundations of stately buildings. It was captured during the French Revolution by that people, under General Kleber, in the year 1799. Of late it has been the residence of a Turkish governor, to which power it now belongs; and is situated about fifty miles southwest of Jerusalem.

It is now called Razzah, and travellers frequently pass it in going from Syria to Egypt. It has always been a place of some

importance. Its present number of inhabitants is said to be about two thousand. Its location being upon an eminence, renders it conspicuous. It is beautified by stately and luxuriant palm-trees, as also by a number of large gardens kept in the most complete order. Figs, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, and almonds are raised here in great perfection.

The first mention of Gaza in Scripture is in Genesis 10th chap. 19th verse where Moses describes it as on the border of the Canaanites, from Sidon, leading to Gerar. Joshua speaks of it in connection with Ashdod, as a city "with her towns and her villages."

Gaza is remarkable, especially in the history of Samson. Here he was watched by his enemies, who intended to take him prisoner. He arose at midnight, and the sacred historian says, "took the doors of the gates of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron."

Here also, it appears, was located a house, perhaps a sort of amphitheatre, where a large company of the Philistines were assembled with their lords and rulers, and three thousand persons were promenading upon the roof, when the multitude, excited by wine and revelry, had Samson introduced among them to make sport for them. Standing between the pillars, he requested the lad who led him that he might feel these pillars. This request being granted, he prayed for a return of his great strength, which God then gave him, and he pulled the building down upon himself and his enemies, and thus destroyed more of his country's foes at his death, than he had slain all his lifetime.

Milton has written a beautiful drama upon the death of Samson, which, with Hannah More's works of the same nature, are among the few productions of this class, that we dare, with confidence, recommend to the perusal of our readers.

Pride emanates from a weak mind; you never see a man of strong intellect who is proud and haughty.

Original.

KINDNESS AND LOVE DUE TO PARENTS.

BY REV. ANSEL D. EDDY, D.D.

THERE is a tender ministry in offices of kindness, in which virtue is never more lovely, embodying a sense of gratitude, calling to mind the long past favors of parental care, and giving the highest excellence and commendation to the most important and charming scene this earth ever knew. "How delightful is the spectacle, when, amid all the temptations of youth and beauty, we witness some kind and gentle heart that gives to the couch of the feeble, and perhaps of the thankless and repining, those hours which others find too short for the successive gayeties with which an evening can be filled, and that prefers to the smile of universal admiration, the single smile of enjoyment, which, after many efforts, has, at last, been kindled on one solitary cheek." The utmost kindness, my youthful reader, which you can feel and express, with all the care you can bestow on the wants and weaknesses of your infirm and aged parents, you never can return one half of that which you have so liberally received. They can never lie so helpless and so long on your arm as you have rested on theirs, nor press upon your hearts with that unabated solicitude with which they watched your infant days. Yet it is by kindness and care of them that you make the most valuable returns that you can render, and nothing is more grateful to the infirmities of age, and nothing so commands the admiration of the world. "The hero of heathen poetry is made most noble in bearing his aged father from the burning city; and what can be more unlovely than a son or daughter unkind, and showing negligence to an aged father or mother. And how beautiful a scene was exhibited in the palace of Pharaoh, when Joseph, the prime minister of state, led in a poor old shepherd to the presence of the king, and before all the lords of the Egyptian court introduced the decrepit and careworn pilgrim as his father. Who, after looking at this, will be ashamed of a parent because clad in the garb of

poverty? What a glory did this one act draw around the brow of Joseph! The lustre of the golden chain that hung from his neck was dim compared with the brightness of this deed, and the chariot in which he rode in imperial pomp before the people, raised him not so high as that eminence he held when he stood before the monarch of Egypt with the patriarch of Canaan leaning on his arm."

We love to see the name of the son written in his father's firm, and though his heart and hand are given to another in the vows of virtuous affection, still revering the mother that bore him, ever leaning on his arm; and what more endearing than the young wife cherishing all the ardor of a daughter's love in her ministry of kindness to her declining father?

The tears, the watchings, the gentle hands, the thousand nameless tokens of affection here are priceless and beautiful; and they have their reward. "No small measure of prosperity seems to be interwoven with a course of filial piety. The comfort which it causes parents, the harmony which it produces in families, the peace which it yields to the conscience; to these it adds the approbation of all—a lasting reputation. Beyond this it associates itself with temperance, moderation, and sobriety, which give a solid foundation for health and long life. And these are not all its blessings. We do not say that miracles are wrought for its reward, nor that purer gales breathe to preserve its health, nor that softer suns arise, or more timely rains descend to mature its harvests; nor that more propitious winds blow to waft its ships in safety. But we do say, that on the tide of Providence multiplied blessings are borne into its possession, at seasons when they were unexpected, in ways unforeseen, and by means unprovided, which are often of high importance, which, altogether, constitute a rich proportion of prosperity, and which usually are not found by persons of a contrary character. At the same time those who act well as children, almost of course act well as men and women, and thus have taken, without design, the scion of happiness from the parent stalk, and grafted it upon other stems, which bear fruit abundantly to themselves. Here, in the language of poetry,

"It revives and bears
A train of blessings for its heirs."

Never forget that filial piety secures the favor of God in this world, who would graciously fit you for that which is to come, where the relations of this life shall be perfected and glorified into life eternal.

Original.

THE SABBATH AND THE FAMILY.

(Continued.)

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

THE Sabbath and the family! Beautiful conjunction! Through these graciously instituted means, the very spirit of Heaven is conducted down to earth, and diffused through the domestic circle. The father of the family is offered the pledge of one day of rest, that he may devote his energies to training that family for heaven. The business of the nation pauses. The doors of the legislative halls are closed. The courts cease to try cases. The visible wheels of government are arrested. Public offices are shut. Places of business are deserted. Common law pronounces the Sunday a *non dies* as to all civil purposes, thus confessing that it must be entirely devoted to God. A weight of care is at once lifted off the mind of him, whom not even a creditor can then approach, except the greatest Creditor of all, God. Numerous facilities are presented for doing a great family work on that spiritual day, preparatory to the union and communion of the family of the "first born," who shall enjoy the eternal Sabbath in glory. The children's secular studies are laid aside. The Bible succeeds. The feet of visitors are supposed not now to intrude. (Alas! for their frequent violations of the sanctity of the day.) A peculiar and impressive stillness pervades the house. It is the QUIETUDE OF THE SABBATH. It is the highest consecration of a happy home. Morning prayers and praise ascend to God from the domestic altar. Burns, the poet, confesses to the ineradicable impression made on his young heart by the ordinance of family worship. Its reminiscences inspired him

to write one of the most beautiful gems of that poetry which has given his name such exalted celebrity. Family worship in a cottage!

> "There, kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

All amid the lovely original, inspiriting, soul-elevating influences of the scenery of the country. Oh, New England! Land of the rock, the stream, the storm; of wooded hills and laughing valleys; of towering mountains and crystal lakes, mirroring in their soft bosom those beauties that surround them in rich profusion! Keep thy Sabbaths, love them, cherish them, and give them, along with the numerous off-shoots of thy prolific family tree, to the emigrant hosts that are peopling that broad land towards the setting sun. And when he dips his disk on the first day of the week in the deep waters of the Pacific, let his retiring rays be to them the parting sign of a well-spent Sabbath. The family in its purity, and the Sabbath in its sanctity, shall, under the benediction of the Holy Paraclete, be the salvation of the land. We need more conscientious fathers and wives that will be as guardian angels over their husbands, to keep them in the right way. A husband informed his wife that he had been requested to go with the rail cars on Sunday. She replied: "I take it for granted you do not intend to go." "If not," he rejoined, "I may lose my place. I have no other employment; the times are hard, and I have a family to support." His wife said: "I know it; but I hope you will not forget, that *if a man cannot support a family by keeping the Sabbath, he certainly cannot support them by breaking it.*" Nobly said, thou woman of faith and courage! "I think so, myself," replied her husband, carried away by the fervor of his wife, "that was what I wanted, to see whether we think alike." He informed his employer that he should be sorry to lose his situation, but that he could not go with the mail on the Sabbath; that he *must* attend public worship, and go with his children to the Sabbath-school." This was his firm determination. The consequences he left with God. The result was, so honest and conscientious a man was retained, and he rose

to a higher prosperity than would have accompanied the desecration of the Sabbath.

A young man, an acquaintance of the writer, was offered a handsome situation in a business house in New Orleans, if he would do Sabbath work. He declined, though without employment. A merchant hearing of the circumstance, said: "That is the man for me," and employed him at higher wages.

Two of the first lawyers in the country came to a friend of mine on a Saturday, and said: "We want you to print these briefs, so that we can have them on Monday morning." "I cannot do it, gentlemen." "Why?" "Because," he replied, "it would require Sunday work, and that I never allow to be done in my establishment." "But," said the advocates of the law, "it is a case of necessity, and if you will not do it, we must look elsewhere." "Very well, gentlemen," he replied, "that is your own responsibility; but you must excuse me from doing your work on the Sabbath."

Men that are accustomed to implicit deference cannot well bear opposition to their opinions and designs, and they retired somewhat irritated. But they ever *afterwards gave him their custom.* Such is the secret respect inspired by a resolute adherence to principle. From the State of New York a gentleman writes to Dr. Edwards: "About thirty years ago, in a farming district in a neighboring county, were about ten families, with good farms, and good prospects. But they followed their worldly business on the Sabbath, and brought up their children in the same way. A few days ago an aged relative, who has just visited the district, and who, thirty years ago, bought a farm there, on which his brother now resides, informed me that all those families have gone to destruction, and many of their descendants are vagabonds. His brother, a Sabbath keeper, has been greatly blessed in his estate and in his family, all his children being pious and prosperous." Oh, the inestimable blessing of the Sabbath to the family! The wealth of California is not to be laid in the balance against it. The glory of a nation is but shame without it. "In every Christian household," says Chalmers, "it will be found that the discipline of a well ordered Sabbath is never forgotten amid the

old lessons of a Christian education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us, and who carries in his bosom the remembrance of a father's worth and a father's piety, if on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and lisp his infant prayer."

"The Sabbath was made for man to rest his body, to invigorate his intellect, to chasten his imagination, to give a wholesome exercise to his memory, to bow his will, to soften his heart; in a word, to sanctify the whole physical, intellectual, and moral man, and train the soul into a perfect congeniality with celestial thoughts and glories. Man needs it as a husband to accomplish the design of God in investing him with that tender relation. Man needs it as a father, in order to fulfil the solemn obligations under which he lies to his children. Woman needs it as a wife, to fill up the measure of her fidelity to her husband. Woman needs it as a mother, that she may avail herself of its mighty auxiliary influences in fitting her children for usefulness on earth, and for happiness in heaven. Over all the conditions and relations of domestic life, the moral sunlight of the Sabbath sheds its hallowed, halcyon influence, to cheer our hearts, lighten our burdens, and elevate our anticipations to a state of sinless perfection, and boundless fruition. Man, as a laboring being, toiling for his family, must have the weekly rest, or break down under the burden. Man, as invested with earthly power, conducting the operations and engrossed with the cares of government, needs the Sabbath to preserve him from becoming a wreck. "Oh, what a blessed day," said Wilberforce, "is the Sabbath, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan. I can truly declare that the Sabbath has been to me INVALUABLE."

"What became of poor Romilly," he adds, "who would not consent to give up Sunday consultations?" He lost his reason, and terminated his own life. "Poor Castlereagh," observed the same statesman, "he was certainly deranged, the effect probably of continued wear of mind. The strong impression on my mind

is, that it is the effect of the *non-observance of the Sabbath*, both as to abstracting from politics, and from the constant recurring of the same reflections."

Not to himself alone does the violation of the law of God by a father bring sorrow and ruin. His family, dearer to him than himself, must inevitably suffer from the same cause. Father, mother, do you teach and train your children to keep the Sabbath holy? Alas! I seem even now to hear the sobs of a mother, lamenting her lost child, her darling boy, who, unrestrained by parental authority, had wandered away from home on the Sabbath, and fallen into the river, whence he was taken a breathless corpse, and brought home to that mother. Not by the most impassioned kisses can that breath be restored. That voice will never again speak on earth. Never will that ear again hear the injunction, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It is sealed in death! Oh, then, let us keep this great commandment, and teach our families so, "walking before our households with perfect hearts," and in "all the ordinances of the Lord blameless."

Original.

A HINT TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

Many pious mothers, who feel the importance of attending to the admonitions of Scripture, to pray without ceasing, find that the care of their little families is a great hindrance to their retiring frequently for private devotion. The conduct of a poor, pious woman whose family all became respectable members of society, may teach them how to redeem time for prayer, and encourage them thus to do. In reply to some questions which were put to her on the subject, she said that she converted everything she did for her children into an occasion of prayer; and she believed that God had heard and answered her prayer. When they arose in the morning, she prayed that they might arise from a death of sin, unto a newness of life. When she washed them, that they might be cleansed by the spirit of God; when she dressed them,

that they might be clothed with the righteousness of Christ: when she fed them, that they might desire the sincere milk of the word, and be nourished with the bread of life: when they went to school, that they might all be taught by the spirit of God: when they went out into the world, that they might be under the guidance and protection of Jehovah.

Thus she redeemed time by prayer, and turned all her cares into occasions of prayer; and He who hears the prayer of the heart, Gen. xxiv. 45, graciously fulfilled all her petitions. May it not be said to every Christian mother, Go, and do likewise?

W. P.

Original

A TRUE STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

Among the mountains somewhere on this Western Continent, I once had a schoolmate, quite peculiar in his ways. His good old father, by way of apology, would say to our teacher, "I don't think anything is the matter with John, *only he is so uneasy!*" The remark was true. In going to school, John was not content to follow the plain road, much preferring the fields and woods, probably because such a course tended to shorten the time of remaining in the school-room. A bird's nest in some dangerous height, or a rattlesnake under a brush heap or log, was a pleasing incident in John's history, for which he never hesitated to sacrifice a half day's schooling. One incident I well remember, and think it may be instructive to the young.

One summer morning, John was sent to mill in a one horse wagon. His going to mill, instead of school, was a change which was hailed with delight. Passing a neighbor's house, he took a little boy only five years of age into the wagon with him. Everything went on to the notion of our hero, except the ride threatened to be rather dull of stirring incident. But even this objection was removed, as we shall see, for John spied by the roadside a

large poisonous snake, commonly called the "copper-head." John's black eyes sparkled as he stopped his horse. Here was rare sport. Any one else would have killed the snake outright, but "uneasy John" did not think for a moment of such a thing. A gold hunter in California would as soon have thrown a lump of gold at a bird, as John have been guilty of doing so foolish a thing as to kill the snake without some sport.

With all his rashness, John had much caution, and he secured a long stick. Touching the "copper-head," he exclaimed: "Good morning, old fellow, glad to see you!" The snake evidently took the thing in high dudgeon, and coiling himself up, he sprang at John with great venom.

"Very well done, old boy," said John, as he deliberately gave the snake another touch with his long pole, "suppose you try it again!"

Sure enough the snake coiled himself up, and darted again at his tormentor.

"A tolerable jump for you, suppose you try it once more," said the undisturbed John with great complacency.

And so he kept it up, until the reptile had exhausted himself in ineffectual attempts to take revenge on his enemy, and now he lay stretched out on the ground like a rope. At this stage of progress, our hopeful youth cut a forked stick, and with it securely fastened the snake's head to the earth. He then tied a string around his neck, and placed him in the wagon.

As he passed the school-house, he summoned the boys around him to see his prize. With great coolness, but much to the terror of the boys, he took up the "copper-head" by the neck, and began to go towards them. Of course they all ran away screaming, whilst John, laughing heartily at the sensation he had made, replaced his prisoner in the wagon, and drove on.

At last he reached the house where the little boy belonged who had rode with him to the mill. As the lad's mother came out to welcome her child back, John called her attention to his prize, and as she saw her child's bare feet dangling within a few inches of the poisonous creature, she grew dizzy, and with a groan, fainted away. Well, all this was endured and cured, although John

had something to say about "the silly woman! as though anything would hurt her child!"

The incident is instructive both to parents and children. Only two miles from John's residence, a man was bitten by one of these "copper-heads," and his body swelled to an enormous size. He barely escaped with his life, but the bitten finger dropped off joint by joint. Within a short distance of where I am now writing, is one who holds the relation of father to a boy, to whom he gives rum. He says "there is no danger; it will not hurt him!" Perhaps not, but Holy Writ says, "*at the last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder.*" We may trifle with *this* serpent as John did with *his*, but perchance it may bite and sting us; what then? Death! The mother of that boy fainting at his nearness to a serpent, is not to be despised. Would that some mothers who read these pages, might be as sensitive to dangers which are vastly greater, and more to be feared, than the most poisonous serpent in the world!

Young men go to our large cities, and in the evening they see the rows of brilliant lamps in front of the theatre, and they sometimes are induced to go in, only for once. And oh, how many have found this to be like playing with a beautiful adder! How it has raised its head and fixed its glittering eye on its victim, and at last has darted like lightning on him, to his death! Could some mothers be at hand to see the exposure of their sons to this very danger, they would be horrified, just as the little boy's mother was when she saw his bare feet dangling within a few inches of that "copper-head."

Sometimes the young find temptation at the gaming-table, and it is more than possible that some families pave the way thither by their innocent games of chance. Young men at first risk their own money, and, infatuated by their losses and the desire to repair them, they steal from their employers, fully resolved to replace what they have thus taken. They would quiet conscience with fair promises. Here, again, I cannot but think of "uneasy John" playing with "the copper-head." The best you can say of it is, that it is very dangerous sport. *He* escaped his enemy, but, young man, shall you escape the danger which besets you? You

had much better play with an asp than touch a penny dishonestly. Take a cent that is not yours, and your self-respect, one of the bulwarks of uprightness, is gone, and you may end your days in a convict's cell.

Let parents remember this story, and be exceedingly careful not to expose their children to dangers. Be as careful at least of their souls as of their bodies. And to the young let me say, this little story aims at baseness of any kind to which you may be tempted. I once attended the funeral of a young man who was brought back from the city a most loathsome spectacle. "The poison of asps," nay, such poison as asps cannot infuse, was in his veins. In a fit of desperation he killed himself. His course is described in the seventh chapter of Proverbs. When you are tempted, therefore, to do anything wrong, instead of playing with your tempter, say as Joseph did, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Original.

THE EFFECT OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY A NEW HAMPSHIRE PASTOR.

In a country farmhouse of no great pretensions, once occurred a scene long to be remembered. The writer of this article was one of a cluster of five happy children, one older, and three younger than himself. Death had previously entered that dwelling, and made sad the hitherto joyous circle, by removing the sixth and youngest member, just in the buddings of childhood.

In reference to some childish play, there was some difference of opinion and of feeling, which resulted in unkind, if not angry words. This attracted the attention of our ever-watchful mother. Instantly there was depicted on her usually placid countenance, an expression of deep solicitude. Well do I remember that look, for it made an impression on my young heart that has never been effaced. Turning to us, with the dignity of a Christian mother, and the countenance of an almost angelic being, she said: "My

children, do you not remember the solemn scene when little E. P. died? And are you now speaking angry words? O! it is wicked! Let us *pray* that God will forgive you."

Thus saying, she fell upon her knees, and poured out her burdened soul in prayer to God. With ardent feeling and deep fervor of soul did she beseech the Hearer of prayer to have mercy upon her sinful children. With great particularity she told the Lord all about their present wicked employment. Heartily did she confess their sin, and pray for their forgiveness. And what a scene was that to those contentious children! Each sentence of that prayer was a dreadful accusation before God; and it sunk into the soul. We seemed to be at once, lifted up under the shadow of the burning throne, and the penetrating eye of the Omniscient Judge. Conviction fastened upon every mind, and nothing was heard but the voice of agonizing prayer. That beloved mother arose from her knees, and immediately went about the employment she had just before left. She had accomplished her object. The deep silence, so deep, that to us it was painful, told plainly the effect of that prayer. Condemned by our own consciences, and feeling sure that we were condemned at the bar of God, we could not look each other in the face. After a sufficient time had elapsed for us to reflect upon our own wrong, and upon the scene that had just transpired, she returned and imparted such instruction and admonition as the circumstances of the case demanded; dwelling particularly upon God's compassion towards the guilty when they confess and forsake their sins. Then it was that a ray of light and comfort penetrated the darkness, and soothed the sorrow of our troubled minds. We felt that we were *guilty*, but that God would *forgive*. We loved our mother, and we believed that God loved her; for, from our earliest recollection, had she taught us the way to God. We fully believed that He heard her when she prayed, for we had often witnessed the fervency of her devotions. Thus believing, there was no doubt that our present strife was laid directly before the throne, and that God could not approve it. While this thought weighed us down, there was, at the same time, encouragement in the fact that the same throbbing, affectionate heart

which had accused us there; had also prayed for our pardon. We believed that prayer was heard in both respects alike.

That mother still lives to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour, and is beloved and reverenced by her children. Who can fully trace the happy effects of that single prayer?

It was, at least, a most effectual way of subduing the unpleasant differences among her children. I am no advocate for the use of moral suasion to the entire abandonment of the rod. Both Scripture and Reason teach the contrary. But here was a kind of suasion whose chief element was the *religious*. It was simply transferring these scenes, with all their accompaniments and wrong feelings, to eternity, and deeply impressing each one with the solemn truth that God was looking into every heart. And this was then not only an end of strife, but there was also an abiding impression of guilt. A sin had been committed against God, and it was most deeply felt. Thus was the object secured.

Christian mother, try the same method, and see if you do not succeed. Let your children know that you are an habitual visitant at the throne of grace, and that you will honestly tell God all their external wrong-doing; and the effect upon them cannot but be subduing, controlling, happy. They will fear being thus reported to their Maker; and, consequently, will be watchful over their lives.

It will also have a powerful influence in securing obedience to your own commands. There will be mingled in your authority an element which, in their estimation, is almost divine. And while they fear to offend, they will also love, because of the conviction that God loves you. Let the religious element be thus interwoven with all your management with your children, and their consciences will be tender, their hearts susceptible.

Such a course as the one above suggested, will also make an abiding impression upon their lives. While, these many years, I have been laboring in the ministry, *that mother's prayer* has never been forgotten; and often has it had a controlling influence over my conduct. Many times have I detected myself unconsciously yielding to the impression then made, as though it had become incorporated into my very moral being. A monitory

guardian angel, it still accompanies me in all the labyrinths of life. Who, then, can adequately calculate the importance of one such act of a Christian mother? And what mother will not wish to try the same experiment? Nay, regard it not as an experiment; but make it a standing, elementary part of the discipline of your children. Thus you will happily link their being with eternity.

Original.

THE CHILD'S LAMENT.

With tearful eyes o'er his mother's grave
A child in sorrow bent,
And his mournful wail
Was borne on the gale,
In tones of piercing lament.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "why thus leave your child,
Alone to pine and weep?
Through the long, long day,
I forget my play,
And I dream of thee when I sleep.

"I'm weary, mother, of watching for thee,
Why ling'rest thou so long?
Let me list to thy lays,
As in other days,
And soothe me once more with thy song.

"My heart is sad and ready to break
With a grief I cannot speak;
O! I long to be press'd
Once more to thy breast,
And feel thy warm kiss on my cheek.

"No one have I now like thee to caress,
Or lull me to soft repose;
And never another
Shall I find like thee, mother,
To pity my childish woes.

"The spring-time comes, but I cannot be glad,
While thou art far away,
To hear the birds sing,
Will an echo ring,
Like thy music of sweetest lay.

"They say you are dead, and will not return,
Nor heed my bitter cries,
That this earth contains
Now all that remains
Of a form that was light to my eyes.

"Then could I but lay by thy side and sleep,
'Twould be bliss indeed for me,
Though cold be thy breast,
I should sweetly rest,
And wake in Heaven with thee." S. A. H.

Original.

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

Yes, winter has come, and with it all of winter's sports. It makes me young again now, only to think of the rapture with which I entered into the pleasures of this season of the year. There is something very exciting in snow. A snow-storm acts like electricity upon the spirits of the boys—and girls, too, for

that matter. How busy we used to be, on Saturday afternoon when there was no school, as soon as the first flakes of snow had whitened the ground, making new sleds and mending up old ones.

The idea of skating and sliding down hill, and making snow forts, for a whole day at a time, was almost enough to make me crazy with delight. Say what you will—talk about cold hands, feet, and noses, as much as you please—there are about as fine sports in winter as we get in the whole year.

Such a time as we boys used to have sliding down hill! It is great sport, depend upon it. Sometimes there were a dozen boys, all or nearly all with a sled of their own, sliding down the same hill at once. In fact, we used to have the whole at it, now and then, when I was a little boy. It was a merry time, then, you may be sure. Occasionally we would have a large sled, which it took three or four boys to draw up the hill. Then half a dozen of us would get on, and slide down in advance of the wind, it seemed to me—for it was so swift that I could scarcely breathe—until we came up all standing in a huge snow-bank.

Sometimes when we were half way down, and our locomotive was under a full pressure of steam, a boy would fall off, and not being able to check the force he received from the sled, would go down to the bottom of the hill in a manner calculated to raise a very stormy concert of laughter from the rest of the boys. And the poor John Gilpin enjoyed the fun too, or tried to enjoy it, as much as any of them; though he did not laugh quite so heartily, and he could well be pardoned for not doing that, certainly until he had got to the end of his ludicrous race.

Reader, if you will allow us, at the end of the year, and at the close of another volume, to moralize a moment—with more than our usual directness—we are sliding down the hill of life. Every year, every month, every day, we are getting nearer and nearer the bottom of the hill. More than this: as years advance, we slide with accelerated velocity. Practically, we move swifter as we descend. Are we preparing for the goal we are soon to reach? Let us set our house in order; for we must die. A. W.

Original.

EVENING CONVERSATIONS.—No. XII.

BY REV. ROBERT SEWELL.

METEORS AND METEORIC STONES.

"Oh, what a bright light there is in the sky," exclaimed Ellen, "rushing along like a flaming star. There, now it has suddenly disappeared! Can you tell us, pa, what it is?"

Papa. It is a meteor, my dear, or a shooting star. Such objects are frequent in the heavens. Some suppose them to be occasioned by electricity, others ascribe them to gas, which becomes inflammable by some process as yet unknown.

John. I have sometimes heard that they are the harbingers of wet and rainy weather. Is it so, pa?

Papa. They are thought to indicate alterations in the weather, and to be the forerunners of wind, storms, &c. The duration of the luminous track they leave behind them, will be found to be longer or shorter, according as the atmosphere abounds with watery vapors. But there have been meteoric showers observed, which are far more wonderful than single meteors.

Ellen. Have you ever witnessed any of these showers, pa?

Papa. No, I have not, but I have conversed with intelligent persons who have, and of whose veracity I can have no doubt. One of the most remarkable displays of these phenomena was in November, 1833, in this country. Millions of these meteors were visible, and the sky was perfectly clear. Their coruscations were bright, gleaming, and incessant, and they fell thickly as flakes of snow in December. In one instance, the explosion of a meteor was heard, which shot across to the northwest, leaving a broad luminous track behind it, which was visible for more than ten minutes.

Sarah. This is indeed wonderful. Has there been any satisfactory explanation, from experience and observation, respecting the cause of these curious phenomena?

Papa. The following are some of the results: 1st. They had their origin beyond our atmosphere. 2d. They consisted of combustible matter, took fire, and were consumed in the air. 3d. They were constituted of light and transparent materials. 4th. They consisted of portions of the extreme parts of a nebulous body.

John. We read that when the Saviour was born, a star directed the course of the magi, till it came and stood over the inn where the young child was. May we not reasonably suppose this to have been a miraculous star similar in nature to those meteoric appearances, called into existence at that time and on that occasion by the Creator?

Papa. It is most natural to suppose so, and this would have answered the purpose without detracting in the least from the power and majesty of the Creator. Indeed, both reason and science altogether disprove the idea of a world united to a system, moored away from its station, when a bright effulgent meteoric star would effect the same purpose.

Sarah. Next to these shooting stars, aerolites, or metoric stones, which fall with a hissing noise, making a fissure in the earth, and leaving a lucid track behind them, are objects of great curiosity. Have you, pa, ever seen any of these bodies?

Papa. No, I have not; but I have heard your grandmamma mention a circumstance of this nature, which took place about ten o'clock at night. The atmosphere became suddenly lighted, a rushing noise was heard, and a large luminous body was seen passing over the farmyard, at a considerable height in the air, until it either disappeared in the distance, or became extinguished.

Ellen. Of what are these subjects supposed to be comprised, and are they ever very large?

Papa. The substance of which they are composed is for the most part metallic, but the ore of which it consists is not to be found in the same constituent proportions in any known matter upon the earth. Their size varies from that of small fragments to the bulk of ponderous masses. They have been found to weigh from one hundred pounds to several tons, and sometimes to fall with such a force as to bury themselves several feet beneath the soil.

John. This is wonderful. What have been the conjectures whence these bodies emanate?

Mamma. Some think them to be projected from volcanoes, others suppose they were generated in the atmosphere, and many conjecture that they may be hurled from the surface of the moon, by volcanic force, and thus brought within the attractive power of the earth, when, by the common law of gravitation, they would fall toward it.

Ellen. Is it indeed possible that these singular substances can come from the lunar regions?

Papa. Not at all impossible. It has been calculated that a body projected with a momentum causing it to move at the rate of six thousand feet in the first second of time, would not fall back to that planet, but would revolve around it for a time as a satellite, until eventually, the greater bulk of the earth, by its stronger attractive power, would draw it towards its surface. This force is about three times greater than that of a cannon ball, and is often exerted by volcanoes upon our own planet.

John. Have not the falling of these bodies been attended sometimes with damage and loss of life?

Papa. In the year 1790 a mass fifteen inches in diameter penetrated a house, killed a herdman, and other instances of the like melancholy nature might be related.

Mamma. These phenomena appear to have been employed by the Deity in the infliction of his judgments upon sinners. We read in the book of Job, 28th chapter and 3d verse, of *stones of darkness*, and in the time of Joshua mention is made of the destruction of his country's enemies by a shower of hail stones, but the original word *abenim*, is the same word as is used in the reference before alluded to in the book of Job.

Papa. The Creator certainly has at his disposal all the various elements of nature, and we who hitherto have been preserved from evils under which so many have suffered, have abundant reason for gratiutde. But we should ever bear in mind that the same merciful Being who regulates the spheres in their orbits also numbers the hairs upon our heads, and is not only intimately ac-

quainted with, but also feels an interest in all his obedient and confiding children.

Sarah. Before we dismiss this subject, I wish to inquire whether the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, called asteroids, do not favor the idea maintained by some philosophers, that these aerolites might fall from regions as high as where these bodies revolve?

Papa. This conjecture is not without some foundation for support. These small planets, not unlikely, once composed but one body, which, from some unknown cause, has been riven into parts. That they originally formed but one sphere appears from the following reasons. They are much smaller than any other of the superior planets, some of them being even less than the moon. Their orbits intersect each other. And lastly, they all revolve at about the same distance from the sun.

Ellen. Are not these asteroids of recent discovery, pa?

Papa. The first which was discovered was seen in the year 1801, but since that time ten others have been found, all of them small, and their orbits very close to each other, thus strengthening the hypothesis that originally they were but one body.

John. If there have been collisions among the heavenly bodies, may we not feel alarmed lest some such a catastrophe might disrupture our own world?

Mamma. We have no reason to fear any such an event, while our minds repose upon the promises and faithfulness of God. The earth will abide its time until all the designs of God are fulfilled, particularly that which regards the universal spread of the gospel. Several comets have crossed and recrossed the path of our planet's orbit in their circuits around the sun, but their time and place have ever been so ordered and guided by the hand of a merciful Omnipotence, as not to endanger the security of our floating ball; for, as the poet beautifully says,

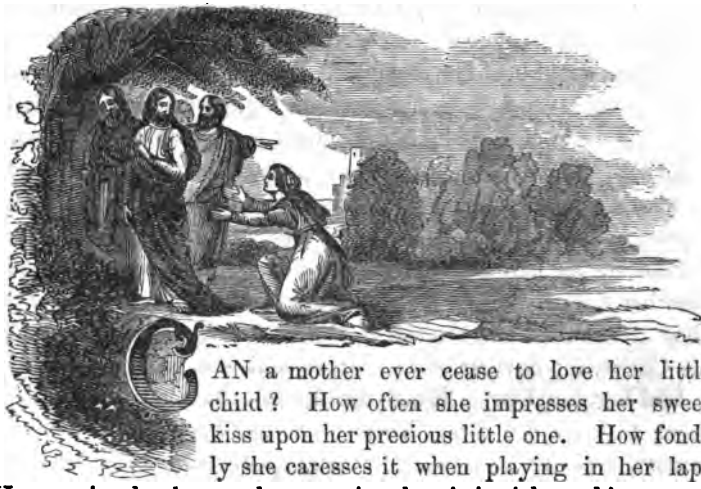
> "The voice that rolls the stars along
> Speaks all the promises."

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Editorial.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

LESSONS FOR MOTHERS OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.



CAN a mother ever cease to love her little child? How often she impresses her sweet kiss upon her precious little one. How fondly she caresses it when playing in her lap. How anxiously she watches over it when it is sick, seeking every means to relieve its pains and heal its disease. What will a mother not do for her child?

There was a mother once, who lived on the coast of Tyre and Sidon. She was called by different names—"a woman of Canaan," "a Greek," a Syrophenician by nation. These names were given her because Tyre and Sidon were in the land of Canaan, and because, although the land of Canaan was given to the children of Israel, it was inhabited by Greeks, and this woman lived in Canaan, and was a Greek. But she was a mother, and she had all the love and affections of a mother. It appears she had a young daughter, who was grievously vexed with a devil or an unclean spirit. In those days people were sometimes troubled in this way. Many suppose it was the influence of a wicked spirit which entered into this young daughter, and sorely vexed her and caused great distress to her and to her mother. It is very probable that the young daughter was very miserable day and

night, and that her poor mother had no rest or peace. While in this distress she heard that Jesus was in that place. Now Jesus had come there to get away from the people, that he might have rest, and he did not wish the people to know where he was. But he could not be hid. This mother heard of him, and in her distress she determined to go to Jesus, and tell him about her daughter. She believed, yes, more than this, she did not *doubt* that Jesus could heal her daughter. So she went directly to him, and it is said, cried unto him, saying, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." This is a very short prayer, and she told Jesus exactly what she wanted. It would seem that any child might make a prayer like this when in trouble. Jesus understood her, but he did not answer her. It seemed hard at first that he did not answer her a word, but he meant to see how much faith she had in him. She called him the son of David, that is, the true Messiah, the Christ, the Saviour of the world, and she knew he was able to heal her daughter. When the disciples saw her, they wished Jesus to send her away, because she troubled them; she was earnest, and made some noise and disturbance. By-and-by, Jesus told her he was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He did not come into the world to offer the blessings of the gospel directly to the Gentiles, to which she belonged, but first, to the house of Israel, the Jews, who were called the lost sheep of Israel, because they were once the chosen people of God, but had strayed from him and sinned against him. But this reply, instead of preventing her, or driving her away, only made her the more persevering. Then she came and worshipped him, saying, "Lord, help me." She came and bowed down to him, and reverenced him as the Son of God, still determined to secure the blessing. Her prayer was short: "Help me," but it was sincere and earnest. But still Jesus did not yet grant the prayer. He answered and said: "It is not meet, or proper, to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." The Jews regarded themselves as the children of God, and all others as despised, like the dogs. This is true of a great many who think themselves above others, they are apt to despise them, and

regard them as we do the dogs. Jesus did not mean to call this mother a dog. He only spoke in the language of the people, and this he did again to try her faith in him. Still she remembered her poor afflicted child, and she was willing to do anything if she might prevail with Jesus to heal her daughter. Once more she replied to Jesus. "Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Though she was unworthy, yet the unworthy receive blessings. If Jesus could not regard her as one of the daughters of Israel, to whom he was sent to offer the blessings of the gospel, yet he might bestow upon her the crumbs which fall from their rich provisions. And though her pride would naturally have spurned such language, yet she cared not what she was called if she could prevail. And she did prevail. She knew he was able to save, and that he was a sympathizing Saviour. He never did send any one away who came to him as this mother did. And he said unto her, O, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. Jesus granted her whole request. He told her she should have it just as she said. How happy she and her young daughter must have felt when she returned home and found her daughter well.

This blessing was secured by perseverance. How many thousand mothers now have children, who, if not tormented with evil spirits, are tormented with sin, without the love of Christ, and exposed daily to be cut down by death. How weak the efforts of such mothers, compared with the faith and efforts of this mother. What an instructive lesson for all these mothers to go to Jesus, to carry their little ones to him, and there plead until he have mercy on them. Their faith will be rewarded with eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

Where were the coasts of Tyre and Sidon?
Who met Jesus there?
What was her name?
Why was she called by different names?
What did she ask of Jesus?

What was the matter with her daughter?
Why did Jesus come to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon?
Could he get away from the people?
What did this mother say when she came to Jesus?
Can you repeat her petition?
Did Jesus answer her?
Why did he not answer her?
What did she then do?
Why did she call him the son of David?
Did she believe Jesus was able to heal her daughter?
What did the disciples do?
To whom did Jesus tell her he was sent?
To what nation did she belong?
Did this answer drive her away?
What did she do then?
What is meant by worshipping him?
What did she say?
What did he then say to her?
What did he mean by dogs?
What was her reply to this?
What was his final answer?
What did he mean by faith?
Was her daughter cured?
What secured the blessing?

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.—A glover's apprentice in Edinburgh resolved to qualify himself for a higher profession. The relation with whom he lived was very poor, and could not afford a candle, and scarcely a fire at night, and as it was only after shop hours that this young man had leisure, he had no alternative but to go into the streets at night, and plant himself with his book near a shop window, the lights of which enabled him to read it; and when they were put out he used to climb a lamp-post and hold on with the one hand while he read with the other. That person lived to be one of the greatest Oriental scholars in the world, and the first book in Arabic printed in Scotland was his production.